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A STRANGER TO THE WILD

THE WHITE WANDERER

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WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

AS THE vessel, a big three-masted schooner, struck again and lurched forward, grinding heavily, she cleared the reef by somewhat more than half her length. Then her back broke. The massive swells, pounding upon her from the rear, overwhelmed her stern and crushed it down inescapably upon the rock; and her forward half, hanging in ten fathoms, began to settle sickeningly into the loud hiss and chaos. Around the reef, around the doomed schooner, the lead-colored fog hung thick, impenetrable at half a ship's length. Her crew, cool, swift, ready,—they were Gaspé and New Brunswick fishermen, for the most part,—kept grim silence, and took the sharp orders that came to them like gun-shots through the din. The boats were cleared away forward, where the settling of the bow gave some poor shelter.

At this moment the fog lifted, vanishing swiftly like a breath from the face of a mirror. Straight ahead, not two miles away, loomed a high, black, menacing shore—black, scarred rock, with black woods along its crest and a sharp, white line of surf shuddering along its base. Between that shore and the shattered schooner lay many other reefs, whereon the swells boiled white and broke in dull thunder; but off to the southward was clear water, and safety for the boats. At a glance the captain recognized the land as a cape on the south coast of the Gaspé peninsula, so far from her course had the doomed schooner been driven. Five minutes more, and the loaded boats, hurled up from the seething caldron behind the reef, swung out triumphantly on a long, oil-dark swell, and gained the comparative safety of the open. Hardly had they done so when the broken bow of the schooner, with a final rending of timbers, settled in what seemed like a sudden hurry, pitched nose downward into the smother, and sank with a huge, startling sigh. The rear half of the hull was left lodged upon the

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reef, a kind of gaping cavern, with the surf plunging over it in cataracts, and a mad mob of boxes, bales, and wine-casks tumbling out from its black depths.

Presently the torrent ceased. Then, in the yawning gloom, appeared the head and forequarters of a white horse, mane streaming, eyes starting with frantic terror at the terrific scene that met them. The vision sank back instantly into the darkness. A moment later a vast surge, mightier than any which had gone before, engulfed the reef. Its gigantic front lifted the remnant of the wreck half-way across the barrier, tipping it forward, and letting it down with a final shattering crash; and the white horse, hurled violently forth, sank deep into the tumult behind the reef.

The schooner which had fallen on such sudden doom among the St. Lawrence reefs had sailed from Oporto with a cargo, chiefly wine, for Quebec. Driven far south of her course by a terrific nor'easter roaring down from Labrador, she had run into a fog as the wind fell, and been swept to her fate in the grip of an unknown tide-drift. On board, as it chanced, traveling as an honored passenger, was a finely bred, white Spanish stallion of Barb descent, who had been shipped to Canada by one of the heads of the great house of Robin, those fishing-princes of Gaspé. When the vessel struck, and it was seen that her fate was imminent and inevitable, the captain had loosed the beautiful stallion from his stall, that at the last he might at least have a chance to fight his own fight for life. And so it came about that, partly through his own agile alertness, partly by the singular favor of fortune, he had avoided getting his slim legs broken in the hideous upheaval and confusion of the wreck.

When the white stallion came to the surface, snorting with terror and blowing the salt from his wide nostrils, he struck out desperately, and soon cleared the turmoil of the breakers. Over the vast, smooth swells he swam easily, his graceful, high head out of water. But at first, in his bewilderment and panic, he swam straight seaward. In a few moments, however, as he saw that he seemed to be overcoming disaster very well, his wits returned, and the nerve of his breeding came to his aid. Keeping on the crest of a roller, he surveyed the situation keenly, observed the land, and noted the maze of reefs that tore the leaden surges into tumult. Instead of heading directly shoreward, therefore,—for every boiling whiteness smote him with horror,—he shaped his course in on a long slant, where the way seemed clear.

Once well south of the loud herd of reefs, he swam straight inshore, until the raving and white convulsion of the surf along the base of the cliff again struck terror into his heart; and again he bore away southward, at a distance of about three hundred yards outside the breakers. Strong, tough-sinewed, and endowed with the unfailing wind of his far-off desert ancestors, he was not aware of any fatigue from his long swim. Presently, rounding a point of rock which thrust a low spur out into the surges, he came into a sheltered cove where there was no surf. The long waves rolled on past the point, while in the cove there was only a measured, moderate rise and fall of the gray water, like a quiet breathing, and only a gentle back-wash fringed the black-stoned, weedy beach with foam. At the head of the cove a shallow stream, running down through a narrow valley, emptied itself between two little red sand-spits.

Close beside the stream the white stallion came ashore. As soon as his feet were quite clear of the uppermost fringe of foam, as soon as he stood on ground that was not only firm, but dry, he shook himself violently, tossed his fine head with a whinny of exultation, and turned a long look of hate and defiance upon the element from which he had just made his escape. Then at a determined trot he set off up the valley, eager to leave all sight and sound of the sea as far as possible behind him.

Reared as he had been on the windy and arid plateau of northern Spain, the wanderer was filled with great loneliness in these dark woods of fir and spruce. An occasional maple in its blaze of autumn scarlet, or a clump of white birch in shimmering, aërial gold, seen unexpectedly upon the heavy-shadowed green, startled him like a sudden noise. Nevertheless, strange though they were, they were trees, and so not altogether alien

Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE STALLION STOOD WATCHING, HIS HEAD HIGH AND HIS NOSTRILS WIDE"

to his memory. And the brook, with its eddying pools and brawling, shallow cascades, that seemed to him a familiar, kindly thing. It was only the sea that he really feared and hated. So long as he was sure he was putting the huge surges and loud reefs farther and farther behind him, he felt a certain measure of content as he pushed onward deeper and deeper into the serried gloom and silence of the spruce-woods. At last, coming to a little patch of brook-side meadow where the grass kept short and sweet and green even at this late season, he stopped his flight, and fell to pasturing.

Late in the afternoon, the even gray mass of cloud which for days had veiled the sky thinned away and scattered, showing the clear blue of the north. The sun, near setting, sent long rays of cheerful light down the narrow valley, bringing out warm, golden bronzes in the massive, dull green of the fir and spruce and hemlock, and striking sharp flame on the surfaces of the smooth pools. Elated by the sudden brightness, the white stallion resumed his journey at a gallop, straight toward the sunset, his long mane and tail, now dry, streaming out on the light afternoon breeze that drew down between the hills. He kept on up the valley till the sun went down, and then, in the swiftly deepening twilight, came to a little grassy point backed by a steep rock. Here where the rippling of the water enclosed him on three sides, and the rock, with a thick mass of hemlocks surmounting it, shut him in on the fourth, he felt more secure, less desolate, than when surrounded by the endless corridors of the forest; and close to the foot of the rock he lay down, facing the mysterious gloom of the trees across the stream.

Just as he was settling himself, a strange voice, hollow yet muffled, cried across the open space "*Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo, woo-hoo-hoo!*" and he bounded to his feet, every nerve on the alert. He had never in his life before heard the voice of the great horned owl, and his apprehensive wonder was excusable. Again and yet again came the hollow call out of the deep dark of the banked woods opposite. As he stood listening tensely, eyes and nostrils wide, a bat flitted past his ears, and he jumped half around, with a startled snort. The ominous sound, however, was not repeated, and in a couple of minutes he lay down again, still keeping watchful eyes upon the dark mass across the stream. Then, at last, a broad-winged bird, taking shape softly above the open, as noiseless as a gigantic moth, floated over him, and looked down upon him under his rock with round, palely luminous eyes. By some quick intuition he knew that this visitor was the source of the mysterious call. It was only a bird, after all, and no great thing in comparison with the eagles of his own Pyrenean heights. His apprehensions vanished, and he settled himself to sleep.

Worn out with days and nights of strain and terror, the exile slept soundly. Soon, under the crisp autumn starlight, a red fox crept down circumspectly to hunt mice in the tangled dry grasses of the point. At sight of the strange white form sleeping carelessly at the foot of the rock he bounded back into cover, startled quite out of his philosophic composure. He had never before seen any such being as that; and the smell, too, was mysterious and hostile to his wrinkling, fastidious nostrils. Having eyed the newcomer for some time from his hiding-place under the branches, he crept around the rock and surveyed him stealthily from the other side. Finding no enlightenment, or immediate prospect of it, he again drew back, and made a careful investigation of the stranger's tracks, which were quite unlike the tracks of any creature he knew. Finally he made up his mind that he must confine his hunting to the immediate neighborhood, keeping the stranger under surveillance till he could find out more about him.

Soon after the fox's going a tuft-eared lynx came out on the top of the rock, and with round, bright, cruel eyes glared down upon the grassy point, half-hoping to see some rabbits playing there. Instead, she saw the dim white bulk of the sleeping stallion. In her astonishment at this unheard-of apparition, her eyes grew wider and whiter than before, her hair stood up along her back, her absurd little stub of a tail fluffed out to a fussy pompon, and she uttered a hasty, spitting growl as she drew back into the shelter of the hemlocks. In the dreaming ears

Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"RABBITS WENT BOUNDING ACROSS THE TRAIL, JUST UNDER HIS NOSE"

of the sleeper this angry sound was only a growl of the seas which had for days been clamoring about the gloom of his stall on the ship. It disturbed him not at all.

At about two o'clock in the morning, at that mystic hour when Nature seems to send a message to all her animate children, preparing them for the advent of dawn, the white stallion got up, shook himself, stepped softly down to the brook's-edge for a drink, and then fell to cropping the grass wherever it remained green. The forest, though to a careless ear it might have seemed as silent as before, had in reality stirred to a sudden, ephemeral life. Far off, from some high rock, a she-fox barked sharply. Faint, muffled chirps from the thick bushes told of junkos and chickadees waking up to see if all was well with the world. The mice set up a scurrying in the grass. And presently a high-antlered buck stepped out of the shadows and started across the open toward the brook.

The dark buck, himself a moving shadow, saw the stallion first, and stopped with a loud snort of astonishment and defiance. The stallion wheeled about, eyed the intruder for a moment doubtfully, then trotted up with a whinny of pleased interrogation. He had no dread of the antlered visitor, but rather a hope of companionship in the vast and overpowering loneliness of the alien night.

The buck, however, was in anything but a friendly mood. His veins aflame with the arrogant pugnacity of the rutting season, he saw in the white stranger only a possible rival, and grew hot with rage at his approach. With an impatient stamping of his slim fore-hoofs, he gave challenge. But to the stallion this was an unknown language. Innocently he came up, his nose stretched out in question, till he was within a few feet of the motionless buck. Then, to his astonishment, the latter bounced suddenly aside like a ball, stood straight up on his hind legs, and struck at him like lightning with those keen-edged, slim fore-hoofs. It was a savage assault, and two long, red furrows—one longer and deeper than the other—appeared on the stallion's silky, white flank.

In that instant the wanderer's friendliness vanished, and an avenging fury took its place. His confidence had been cruelly betrayed. With a harsh squeal, his mouth wide open and lips drawn back from his formidable teeth, he sprang at his assailant. But the buck had no vain idea of standing up against this whirlwind of wrath which he had evoked. He bounded aside, lightly but hurriedly, and watched for an opportunity to repeat his attack.

The stallion, however, was not to be caught again; and the dashing ferocity of his rushes kept his adversary ceaselessly on the move, bounding into the air and leaping aside to avoid those disastrous teeth. The buck was awaiting what he felt sure would come, the chance to strike again; and his confidence in his own supreme agility kept him from any apprehension as to the outcome of the fight.

But the buck's great weakness lay in his ignorance, his insufficient knowledge of the game he was playing. He had no idea that his rushing white antagonist had any other tactics at command. When he gave way, therefore, he went just far enough to escape the stallion's teeth and battering fore-feet. The stallion, on the other hand, soon realized the futility of his present method of attack against so nimble an adversary. On his next rush, therefore, just as the buck bounced aside, he wheeled in a short half-circle, and lashed out high and far with his steel-shod heels. The buck was just within the most deadly range of the blow. He caught the terrific impact on the base of the neck and the forward point of the shoulder, and went down as if an explosive bullet had struck him. Before he could even stir to rise, the stallion was upon him, trampling, battering, squealing, biting madly; and the fight was done. When the wanderer had spent his vengeance, and paused, snorting and wild-eyed, to take breath, he looked down upon a mangled shape that no longer struggled or stirred or even breathed. Then the last of his righteous fury faded out. The sight and smell of the blood sickened him, and in a kind of terror he turned away. For a few hesitating moments he stared about his little retreat and then, finding it had grown hateful to him, he forsook it, and pushed onward up the edge of

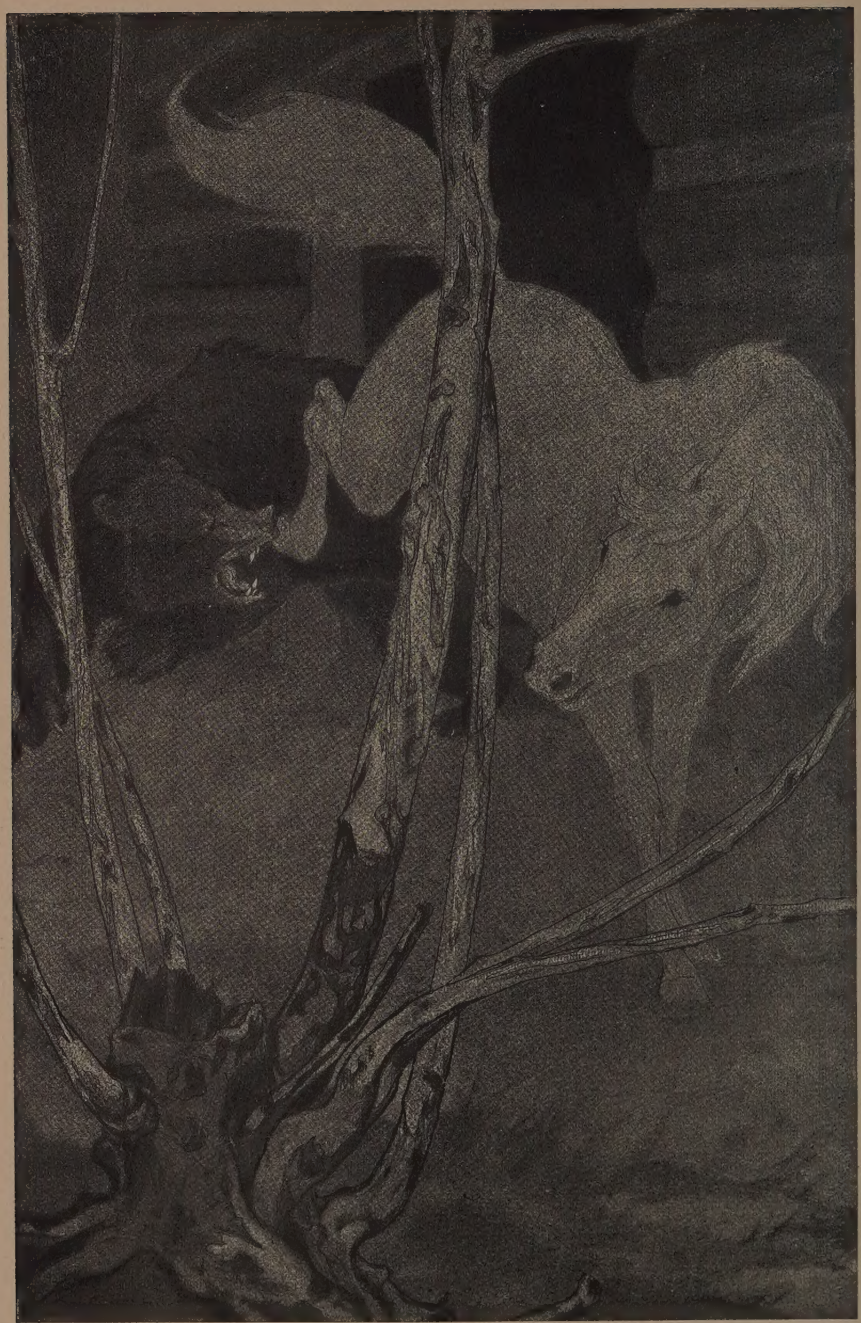
the stream, between the black, impending walls of the forest.

About daybreak he came out on the flat, marshy shores of a shrunken lake, the unstirred waters of which gleamed violet and pale-gold beneath the twisting coils and drifting plumes of white vapor. All around the lake stood the grim, serried lines of the firs, under a sky of palpitating opal. The marshes, in their autumn coloring of burnt gold and pinky olive, with here and there a little patch of enduring emerald, caught the wanderer's fancy with a faint reminder of home. Here was pasture, here was sweet water, here was room to get away from the oppressive mystery of the woods. He halted to rest and recover himself; and in the clear, tonic air, so cold that every morning the edges of the lake were crisped with ice, the aching red gashes on his flank speedily healed.

He had been at the lake about ten days, and was beginning to grow restlessly impatient of the unchanging solitude, before anything new took place. A vividly conspicuous object in his gleaming whiteness as he roamed the marshes, pasturing or galloping up and down the shore with streaming mane and tail, he had been seen and watched and wondered at by all the wild kindreds who had their habitations in the woods about the lake. But they had all kept carefully out of his sight, regarding him with no less terror than wonder; and he imagined himself utterly alone, except for the fish-hawks, and the southward journeying ducks, which would drop with loud quacking and splashing into the shallows after sunset, and the owls the somber hooting of which disturbed him every night. Several times, too, from the extreme head of the lake he heard a discordant call, a great braying bellow, which puzzled him, and brought him instantly to his feet by a note of challenge in it; but the issuer of this hoarse defiance never revealed himself. Sometimes he heard a similar call, with a difference—a longer, less harshly blatant cry, the under note of which was one of appeal rather than of challenge. Over both he puzzled in vain; for the moose, bulls and cows alike, had no wish to try the qualities of the great white stranger who seemed to have usurped the lordship of the lake.

At last, one violet evening in the close of the sunset, as he stood fetlock deep in the chill water, drinking, a light sound of many feet caught his alert ear. Lifting his head quickly, he saw a herd of strange-looking, heavy-antlered, whitish-brown deer emerging in long line from the woods and crossing the open toward the foot of the lake. The leader of the caribou herd, a massive bull, nearly white, with antlers almost equal to those of a moose, returned the stallion's inquiring stare with a glance of mild curiosity, but did not halt an instant. It was plain that he considered his business urgent; for the caribou, as a rule, are nothing if not curious when confronted by any strange sight. But at present the whole herd, which journeyed, in the main, in single file, seemed to be in a kind of orderly haste. They turned questioning eyes upon the white stallion as they passed, then looked away indifferently, intent only upon following their leader on his quest. The stallion stood watching, his head high and his nostrils wide, till the very last of the herd had disappeared into the woods across the lake. Then the loneliness of his spacious pasture all at once quite overwhelmed him. He did not want the company of the caribou, by any means, or he might have followed them as they turned their backs toward the sunset; but it was the dwellings of men he wanted, the human hand on his mane, the provendered stall, the voice of kindly command, and the fellowship of his kindred of the uncleft hoof. In some way he had got it into his head that men might be found most readily by traveling toward the southwest. Toward the head of the lake, therefore, and just a little south of the sunset's deepest glow, he now took his way. He was done with the lake and the empty marshes.

From the head of the lake he followed up a narrow still-water for perhaps half a mile, crashing his way through a difficult tangle of fallen, rotting trunks and dense underbrush, till he came out upon another and much smaller lake, very different from the one he had just left. Here were no meadowy margins; but the shores were steep and thick-wooded to the water's-edge. Diagonally thrust out across the outlet, and about a hundred



Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE BEAR CAUGHT THE BLOW FULL IN THE RIBS"

yards above it, ran a low, bare spit of white sand, evidently covered at high water. Over the black line of the woods hung a yellow crescent moon, only a few nights old and near setting.

Coming suddenly from the difficult gloom of the woods, where the noise of his own movements kept his senses occupied to the exclusion of all else, the wanderer stopped and stood quite still for a long time under the shadow of a thick hemlock, investigating this new world with ear and eye and nostril. Presently, a few hundred yards around the lake shore, to his left, almost opposite the jutting sand spit, arose a noisy crashing and thrashing of the bushes. As he listened in wonder, his ears erect and eagerly interrogative, the noise stopped, and again the intense silence settled down upon the forest. A minute or two later a big, high-shouldered, shambling, hornless creature came out upon the sand spit, stood blackly silhouetted against the moonlight, stretched its ungainly neck, and sent across the water that harsh, bleating cry of appeal which he had been hearing night after night. It was the cow moose calling for her mate. And in almost instant answer arose again that great crashing among the underbrush on the opposite shore.

With a certain nervousness added to his curiosity, the white stallion listened as the crashing noise drew near. At the same time something in his blood began to tingle with the lust of combat. There was menace in the approaching sounds, and his courage arose to meet it. All at once, within about fifty yards of him, and just across the outlet, the noise ceased absolutely. For perhaps ten minutes there was not a sound,—not the snap of a twig or the splash of a ripple,—except that twice again came the call of the solitary cow standing out against the moon. Then, so suddenly that he gave an involuntary snort of amazement at the apparition, the wanderer grew aware of a tall, black bulk with enormous antlers which took shape among the undergrowth not ten paces distant.

The wanderer's mane rose along his arched neck, his lips drew back savagely over his great white teeth, fire flamed into his eyes, and for a score of seconds he stared into the wicked, little, gleaming eyes of the bull moose. He was eager for the fight, but waiting for the enemy to begin. Then, as noiselessly and miraculously as he had come, the great moose disappeared, simply fading into the darkness, and leaving the stallion all a-tremble with apprehension. For some minutes he peered anxiously into every black thicket within reach of his eyes, expecting a rushing assault from some unexpected quarter. Then, glancing out again across the lake, he saw that the cow had vanished from the moonlit point. Bewildered, and in the grasp of an inexplicable trepidation, he waded out into the lake belly-deep, skirted around the south shore, climbed the steep slope, and plunged straight into the dark of the woods. His impulse was to get away at once from the mysteries of that little, lonely lake.

The deep woods, of course, for him were just as lonely as the lake, for his heedless trampling and conspicuous coloring made a solitude all about him as he went. At last, however, he stumbled upon a trail. This he adopted gladly as his path, for it led away from the lake and in a direction which his whim had elected to follow.

Moving now on the deep turf, with little sound save the occasional swish of branches that brushed his flanks, he began to realize that the woods were not as empty as he had thought. On each side, in the soft dark, he heard little squeaks and rustlings and scurryings. Rabbits went bounding across the trail, just under his nose. Once a fox trotted ahead of him, looking back coolly at the great, white stranger. Once a small, stripe-backed animal passed leisurely before him, and a whiff of pungent smell annoyed his sensitive nose. Wide wings winnowed over him now and then, making him jump nervously; and once a pouncing sound, followed by a snarl, a squeal, and a scuffle, moved him to so keen an excitement that he swerved a few steps from the trail in his anxiety to see what it was all about. He failed to see anything, however, and after much stumbling was relieved to get back to the easy trail again. With all these unusual interests the miles and the hours seemed short to him; and when the gray of dawn came filtering down among the

trees, he saw before him a clearing with two low-roofed cabins in the middle of it. Wild with delight at this evidence of man's presence, he neighed shrilly, and tore up to the door of the nearest cabin at full gallop, his hoofs clattering on the old chips which strewed the open.

To his bitter disappointment, he found the cabin, which was simply an old lumber-camp, deserted. The door being ajar, he nosed it open and entered. The damp, cheerless interior, with no furnishing but a rusty stove, a long bench hewn from a log, and a tier of bunks along one side, disheartened him. The smell of human occupation still lingered about the bunks, but all else savored of desertion and decay. With drooping head he emerged, and crossed over to the log stable. That horses had occupied it once, though not recently, was plain to him through various unmistakable signs; but it was more in the hope of sniffing the scent of his own kind than from any expectation of finding the stable occupied that he poked his nose in through the open doorway.

It was no scent of horses, however, which now greeted his startled nostrils. It was a scent quite unfamiliar to him, but one which, nevertheless, filled him with instinctive apprehension. At the first whiff of it he started back. Then, impelled by his curiosity, he again looked in, peering into the gloom. The next instant he was aware of a huge black shape leaping straight at him. Springing back with a loud snort, he wheeled like lightning, and lashed out madly with his heels.

The bear caught the blow full in the ribs, and staggered against the door-post with a loud, grunting cough, while the stallion trotted off some twenty yards across the chips and paused, wondering. The blow, in all probability, had broken several of the bear's ribs, but without greatly impairing his capacity for a fight; and now, in a blind rage, he rushed again upon the intruder who had dealt him so rude a buffet. The stallion, however, was in no fighting mood. Depressed as he was by the desolation of the cabin, and daunted by the mysterious character of this attack from the dark of the stable, he was now like a child frightened of ghosts. Not the bear alone, but the whole place, terrified him. Away he went at full gallop across the clearing, by good fortune struck the continuation of the loggers' road, and plunged onward into the shadowy forest.

For a couple of miles he ran, then he slowed down to a trot, and at last dropped into a leisurely walk. This trail was much broader and clearer than the one which had led him to the camp, and a short, sweet grass grew along it, so that he pastured comfortably without much loss of time. The spirit of his quest, however, was now so strong upon him that he would not rest after feeding. Mile after mile he pressed on, till the sun was high in the clear, blue heavens, and the shadows of the ancient firs were short and luminous. Then suddenly the woods broke away before him.

Far below he saw the blue sea sparkling. But it was not the beauty of the sea that held his eyes. From his very feet the road dropped down through open, half-cleared burnt lands, a stretch of rough pasture-fields, and a belt of sloping meadow, to a little white village clustering about an inlet. The clutter of roofs was homelike to his eyes, hungry with long loneliness; the little white church, with shining spire and cross, was very home-like. But nearer, in the very first pasture-field, just across the burnt land, was a sight that came yet nearer to his heart. There, in a corner of the crooked snake-fence, stood two bay mares and a foal, their heads over the fence as they gazed up the hill in his direction. Up went mane and tail, and loud and long he neighed to them his greeting. Their answer was a whinny of welcome, and down across the fields he dashed at a wild gallop that took no heed of fences. When, a little later in the day, a swarthy French-Canadian farmer came up from the village to lead his mares down to water, he was bewildered with delight to find himself the apparent master of a splendid white stallion, which insisted on claiming him, nosing him joyously, and following at his heels like a dog.

THE BELLE OF THE CHRISTMAS BALL

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

YAMATO DAMASHII

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS

Author of "The Battery Fool," etc.

FOR the fortieth time that month Sadjo was engaged upon a problem of the closest introspection. It was as familiar to him as the hills of his home in Satsuma, and yet there was a fascination about it which brought him back again and again to the same round of reflection. Step by step he went over the well-trodden way. Detail after detail came up for examination, received judgment, and took its place in the column of adjudications. Through to the inevitable result he followed the process, and when he reached the Q. E. D., he recognized with a grim half-smile that he was as far from conclusion as ever.

He had placed his little iron chair in front of the long mirror on the wall, and sat, facing its back, alternately regarding the image of himself in the glass and contemplating the photograph he held in his hand. It was the picture of a young woman on whom any man would look with pleasure, though few would call her beautiful. But it was not analysis of her charm that occupied Sadjo. Though he gazed at the photograph, what he saw was not the pictured oval face, with its wide, calm eyes under level brows; not the low, broad forehead, with its crown of soft, fair hair; not the firm mouth and rounded chin. He saw, instead, the contrast to the women of his home—the thick-lipped, full-cheeked women, with the narrow eyes and heavy mass of straight, black hair. When he glanced again at the reflection of himself thrown back at him from the mirror, he saw that contrast intensified and emphasized. And for the fortieth time he set the photograph down on the easel that stood at the end of his dresser and said to it softly, in a voice the tone of which, more than its words, expressed his thought:

"But you are Russian, and"—he turned and pointed at the man in the glass—"you are Japanese."

He sat down again and idly contemplated his surroundings. It was the room of a soldier. All the furnishings were severely simple, from the iron cot that stood in one corner to the iron chair on which he sat, save only the long mirror built into the wall of the old house, and the carved mahogany dresser on which stood the easel, a fitting resting-place for the picture. On the wall above the dresser, almost directly over the photograph, hung the heavily lacquered scabbard that covered the blade carried by his fathers since the day it left the forge of the great Masamune. On the narrow shelves were a few books—the science and art of war, the language and history of Russia, their subjects. That was all.

It was not necessary to know the history or hear the name of Captain the Marquis of Sadjo to recognize him for a Samurai. There was that in his carriage, his demeanor, his whole appearance, which proclaimed his descent. And if by chance that failed, the insolent hauteur he often displayed revealed the arrogant pride inherited from generations of fighting ancestors. In Japan it counts for no small thing to be a Sadjo. If he had been indolent, or indifferent, or unambitious, life would have been very smooth and soft for him. All that many men desire, and more, were his without the expression of a wish. Wealth, luxury, social position, politi-

cal importance, were the heritage of his clan. There was no need to strive; but not to do so would have been to belie his lineage. Ambition breeds in the blood of the Sadjos, and finds its greatest gratification in the military service of the empire.

Educated in the best schools of his own and other lands, and trained in the hardships of active service, young Sadjo had been chosen because of his technical equipment, discretion, tact, and polished social accomplishment, for the difficult and delicate post of military attaché at St. Petersburg. He was to learn the secret of the fighting force of the ancient enemy of his country, to fathom the depths of her military strength, to sound the springs of her power.

Sitting there revolving again the often pondered problem, many incidents recurred to him of the years he had spent in the Russian capital. They had been full of hard work, but he reflected with a glow of pride and satisfaction that it was work not badly done. He had seen the structure of the great organization which upheld the dignity and majesty of the Russian name. He understood the mechanism of the machine. The quiet men in the old, gray stone buildings in Tokio who received his reports recognized the value of what he had done. It had played its part in the long preparation for the struggle that sooner or later would engage every faculty of his people. It would play its part as well in the action that should prove that preparation. It had seemed of late as if the time might be very near. He knew the patient heart of his people. He knew the pride that had chafed under enforced submission to the humiliation put upon it by the power that he had studied so long. He knew the ecstatic fury and the fierce zeal with which the quest for righteous revenge would be pursued. And he would play his part in that, too, come what might. How his heart leaped at the thought!

He sprang from his chair and started toward the old sword hanging on the wall. As his glance rose toward it, his eyes met the wide, half-smiling eyes of the picture, looking straight into his. Over him surged a great wave of the emotion he thought he had mastered. The hand outstretched to grasp the weapon fell to his side, and he stood mute and trembling, facing the girl. In fancy he was present again at the reception where first they met. He saw her come into the room with her father, the General, erect, tall, a stately figure in the brilliant uniform that was so sharp a contrast to the simple white of her dress. He felt the touch of the hand she gave him. He heard the sound of her voice. He caught the perfume that clung to her. The blade of his fathers was forgotten. Forgot alike were the glory and the service of his race. In all the flood of passionate memory that swept over him there was nothing but himself and the girl he loved.

He reeled and sank again into his chair. The thought of her filled his heart. The years of their acquaintance and their friendship flashed before him. Every touch of her hand, every word she had spoken, every glance of her eyes, he felt and heard and saw again—the little signs so eagerly watched for, so fondly awaited, and on which he had dared at last to build his growing hope. He dwelt with lingering emotion on every incident, surrendering himself entirely to the joy of it.

Then like a specter came back the thought that stopped his breath and turned his blood to ice. The girl he loved was the daughter of a hostile race, child of a man it might be his fate some day, not far removed, to meet face to face in battle. His brain was all awhirl, his heart in a tumult. He could no longer think. He felt only the terrible oppression of impending calamity. Darkness fell, and the shadows, stealing across the room, enshrouded him as he sat, his head clasped between his hands, heedless of everything but the raging conflict within.

Reaction came at last, bringing relief in a burst of scorn for himself. He sprang to his feet with a sharp outcry.

"Am I a Sadjo to grieve like a child whose toy is broken! When has a Sadjo held any woman before his country!"

He lighted the room and stood before the long mirror, gazing at himself. His was a fine figure, tall beyond the measure of his race, well-knit and sturdy, with strong, clean-cut features, the very pat-

tern of a soldier. The pride of the Sadjos shone in his eyes. Like a beam of light across the blackness of a cell a thought flashed upon him.

"Why not after the war?" he said aloud. "It cannot last forever, and many men come back. Why not? Men fight and afterward are good friends. Nations have done so; why not ours? Perhaps this will be the making of a great peace and a long friendship. Who knows? War is impersonal. We fight for our countries because we belong to them, but there is no need of individual enmity. We need not hate our foes. Yes, after the war, if I live. Why not? Why not? After all, it is not certain yet that there will be war. Perhaps even now it may be avoided. If these Russians could only see or would believe what they saw!"

He fell to musing again, pondering the new thought, and building great air-castles for himself, splendid with the promise of "after the war." Such a wonderful mainspring is hope! Then, as idea begets idea, another new thought came to him.

"Fool," he cried, "not to have thought of that before!" Yes, yes, I will go to him at once. The General will surely see. He is a man of the world. He has been in Japan. He knows us. Perhaps it is not too late yet. Perhaps he can make them understand."

Afire with new hope and new purpose, he threw on his great fur coat and dashed out into the street. A passing cab halted at his sharp call, and he leaped in, scarcely pausing to give the address to the stolid driver. He had far to go, and despite his urgent commands, his entreaties, his promises of doubled pay, the pace was very slow. It was bitterly cold, and, wrapped in the warm, thick fur as he was, insensibly the frosty air affected his ardor. The event seemed less certain. Doubt entered his thought. Perhaps the General was like all the rest in his opinions. He had always been very kind, but one could not judge simply from such kindness. The mainsprings of human action are many and often well concealed. Perhaps his own zeal, his own fond hope, had led him to overestimate that kindness, or to give it a false motive. Yet there was the girl. His attention to her had been open and marked. The General could not have failed to observe that, and to understand its purpose. Yet his kindness had continued. It must be that the old soldier would listen and believe. Surely what was so plain to him he could make clear to the General.

Gradually, revolving these things in his mind, Sadjo's thoughts turned to the girl. He began to study again the status of his case with her, to list and arrange the incidents which had given him confidence and hope that his declaration would not be repulsed. He should have made it before this, but he had been so anxious about the threatened war, and so occupied with his work of preparation for it, that he had put it off. What if that delay should prove fatal! The thought staggered him. And yet there was no rival. He hardly knew an eligible man in all the range of her acquaintance. Or was there one? Yes; Captain Savitch. He recalled with a sudden pang the increasing frequency with which he had met the young Russian at her house. Strange that it had not occurred to him before that there was danger to him in this growing friendship. Yet he had never thought of it in that light. Ah, stupid! to have let anything interfere! Too long he had delayed. It was not fair or just to her. Now he must act. He would speak at once; but first he would see the General. If his great plan should succeed, there would be added reason for success with her.

The lumbering vehicle at last brought him to the house. His impatience could hardly brook the delay until the door was opened. Eagerly he asked for the General. Like a dash of ice water in the face was the man's calm announcement:

"General Silkoff is not at home."

For a moment Sadjo stood irresolute, uncertain. Then with no clear idea of what he did he asked for the girl. He waited with mind a blank until the man returned with word that she would see him. He stood, still in a maze, until she entered the room, and he saw only the exquisite grace of her movements and knew only the passion that filled his heart. Mechanically he took the hand she gave him. His brain refused to

work, and he had no word of response to her greeting.

"My father has gone to the war office," she said.

Something in her manner, in the intonation of her voice, brought him to himself.

"I wish to see him on a most important matter," he said. "Can you tell if he will be long away?"

There was a sadness she could not conceal in the girl's reply.

"I am afraid he will be late. There seems much urgent business recently, and he is often at the office far into the night. But you must know more about it than I."

It was the first direct reference to the impending struggle that had passed between them. Sadjo felt himself grow chill as he heard it. There was a reserve, a something almost like coldness, about her he had never noticed before.

"Yes," he said bitterly, "I do know. It was because I know, and about what I know that I came to see him."

Then with an impulse he would not resist, aware that he talked to a woman, but the woman he loved with all his soul, he burst into the subject that absorbed him.

"He, too, would know," he cried; "He would understand. And because he would understand, because he is one among so many, I came to him. He might save us!"

Something like a look of scorn flashed from the girl's clear eyes. Sadjo saw, and caught her thought.

"Do not misunderstand me!" he pleaded. "He could save us all, I thought. He might prevent the break. Oh, I do not fear for my people. I do not seek assistance to save them. I know them too well. I know how long they have waited for this. I know how well they had worked. I know how they are ready. But you Russians do not know. You would not see. You would not believe. And now perhaps it is too late. Only I thought that even now, if I could but make your father see, he might do that which would save us all. He might convince your Emperor. My people are in deadly earnest. Cost what it may, they will stand firm. They have set their mark, and there will be no recession. Only with you is there hope. This was what I wanted to tell the General. This I wanted him to believe."

Blindly he rushed on, too eager, too excited to see or notice the effect of his words upon the girl, who sat like a statue and listened, with her wide eyes fixed unswervingly upon him.

"Do you not see why I came?" he cried. "Can you not believe? I do not fear war for myself or for my people. But I fear it because of you!"

She put out her hand as if to check him, but he swept on, heedless:

"Yes, for you I fear it. For I love you; with all my soul I love you. You must know it. You must have seen it, how all these months I have waited, have lived only for you!"

"Hush! Stop!" she cried. "You must not! I cannot—"

But he would not be checked. "Only for you I feared war," he went on. "But to-night I saw the way. The General may stop it. But if he cannot, then after the war! I shall come back for you then. I shall live for that."

He paused, breathless with emotion.

"No, Captain Sadjo," she said quietly, and the voice sobered him. "If there is war, or if there is no war, it cannot be. I shall not deny what I have seen these recent months, or that I cared; and if this trouble had not come, it might have been different. But this has shown me the truth. I am a Russian, and you are Japanese. If there is war, would you promise not to fight my countrymen because I asked you?"

For a moment he was silent, all the old bitter struggle raging in his heart. Then race conquered, and he lifted his head and met her clear eyes fairly.

"No," he said, with a touch of the old pride; "I am of the clan of Sadjo. My country first."

"And I am a Silkoff," she said, "and love my country."

"But after the war!" he cried. "We are not enemies because our countries fight. Good friends may do their duty and still be good friends. Say it may be after the war!"

"No," she answered slowly; "not after the war. If there were no other reason, it is enough that we are what we are."

The words pierced him like a lance.

"No other reason!" he repeated vaguely, as if striving to grasp their full meaning. "Then is there—"

"Yes," she replied softly. "I would not have heard you speak as you have to-night if I could have helped it. I have not the right, as I had not the wish."

A single word broke from Sadjo's lips: "Savitch!"

"After the war," she said, unconsciously using his words, "if Captain Savitch comes back."

Sadjo slowly rose, and walked unsteadily to the door. There he turned and faced her for the last time. The pride of his race uplifted him. "Good-night," he said, "and good-by. Fate has separated us by an impassable barrier, and yet, though I fight against you with all my strength, you will know that I fight also against my own heart."

He went out, and in front of the house met the General coming home.

"Good-night, General Silkoff," he said, and passed on. The glorious plan with which he had come was dead.

"To the Japanese legation," he said to the driver, and climbing into the cab, wrapped himself in his fur coat and fell into a deep reverie.

It was late when he reached the legation, but the Minister responded to his ring.

"Will it come?" asked Sadjo as he entered.

"Yes," replied the Minister. "To-day has determined. It cannot be stopped now."

"Then I must ask a favor," said Sadjo. "Will you telegraph for me at once, to-night, in your cipher, and ask my recall and assignment to field duty with my regiment?"

He turned and went home, and in his iron soldier's bed slept the sweet, untroubled sleep of a soldier whose steadfast heart is fixed only on his duty. It was broad day when he awoke, and he arose to find the coveted orders waiting.

OBSTINATELY, desperately, with the valor of their old tradition, the children of the Czar held their feeble position on the crest of the ridge against the fierce assault. The direct attack was beaten. Captain the Marquis of Sadjo, at the head of his company, on the extreme right, saw the situation, and began a movement to turn the Russian flank. Far in advance of his line he led the way. Up the steep hill, through the rough scrub, and over the stones and boulders he held on, calling to his men to follow. Over his head flashed the sword of the Sadjos. Suddenly in his path, barring his way, stood a Russian officer. Their eyes met, and recognition shone in both: Savitch and Sadjo were face to face with their weapons in their hands. The fighting blood of his clan leaped through the veins of the Japanese. With all the fury of his race he rushed at his antagonist. The old Masamune gleamed in the sunlight as it circled above his head, seeming a thing of life, eager as its master to exact revenge. Skilled swordsman that the Russian was, the savage rush of his opponent threw Savitch from his balance, and he went down, his weapon wrenched from his grasp by the shock. In a flash Sadjo was over him, the bright blade ready for its work. But as he looked down he saw, at the throat of the Russian, forced open by the fall, the little, jeweled locket that guarded the picture of the girl he loved. The hand uplifted in threat fell to his side. He stooped toward his prostrate enemy.

"Get up!" he said. Go while you can, and say Sadjo gave her your life."

He turned and walked down the slope toward his men. Once he glanced back. Savitch was gone. A shout from the left told him the position was won, the enemy had fled. The fight was over. He lifted the old sword that had been worn in honor by the princes of his clan, and made as if to sheath it. The sight of it thrust on him what he had done. He had been false to his tradition and his training, false to his race and to himself, false to his country and to his Emperor. The enemy in his hands he had released unscathed. The prisoner of the empire he had voluntarily set free. The honor of the Sadjos, kept stainless through a score of generations, was disgraced at last and by him. Life held nothing more now for Captain the Marquis of Sadjo. The teaching of the Samurai was not forgotten. *Yamato Damashii* was still alive, and the sword that had seen his dishonor furnished the means of atonement.

IN THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS

BY ANNE FITZHUGH MACLEAN

ALL night alone upon the mountain's height
I listened in the silver silence, lest
Moon-trancèd nature waken with a sigh
Too soft for my slow ear. I sought not sleep—
Nay, joyed in its delaying and to steal
One immemorial night from sordid time,
One circle of sweet hours, untarnished gems
Among life's shining counterfeits.

Beside the hoary herdsman's crumbling hut
Half-seen the torrent leapt along its path,
A swaying specter through the huddling trees.
The near, faint-breathèd spirit of the air,
Lulled by the midnight waters' drowsing voice,
Waited the quickening dawn, and in the depths
Of the black gorge's distance monstrous shapes,
Phantasmal, vast, the heaped-up rocks took on.

There those three realms, that mystic trinity
Whose circling confines cross I know not where—
Nature and mine own heart and the divine
Indwelling third—so mingled that my sense
Of pain and strife of living was no more,
And I but part of that calm three in one.

Sweet night, so long, so silent, soon farewell!
Already trembles through the enchanted air
Mysterious murmurings of the dreaming dawn
Half-heard and half-imagined. Even now
Turns on his twig the eager earliest bird,
And drowsy twitterings run among his fellows.

Aloft, in wild and tuneful ecstasy,
A fount of joy outwells upon the dawn
From the charm-throated thrush, and all my veins,
Responsive, raptured, leap with richer life,
As thrills the wakening day from peak to plain.

Thou floodest all the sky with melody,
Yet hast no note for sadness. Valiant one,
Is there no haunting prescience of death,
That waits for thee in thy loved element
And in the sheltering bough? Nay, unaware,
God's prophet thou, so small and meekly brown.
Thy Maker hath not bodied thee a lie,
Who till thy latest breath, exulting still,
Proclaimest life, and yet unceasing, life.

Thou hast no need of me or any man.
Near to thy Maker and unmediate,
The flower whose scarlet sun lights this dark nook
Works not His will more unafraid than thou.
But I, blest above bird and blossom, I
Have need of thee, fresh from the hand of God,
And of the word thou bearest me from Him.

Deep from the brimming chalice of the hills
I watch the morning sun drink up the mist,
Pale nectar, night-distilled, until his cup,
Drained out, gives back the radiance of his smile.

Now the full glory of the day shines forth,
Peak upon peak uprising in a sea
Of untold mountains stretching without marge,
A ceaseless changing in its waves of light.
The height that lifted, but a moment gone,
A green and neighboring crest, already pales
Into a distant phantom. The fair slope
Of far blue uplands in the unresting cloud
Soft islanded, sudden stands forth a crag,
Imminent, naked, and precipitous.

Shall man untrembling draw so near the vast
Invisible that seems but just beyond
A thinning veil? Here almost might the soul,
Out-reaching to its uttermost, behold
The deathless beauty shadowed in these forms,
And pass the portal of the spirit's bourne.

GOVERNMENT MODEL FARMS

BY JAMES J. HILL

President of the Great Northern Railway

A SMALL FARM PREFERABLE

FOR less than a single item in many of the annual appropriation bills, a model farm, conducted as a practical object lesson in the best methods of tilling the soil and its most profitable uses, might be established in every agricultural county in the United States. It is worth considering whether this work should not be undertaken either by the several State governments or by the National government, or by the two conjointly.

A model farm is simply a farm conforming in size, in treatment of the soil, in assignment to different crops and their rotation, and in methods of culture to the most approved practice that actual experience and scientific investigation of agriculture all over the world have fixed. It focuses upon one plot of ground, within the personal observation of each farming community, the accumulated knowledge of one of the oldest occupations, which must now become more highly specialized. It is a working model for common instruction.

Such a model farm should not contain more than thirty or forty acres. This area would be ample for working purposes. It would also prove the economic advantage of the small well-tilled farm over a larger holding, to which equal care could not be given. Labor can be utilized more effectively and the yield per acre increased without any decline in fertility.

ROTATION OF CROPS

ON such a farm five tracts might be set off for crops in due rotation. The order of hay, pasture, oats, corn, and wheat has been found an excellent one. The five tracts would be assigned to these five crops respectively, with regular annual rotation, so that each field should grow all the different crops in their turn. Such alternation, even without other aid, has been found so congenial to the soil as to give crops greatly exceeding those obtained by the usual method in this country, of sowing the same land to the same thing year after year. Actual trial at experiment stations, under conditions that any farmer may reproduce, shows an average product, over a series of years, nearly twice as great as the average product of the general farming area under private cultivation.

The remainder, aside from the space occupied by farm buildings and yards, could be divided into smaller plots of from an acre upward, to be devoted, according to need and use, to pasturage and to rye, barley, potatoes, fodder corn, and garden and forage plants. A judicious system of rotation on these lesser areas also will show how greatly productive power may be increased and at how high a level it may be kept. Such a farm will carry some cattle, hogs, and poultry, together with the horses required for working it. A careful utilization of manure will supply most of the fertilizer needed. One valuable lesson taught by the model farm must be the importance of enriching the soil with fertilizing material, either supplied by live stock or procured from without. The farmer has to guard against the impairment of his working capital, which is the land, as

carefully as the merchant or manufacturer must guard against the wasting of his.

AN EXAMPLE OF SCIENTIFIC METHODS

DRAINAGE and irrigation needs should be considered and supplied on the model farm. The local market might be studied, so that any fruits and vegetables in season or dairy products that may remain from home consumption could be disposed of to advantage. The value of different forage plants should be established by practical tests. The nature and constituents of the soil must be studied, and farm industry be adjusted to local conditions, in the light of the now well-developed science of farm chemistry. The latest devices for destroying parasites, fungi, and other foes of plant and animal life must be understood and applied. In brief, the farmers of the county should see, on the model farm, the daily work of their own lives, aided and enriched by those facts and methods which the accumulated experience and discovery of the world has proved to give the maximum agricultural product for a given quantity of labor, without subtracting anything from the potential value of the soil itself. The example, if followed as it soon would be among a people as energetic and enterprising as our own, would greatly improve the condition of our farms, give fuller prosperity to those engaged in tillage, and add enormously to the total bulk of farm products that must always constitute the principal element and the foundation of our national wealth.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ADMINISTRATION

EACH farm should be cultivated by an intelligent farm-hand, hired for the purpose at the current rate of wages. He must be directed by a superintendent, skilled in both the theory and the practice of modern farming. One superintendent could assign and oversee the work to be done on five or more farms. These men would have to be chosen with the greatest care, on merit, and should be trained specialists. On them chiefly would the success or failure of the system depend. After a few years' work under such instruction, the farm-hand would become qualified for a superintendency; and positions of superintendents, as they fell vacant, should be filled by promotion from the lower rank.

In some respects it would be better if the State instead of the Federal government were to initiate the policy of the model farm. It could be kept under closer observation and more direct control. But the nation is now spending large sums in kindred work at experiment stations and on agents and route work. It has already at command a machine of wide scope and considerable efficiency, dealing with similar needs, though in less practical ways. It has facilities for experimenting more ample and complete not only than those of individuals, but than those of any States. It would, therefore, probably be simpler and more satisfactory to have the model farm established, supervised, and maintained by the Federal government. If conducted on the lines indicated, as a national business and not as a political charity, the system would be, to a considerable extent, self-supporting. The product of the farms would maintain the farmers in actual charge, and would at least go some way toward defraying the cost of superintendency.

NOT A COSTLY EXPERIMENT

WHERE there is still public land available, it could be used for model farms. This would be the case in all the regions reclaimed by irrigation. Elsewhere, land could be obtained for the purpose without a very large original outlay. A State having eighty counties would require only from 2400 to 3200 acres in all. Making allowance for counties in which the ratio of land unfit for cultivation, used for grazing, or included in forest reserves is so large that the establishment of a model farm would not be warranted, it is probable that less than 100,000 acres would serve the purpose for the whole country.

AN OBJECT LESSON OF ACHIEVEMENT IN AGRICULTURE

SUPPOSE such a farm in successful operation in any rural community. Its

lessons would be practical and immediate. Some of the neighboring farmers have not thought much about agricultural methods, following their occupation according to habit and routine, as their fathers did. They would be able to see from work done almost before their eyes, by methods which would be shown to them fully if they so desired, how their own earnings might be greatly increased, probably doubled. Some of them have tried experiments that resulted unsatisfactorily, either because they were injudicious in themselves or because they were not conducted under proper conditions. These, grown prejudiced against all innovations, would not be proof against facts demonstrated on fields near their own. Many more are intelligent and progressive, have heard of new and successful methods, but hesitate to abandon the familiar for any form of change, however promising. If unsuccessful, it would mean to them the loss of the best part of a year's labor; and if the rewards of the old way are small, at least they seem sure. For these the work of experimentation, as they look at it, would be done, and risks and charges therefore assumed by the public. They would be quick to appreciate and to avail themselves of demonstrated advantages.

The model farm in each county should do for the farming population what the technical school does for the intending artisan and the schools of special training for those who enter the professions. It would carry the agricultural college in practice into every neighborhood. It does not seem reasonable to doubt that the improvement in farming in the United States would be great. The facts and principles which it is desirable to put into effect are well established and are acted upon in other parts of the world, where tillage has been carried to a higher degree of efficiency. Other countries produce from an inferior soil double the yield of our fertile fields. Many of our own farmers already, in single instances, have quietly adopted better methods, and have grown rich. What is needed now is to get the ten or eleven million persons in the United States, ten years old and upward, who are engaged in agricultural pursuits to apply this available information to their daily work, and thus permit nature to do her best.

IMPOSSIBLE UNDER THE SPOILS SYSTEM

Two dangers must be borne in mind. The plan, if tried at all, must be tried in good faith. It must be committed to experts; to men devoted to it, and prepared to spend their lives in working it out. It must be a branch of scientific research, pursued with all the determination and self-forgetfulness of the scientific spirit. For if it were ill done, it would not only mean present failure, but it would discourage all farm progress, and thus work injury difficult to repair. It follows, of course, as a preliminary condition of the whole suggestion, that it must be kept absolutely separate from politics. As well have the instructors in our universities and colleges appointed by the party boss as to have farmers and superintendents selected as a political reward, and a national economic education turned into another appendage of the spoils system.

BETTER THAN A BATTLESHIP

It is not necessary to speak of the mental stimulation, of the more intimate relation with the State as a friendly leader instead of as a tax-collector or a cow to be milked, of the rousing of new ideas, and the transformation, in many aspects, of rural life in America, that should be counted among the secondary results of the adoption of such a plan. It can stand on its plain, practical merits as an example of governmental activity not paternalistic, not meddling, not pernicious, but really helpful and indicative of the functions that a worthy government may properly perform. From the model farm as a center should radiate intelligence, activity, and reform in tillage. If this were accomplished, so that the yield of our farms rose presently to the proper and possible total, the farm product of the country might be doubled. Might it not be worth while to expend the sum that such a system would cost, even though it should be necessary to postpone for another year the building of a battleship or a couple of cruisers?

Dw. [illegible] by Mrs. Gifford A. Cochran. "See Open Letters"

"THE FIRST LESSON"

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANCIS DAY
(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o'Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

IV

A MISTAKE OF THE POST-BOY'S

AS the weeks passed at Stornham Court, the Atlantic Ocean seemed to Rosalie Anstruthers to widen endlessly, and happy, noisy New York to recede until it was as far away as some memory of heaven. The girl had been born in the midst of the rattling, rumbling bustle, and it had never struck her as assuming the character of noise: she had thought of it only as being the cheerful confusion inseparable from town. She had been secretly offended and hurt when strangers said that New York was noisy and dirty; when they called it vulgar, she never wholly forgave them. She was of the New Yorkers who adore their New York as Parisians adore Paris, and who feel that only within its beloved boundaries can the breath of life be breathed. People were often too hot or too cold in New York, but there was usually plenty of bright, glaring sun, and the extremes of the weather had at least something dramatic about them.

But at Stornham the rain descended ceaselessly, as it so often seems to descend to Americans new to England. The season was a wet one, and when young Lady Anstruthers rose in the morning and looked out over the huge stretch of trees and sward, she thought she always saw the rain falling either in hopeless sheets or in more hopeless drizzle. The occasions upon which this was a dreary fact blotted out or blurred the exceptions when in liquid, ultramarine deeps of sky floated islands and mountains of snow-white fleece of a beauty of which she had before had no conception.

In the English novels she had read, places such as Stornham Court were always filled with "house-parties" made up of wonderful town wits and beauties, who provided endless entertainment for one another, and played games, and hunted, shot pheasants, and shone in dazzling amateur theatricals. There were, however, no visitors at Stornham, and there were, in fact, no accommodations for any. There were numberless bedrooms, but none really fit for guests to occupy. Carpets and curtains were ancient and ragged, furniture was worn and broken, chimneys would not draw, beds were falling to pieces. The Dowager Lady Anstruthers had never either attracted, desired, or been able to afford company. Her son's wife suffered from the resulting boredom and unpopularity, without being able to comprehend the significance of the situation.

As the weeks dragged by, a few heavy carriages deposited at the court a few callers. Some of the visitors bore imposing titles, which made Rosalie very nervous, and caused her to array herself hastily to receive them in toilettes much too pretty and delicate for the occasion. Her innocent idea was that she must do her husband credit by appearing as "stylish" as possible.

As a result, she was stared at either with open disfavor or with well-bred, furtive criticism and was described afterward as being either "very American" or "very much over-dressed." When she had lived in Fifth Avenue, Rosalie had changed her attire as many times a day as she had changed her fancy; every hour had been filled with engagements and amusements; the Vanderpoel car-

riages had driven up to the door and driven away again and again through the mornings and afternoons, and until midnight and later. Some one was always going out or coming in. There had been in the big, handsome house not much more of the air of repose than one might expect to find at a railway station; but the flurry, the coming and going, the calling and chatting had all been cheery, amiable, and pleasure-giving. At Stornham, Rosalie sat at breakfast before unchanging boiled eggs, unfailing toast, and unalterable broiled bacon, morning after morning. Sir Nigel sat and munched over the newspapers; his mother, from a lofty height, with an air of relentlessly disapproving of both her food and her companions, disposed of her eggs and her rasher at Rosalie's right hand. She had transferred to her daughter-in-law her previously occupied seat at the head of the table. This had been done with a carefully prepared scene of intense, though correct, disagreeableness, in which she had managed to convey all the rancor of her dethroned spirit and her disapproval and disdain of international alliances.

"It is, of course, proper that you should sit at the head of your husband's table," she had said, among other agreeable things. "A woman, having devoted her life to her son, must relinquish her position to the person he chooses to marry. If you should have a son, you will give up your position to his wife. Since Nigel has married you, he has, of course, a right to expect that you will at least make an effort to learn something of what is required of women of your position."

"Sit down, Rosalie," said Nigel. "Of course you take the head of the table, and naturally you must learn what is expected of my wife; but don't talk confounded rubbish, mother, about devoting your life to your son. We have seen about as little of each other as we could help. We never agreed."

The vicar's wife, having made her call of ceremony upon the new Lady Anstruthers, followed up the acquaintance, and found her quite decidedly unlike her mother-in-law, whose charities, one may be sure, had neither been lavish nor dispensed by any hand less impressive than her own. The young woman's sympathies were easily awakened, and her purse was well filled and readily opened. Small families or large ones, newly born infants or newly buried ones, old women with "bad legs," and old men who needed comforts, equally touched her heart. She innocently bestowed sovereigns where an English woman would have known that half-crowns would have been sufficient. As the vicaress was her almoner, that lady felt her importance rapidly on the increase. When she left a cottage, saying, "I 'll speak to young Lady Anstruthers about you," the good woman of the house curtsied low and her husband touched his forehead respectfully.

But this did not advance the fortunes of Sir Nigel, who personally required of her very different things. Two weeks after her arrival at Stornham, Rosalie began to see that somehow she was regarded as a person almost impudently in the wrong. She used to cry a great deal when she was alone, and when she wrote to her mother she was too frightened to tell the truth concerning her unhappiness.

"Oh, if I could just see some of them!" she would wail to herself. "If I could just see mother or father or anybody from New York!" And she would grovel among her pillows, burying her face and half-stifling herself lest her sobs should be heard. Her feeling for her husband had become one of terror and repulsion. She was almost more afraid of his patronizing, affectionate moments than she was of his temper. He had a great deal to say on the subject of wifely duty. It was part of her duty as a wife to be entirely satisfied with his society and to be completely happy in the pleasure it afforded her.

Since her mother-in-law's first mention of a possible son whose wife would eventually thrust her from her seat at the head of the table, Rosalie had several times heard this son referred to. It struck her that in England such things were discussed with more freedom than in America. In the more crude atmosphere of New York she had never heard a young woman's possible family arranged for and made the subject of conversation. It made her feel rather awkward at first. Then she began to realize

that the son was part of her wifely duty, also. That she was expected to provide one, and that she was in some way expected to provide for the estate,—to rehabilitate it,—and that this was because her father, being a rich man, would provide for him. It had also struck her that in England there was a general tendency to expect that some one would "provide" for some one else, that relatives, even by marriage, were supposed to "make allowances" on which it was quite proper for other persons to live. Rosalie had been accustomed to a community in which even rich men worked and in which young and able-bodied men would have felt rather indignant if aunts or uncles had thought it necessary to pension them off, as if they had been impotent paupers.

"When you have a son," her mother-in-law had remarked severely, "I suppose something will be done for Nigel and the estate."

This had been said before she had been ten days in the house, and had set her not-too-quick brain working. She had already begun to see that life at Stornham Court was not the luxurious affair it was in the house in Fifth Avenue. Things were shabby, and queer, and not at all comfortable. Fires were not lighted because a day was chilly and gloomy. She had once asked for one in her bedroom, and her mother-in-law had reproved her for indecent extravagance in a manner which took her breath away.

"I suppose in America you have your house at furnace heat in July," she said. "Mere wastefulness and self-indulgence! That is why Americans are old women at twenty. They are shriveled and withered by the unhealthy lives they lead —stuffing themselves with sweets and hot bread, and never breathing the fresh air."

Rosalie could not at the moment recall any withered and shriveled old women at twenty, but she blushed and stammered as usual.

"It is never cold enough for fires in July," she answered; "but we—we never think fires extravagant when we are not comfortable without them."

"Coal must be cheaper than it is in England," said her ladyship. "When you have a daughter, I hope you do not expect to bring her up as girls are brought up in New York."

This was the first time Rosalie had heard of her daughter, and she was not ready enough to reply.

She was not at all strong at the time, and was given to feeling chilly and miserable on wet, windy days. She used to cry more than ever, and was so desolate that there were days when she used to go to the vicarage for companionship. On such days the vicar's wife would entertain her with stories of the villagers' catastrophies, and she would empty her purse upon the tea-table and feel a little consoled because she was the means of consoling some one else.

"I suppose it gratifies your vanity to play the Lady Bountiful," Sir Nigel sneered one evening, having heard in the village what she was doing.

"I—never thought of such a thing," she stammered feebly. "Mrs. Brent said they were so poor."

"You throw your money about as if you were an idiot of a child," said her mother-in-law. "It is a pity it is not put in the hands of some person with discretion."

It had begun to dawn upon Rosalie that her ladyship was deeply convinced that either herself or her son would be admirably discreet custodians of the money referred to. And even the dawning of this idea had frightened the girl. She was so inexperienced and ignorant that she felt it might be possible that in England one's husband and one's mother-in-law could do what they liked. It might be that they could take possession of one's money as they seemed to take possession of one's self and one's soul. She would have been very glad to give them money, and had, indeed, wondered frequently if she might dare to offer it to them. She had tried to invent ways in which she could approach the subject, but had not been able to screw up her courage to any sticking point, she was so overpowered by her consciousness that they seemed continually to intimate that Americans with money were ostentatious and always laying stress upon the amount of their possessions.

She had been married so recently, and everybody had thought her marriage so delightful, she could not bear that her father and mother should be distressed

by knowing that she was wretched. She also reflected, with misery, that New York would talk the matter over excitedly, and that finally the newspapers would get hold of the gossip. She could not possibly write facts, she thought, so her poor little letters were restrained and unlike herself and to the warm-hearted souls in New York, even appearing stiff and unaffectionate, as if her aristocratic surroundings had chilled her love for them. In fact, it became far from easy for her to write at all since Sir Nigel so disapproved of her interest in the American mail. His objections had, indeed, taken the form of his feeling himself quite within his rights when he occasionally intercepted letters from her relatives with a view of finding out whether they contained criticisms of himself which would betray that she had been guilty of indiscreet confidences. He discovered that she had not apparently been so guilty, but it was evident that there were moments when Mrs. Vanderpoel was uneasy and disposed to ask anxious questions. When this occurred, he destroyed the letters, and, as a result of this precaution on his part, her motherly queries seemed to be ignored, and she several times shed tears in the belief that Rosy had grown so patrician that she was capable of snubbing her mother in her resentment at feeling her privacy intruded upon and an unrefined effusiveness shown.

"I just feel as if she was beginning not to care about us at all, Betty," she said. "I could n't have believed it of Rosy. She was always such an affectionate girl."

"I don't believe it now," replied Betty, sharply. "Rosy could n't grow hateful and stuck-up. It 's that nasty Nigel; I know it is."

Sir Nigel's intention was that there should be as little intercourse between Fifth Avenue and Stornham Court as possible. Among other things, he did not intend that a lot of American relatives should come tumbling in when they chose to cross the Atlantic. He wrote to America occasionally himself, and knowing well how to make himself civilly repellent, so subtly chilled his parents-in-law as to discourage in them, more than once, their half-formed plan of paying a visit to their child in her new home. He opened, read, and reclosed all epistles to and from New York, and while Mrs. Vanderpoel was much hurt to find that Rosalie never condescended to make any response to her tentative inquiries concerning her possible visit, Rosalie herself was mystified by the fact that the journey "to Europe" was never spoken of.

"I don't see why they never seem to think of coming over," she said plaintively one day. "They used to talk so much about it."

"They?" ejaculated the Dowager Lady Anstruthers. "Who may you mean?"

"Mother and father and Betty and some of the others."

Her mother-in-law put up her eyeglasses to stare at her.

"The whole family?" she inquired.

"There are not so many of them," Rosalie answered.

"A family is always too many to descend upon a young woman when she is married," observed her ladyship. Nigel glanced over the top of his "Times."

"I may as well tell you that it would not do at all," he put in.

"Why—why not?" exclaimed Rosalie, aghast.

"Americans don't do in English society."

"But they are coming over so much. They like London so—all Americans like London."

"Do they?" said Nigel, with a drawl which made Rosalie blush until the tears started to her eyes. "I am afraid the sentiment is scarcely mutual."

Rosalie turned and fled from the room. She turned and fled because she realized that if she waited to hear another word she would burst out crying, and she realized that of late she seemed always to be bursting out crying before one or the other of those two. She could not help it.

The day was damp and chill, but she put on her hat and ran out into the park. She went down the avenue and turned into a coppice. There, among the wet bracken, she sank down on the mossy trunk of a fallen tree and huddled herself in a small heap, her head on her arms.

"Oh, mother! Oh, mother!" she cried hysterically. "Oh, I do wish you would come! I 'm so cold, mother, I 'm so ill! I can't bear it! It seems as if you 'd forgotten all about me. You 're all so happy in New York, perhaps you have forgotten—perhaps you have. Oh, don't, mother! don't!"

It was a month later that, through the vicar's wife, she reached a discovery and a climax. She had heard one morning from this lady of a misfortune which had befallen a small farmer. It was a misfortune which was an actual catastrophe to a man in his position. His house had caught fire during a gale of wind, and the fire had spread to the out-buildings and rick-yard and swept away all his belongings—his house, his furniture, his hay-ricks and stored grain, and even his few cows and horses. He had been a poor, hard-working fellow, and his small insurance had lapsed the day before the fire. He was absolutely ruined, and with his wife and six children stood face to face with beggary and starvation.

Rosalie Anstruthers entered the vicarage, to find the poor woman who was his companion in calamity sobbing in the hall. A child of a few weeks was in her arms, and two small creatures clung crying to her skirts.

"We 've worked hard," she wept; "we have, ma'am. Father he 's always been steady an' up early an' late. P'r'aps it 's the Lord's 'and, as you say, ma'am, but we 've been decent people an' never missed church when we could 'elp it. Father did n't deserve it, that he did n't."

Rosalie literally quaked with sympathy. She poured forth her pity in such words as the poor woman had never heard spoken by a great lady to a humble creature like herself. "See, you poor thing," said Rosalie, glowing with memories of home, "I brought my check-book with me because I meant to help you. A man who worked for my father had his house burned, just as yours was, and my father made everything all right for him again. I 'll make it all right for you; I 'll make you a check for a hundred pounds to begin with, and then, when your husband begins to build, I 'll give him some more."

The woman gasped for breath and turned pale. She was frightened. It really seemed as if her ladyship must have lost her wits a little. She could not mean this. The vicaress turned pale, also.

"Lady Anstruthers," she said—"Lady Anstruthers, it—it is too much. Sir Nigel—"

"Too much!" exclaimed Rosalie. "They have lost everything, you know—their hay-ricks and cattle as well as their house. I guess it won't be half enough."

Mrs. Brent dragged her into the vicar's study and talked to her. She tried to explain that in English villages such things were not done in a manner so casual, as if they were the result of unconsidered feeling; as if they were quite natural things such as any human person might do. When Rosalie cried: "But why not—why not? They ought to be."

"They will think you will do anything for them."

"So I will if I have the money when they are in such awful trouble. Suppose we lost everything in the world, and there were people who could easily help us and would n't?"

"You and Sir Nigel are—that is quite different," said Mrs. Brent. "I am afraid that if you do not discuss the matter and ask advice from your husband and mother-in-law they will be very much offended."

"If—I were doing it with their money they would have the right to be," replied Rosalie, with entire ingenuousness. "I would n't presume to do such a thing as that. That would n't be right, of course."

"They will be angry with me," said the vicaress, awkwardly. This queer, silly girl, who seemed to see nothing in the right light, frequently made her feel awkward. Mrs. Brent told her husband that Lady Anstruthers seemed to have no sense of dignity or proper appreciation of her position.

However, the wife of the farmer, John Wilson, carried away the check, quite stunned. She was breathless with amazement and turned faint with excitement, bewilderment, and a sense of relief. She had to sit down in the vicarage kitchen for a few minutes and drink a glass of the thin vicarage beer.

Rosalie promised that she would discuss the matter and ask advice when she returned to the Court. Just as she left the house Mrs. Brent suddenly remembered something she had forgotten.

"The Wilson trouble completely drove it out of my mind," she said. "It was a stupid mistake of the post-boy's. He left a letter of yours among mine when he came this morning. It was most careless. I shall speak to his father about it. It might have been important that you should receive it early."

When she saw the letter, Rosalie uttered an exclamation. It was addressed in her father's handwriting.

"Oh," she cried, "it 's from father! And the post-mark is Havre. What does it mean?"

She was so excited that she almost forgot to express her thanks. Her heart leaped up in her throat. Could they have come over from America—could they? Why was it written from Havre? Could they be near her?

She walked along the road, choked with wild, ecstatic, laughing sobs. Her hand shook so that she could scarcely tear open the envelop; she tore a corner of the letter, and when the sheet was open before her, her eyes were full of wild, delighted tears, which made it impossible for her to see for the moment. But she swept the tears away and read this:

DEAR DAUGHTER: It seems as if we had had pretty bad luck in not seeing you. We had counted on it very much, and your mother feels it all the more because she is weak after her illness. We don't quite understand why you did not seem to know about her having had diphtheria in Paris. You did not answer Betty's letter. Perhaps it missed you in some way. Things do sometimes go wrong in the mail, and several times your mother has thought a letter has been lost. She thought so because you seemed to forget to refer to things. We came over to leave Betty at a French school, and we had expected to visit you later. But your mother fell ill of diphtheria, and not hearing from you seemed to make her homesick, so we decided to return to New York by the next steamer. I ran over to London, however, to make some inquiries about you, and on the first day I arrived I met your husband on Bond street. He at once explained to me about your having gone to a house-party at some castle in Scotland, and said you were well and enjoying yourself very much, and he was on his way to join you. I am sorry, daughter, that it has turned out that we could not see each other. It seems a long time since you left us. But I am very glad, however, that you are so well and really like English life. If we had time for it, I am sure it would be delightful. Your mother sends her love, and wants very much to hear of all you are doing and enjoying. Hoping that we may have better luck the next time we cross,

Your affectionate father,
Reuben L. Vanderpoel.

Rosalie found herself running breathlessly up the avenue, the letter still in her hand, and staggering from side to side. Now and then she uttered little short cries like an animal's. She ran and ran, seeing nothing, and now and then, with the clenched hand in which the letter was crushed, striking a sharp blow at her breast.

She stumbled up the big stone steps she had mounted on the day she was brought home as a bride. Her dress caught her feet, and she fell on her knees, and scrambled up again, gasping; she dashed across the huge, dark hall and hurling herself against the door of the morning-room, appeared, disheveled, haggard-eyed, and with scarlet patches on her wild, white face, before the Dowager, who started angrily to her feet.

"Where is Nigel! Where is Nigel!" she cried out frenziedly.

"What in Heaven's name do you mean by such manners!" demanded her ladyship. "Apologize at once."

"Where is Nigel! Nigel! Nigel!" the girl raved. "I will see him—I will —I will see him!"

She who had been the mildest of sweet-tempered creatures all her life had suddenly gone almost insane.

"You are quite mad, you violent, uncontrolled creature," cried the Dowager, furiously. "You ought to be put in a strait-jacket and drenched with cold water."

Then the door opened again, and Nigel strode in. He was in riding-dress, and was breathless and livid with anger. After a bad half-hour with his steward, who had been talking of impending disasters, he had heard by chance of Wilson's conflagration and the hundred-pound check. He had galloped home at the top of his horse's speed.

"Here is your wife raving mad," cried out his mother. "She ought to be beaten."

Rosalie staggered across the room to him. She held up her hand, clenching the letter, and shook it at him.

"My mother and father have been here," she shrieked. "My mother has been ill. They wanted to come to see me. You knew, and you kept it from me. You told my father lies—lies—hideous lies! You said I was away in Scotland—enjoying myself—when I was here, and dying with homesickness. You made them think I did not care for them—or for New York. You have killed me. Why did you do such a wicked thing!"

He looked at her with glaring eyes.

"I did it because I did not mean to have them here," he said. "I did it because I won't have them here."

"They shall come," she quavered shrilly. "They shall come to see me. They are my own father and mother, and I will have them."

He caught her arm in such a grip that she must have thought he would break it if she could have thought or felt anything.

"No, you will not have them," he ground forth between his teeth. "You will do as I order you, and learn to behave yourself as a decent married woman should. You will learn to obey your husband, and respect his wishes, and control your devilish American temper."

"They have gone—gone!" wailed Rosalie. "You sent them away—my father, my mother, my sister!"

"Stop your indecent ravings!" ordered Sir Nigel, shaking her. "I will not submit to be disgraced before the servants."

"Put your hand over her mouth, Nigel," cried his mother. "The very scullery-maids will hear."

"I won't stop," cried the girl. "Why did you take me away from everything? I was happy. Everybody was kind to me. I loved people, I had everything. No one ever—ever—ever ill-used anyone—"

Sir Nigel shook her with absolute violence. Her hair broke loose and fell about her awful, little, distorted, sobbing face.

"I did not take you to give you an opportunity to display your vulgar ostentation by throwing away hundred-pound checks to villagers," he said. "I did n't take you to give you the position of a lady, and be made a fool of by you."

"You have ruined him," burst forth his mother—"ruined him with your American insolence and ignorance. You have put it out of his power to marry an English woman, who would have known it was her duty to give something in return for his name and position."

First it was the Dowager who poured forth, and then it was Sir Nigel. They broke in on each other; they interrupted each other with exclamations and interpolations. They had so far lost themselves that they did not know that they had become grotesque in the violence of their fury. Rosalie's brain whirled. Her hysteria mounted and mounted. She stared first at one and then at the other; gasping and sobbing by turns, she swayed on her feet and clutched at a chair.

"I did not know," she broke forth at last, trying to make her voice heard in the storm. "I never understood. I knew something made you hate me, but I did n't know you were angry about money." She laughed tremulously and wildly. "I would have given it to you—father would have given you some—if you had been good to me." The laugh became hysterical. Peal after peal broke from her; she shook all over with her ghastly merriment, sobbing at one and the same time.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she shrieked. "You see, I thought you were so aristocratic. I would n't have dared to think of such a thing. I thought an English gentleman—an English gentleman—oh! Oh! to think it was all because I did not give you money—just common dollars and cents that—that I dare n't offer to a decent American who could work for himself."

Sir Nigel sprang at her. He struck her with his open hand upon the cheek, and, as she reeled, she held up her small feverish, shaking hand, laughing more wildly than before.

"You ought not to strike me," she cried. "You ought n't. You don't know how valuable I am. Perhaps"—with a little, crazy scream—"perhaps I might have a son."

She fell in a shuddering heap, and as she dropped, she struck heavily against

the protruding end of an oak chest, and lay upon the floor, her arms flung out, and limp as if she were a dead thing.

V

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC

In the course of twelve years the Shuttle had woven steadily and with increasing rapidity. Threads of commerce it caught up and shot to and fro with threads of literature and art, threads of life drawn from one shore to the other and back again, until they were bound in the fabric of its weaving. Coldness there had been between both lands, broad divergence of taste and thought, argument across seas, sometimes resentment; but the web in Fate's hands broadened and strengthened and held fast. Books, in the first place, did perhaps more than all else. Cheap pirated editions of English works, much quarreled over by authors and publishers, being scattered over the land, brought before American eyes soft, homelike pictures of places which were, after all was said and done, the homes of those who read of them, at least in the sense of having been the birthplaces of fathers or grandfathers. Some subtle, far-reaching power of nature caused a stirring of the blood, a vague, unexpressed yearning and lingering over pages which depicted sweet, green lanes, broad acres rich with centuries of nourishment and care, gray church towers, red roofs, and village children playing before cottage doors. None of these things were new to those who pondered over them; kinsmen had dwelt on memories of them in their fireside talk, and their children had seen them in fancy and in dreams. Old grievances having had time to fade away and take on less poignant color, the stirring of the blood stirred also imaginations and wakened something akin to homesickness, though no man called the feeling by its name. And this perhaps was the strongest cord the Shuttle wove, and was the true secret of its power. Being drawn by it, Americans in increasing numbers turned their face toward the older land. Gradually it was discovered that it was the simplest affair in the world to drive down to the pier and take a steamer which landed one, after a more or less interesting voyage, in Liverpool, or at some convenient port. From there one went to London, or Paris, or Rome, in fact whithersoever one's fancy guided; but first or last it always led the traveler to the treading of green, velvet English turf. And once standing on such velvet, both men and women, looking about them, felt, despite themselves, the strange, old thrill which some of them half-resented and some warmly loved.

In the course of twelve years, a length of time which will transform a little girl, wearing a short frock, into a young woman, wearing a long one, the pace of life and the ordering of society may become so altered as to appear amazing when one finds time to reflect on the subject. But one does not often find time. Changes occur so gradually that one scarcely observes them, or so swiftly that they take the form of a kind of amazed shock, which one gets over as quickly as one experiences it, and realizes that its cause is already a fixed fact.

In the United States of America, which have not yet acquired the serene sense of conservative self-satisfaction and repose which centuries of age may bestow, the spirit of life itself is the aspiration for change. Ambition means the insistence on change. Each day is to be better than yesterday, fuller of plans, of business, of initiative. Each to-day demands of to-morrow new men, new minds, new work. A to-day which has not launched new ships, explored new countries, constructed new buildings, added stories to old ones, may consider itself a failure, unworthy even of being consigned to the limbo of respectable yesterdays.

Such a country lives by leaps and bounds, and the ten years which followed the marriage of Reuben Vanderpoel's eldest daughter made many such bounds and leaps. They were years which initiated and established international social relations in a manner which caused them to incorporate themselves with the history of both countries. As America discovered Europe, that continent discovered America. American beauties began to appear in English drawing-rooms and Continental salons. They were presented at court, and com-

mented upon in the Row and the Bois. Their little, transatlantic tricks of speech and their *mots* were repeated with gusto. Americans "came in" as the heroes and heroines of novels and stories. "Punch" delighted in them. Shopkeepers and hotel proprietors stocked, furnished, and provisioned for them. They spent money enormously, and were singularly indifferent, at the outset, under imposition. They "came over" in a manner as epoch-making as William the Conqueror, though less warlike.

International marriages ceased to be a novelty. As Bettina Vanderpoel grew up, she grew up, so to speak, in the midst of them. She saw her country, its people, its newspapers, its literature, innocently rejoiced by the alliances its charming young women contracted with foreign rank. She saw it affectionately gleeful, rubbing its hands over its duchesses, its countesses, its miladies. America ruled the universe, and its women ruled America, bullying it a little, though prettily, perhaps. What could be more a matter of course than that American women, being aided by adoring fathers, brothers, and husbands, to ship themselves sumptuously to other lands, should begin to rule these lands, also? Betty, in her growing up, heard all this intimated. At twelve, though she had detested Rosalie's marriage, she had rather liked to hear people talk of the picturesqueness of places like Stornham Court and of the life led by women of rank in their houses in town and country. Such talk nearly always involved the description of things and people whose color and tone had reached her only through the medium of books, most frequently fiction.

She was, however, of an unusually observing mind even as a child, and the time came when she realized that the national bird spread its wings less proudly when the subject of international matches was touched upon; at such times she even showed signs of restlessness. Now and then things had not turned out as they appeared to promise; two or three seemingly brilliant unions had resulted in disaster. She had not understood all the details that the newspapers cheerfully provided, but it was clear to her that more than one previously envied young woman had had practical reasons for discovering that she had made an astonishingly bad bargain. This being the case, she used frequently to ponder over the case of Rosy—Rosy who had been swept away from them, and swallowed up, as it seemed, by that other and older world. She was in certain ways a silent child, and no one but herself knew how little she had forgotten Rosy, how often she pondered over her, how, sometimes, she lay awake in the night and puzzled out lines of argument concerning her.

The one grief of poor Mrs. Vanderpoel's life had been the apparent estrangement of her eldest child. After her first six months in England, Lady Anstruther's letters had become fewer and farther between, and had given so little information connected with herself that affectionate curiosity became discouraged. Sir Nigel's brief and rare epistles revealed so little desire for any relationship with his wife's family that gradually Rosy's image seemed to fade into far distance and become fainter with the passing of each month. It seemed almost an incredible thing, when they allowed themselves to think of it, but no member of the family had ever been to Stornham Court. Two or three efforts to arrange a visit had been made, but on each occasion had failed through some apparently accidental cause. Once Lady Anstruthers had been away, once a letter had seemingly failed to reach her, once her children had had scarlet fever, and the order of the physician in attendance had been stringent in regard to visitors—even to relatives who did not fear contagion.

"If she had been living in New York and her children had been ill, I should have been with her all the time," poor Mrs. Vanderpoel had said, with tears. "Rosy 's changed awfully somehow. Her letters don't sound a bit like she used to be. It seems as if she just does n't care to see her mother and father."

Betty did not believe that Rosy was ashamed of her relatives. She remembered, however, it is true, that Clara Newell, who had been a school-mate, had become very superfine and indifferent to her family after her marriage to an aristocratic and learned German. Hers had been one of the successful al-

liances, and, after living a few years in Berlin, she had quite looked down upon New Yorkers, and during her one brief visit to her relatives had made herself exceedingly unpopular.

"But Clara always was a conceited girl," thought Betty. "She was always patronizing people, and Rosy was only pretty and sweet. She always said herself that she had no brains. But she had a heart."

After the lapse of a few years there had been no further discussion of plans for visiting Stornham. Rosalie had become so remote as to appear almost unreachable. She had been presented at court, she had had three children, the Dowager Lady Anstruthers had died. Once she had written to her father to ask for a large sum of money, which he had sent to her because she seemed to want it very much. She required it to pay off certain debts on the estate, and spoke touchingly of her boy, who would inherit.

"He is a delicate boy, father," she wrote, "and I don't want the estate to come to him burdened."

When she received the money, she wrote gratefully of the generosity shown her, but she spoke very vaguely of the prospect of their seeing one another in the future. It was as if she felt her own remoteness even more than they felt it themselves.

Bettina had been taken to France and placed at school there. The resulting experience was an enlightening one, far more illuminating to the quick-witted American child than it would have been to an English, French, or German one, who would not have had so much to learn, and probably would not have been so quick at the learning.

Betty Vanderpoel knew nothing which was not American, and only vaguely a few things which were not of New York. She had lived in Fifth Avenue, attended school in a numbered street near her own home, played in and been driven round Central Park. She had spent the hot months of the summer in places up the Hudson or on Long Island. She had believed implicitly in all she saw and knew. She had been surrounded by wealth and decent good nature throughout her existence, and had enjoyed her life far too much to admit of any doubt that America was the most perfect country in the world, Americans the cleverest and most amusing people, and that other nations were a little "out of it," and consequently sufficiently scant of resource to render pity without condemnation a natural sentiment in connection with one's occasional thoughts of them.

As the first Reuben Vanderpoel had known by instinct the values of pelts and lands, his young descendant knew by instinct the values of qualities of brains, of hearts, of circumstances, and the incidents which affect them.

"She 's an awfully smart little thing, that Betty," her New York aunts and cousins often remarked of her when she was a child. "She seems to see what people mean; it does n't matter what they say. She likes people you would not expect her to like, and then, again, she sometimes does n't care the least for people who are thought awfully attractive."

At her French school she began with natural secret indignation and rebellion. There was no other American pupil in the establishment besides herself. But for the fact that the name of Vanderpoel represented wealth so enormous as to amount to a sort of rank in itself, Bettina would not have been received. The proprietress of the institution had disquieting doubts of the propriety of America. Her pupils were not accustomed to freedom of opinions and customs, and an American child might either consciously or unconsciously introduce them. As this must be guarded against, Betty's first few months at the school were not agreeable to her. She was supervised and expurgated, as it were. Special Sisters were told off to converse and walk with her, and she soon perceived that conversations were not only French lessons in disguise, but were lectures on ethics, morals, and good manners, imperfectly concealed by the mask and domino of amiable entertainment. She translated into English the facts her swift young perceptions gathered. There were things it was so inelegant to say that only the most impossible persons said them; there were things it was so inexcusable to do that, when done, their inexcusability assumed the proportions of a crime. There were movements, expressions, points of view,

which one must avoid as one would avoid the plague. And they were all things, acts, expressions, attitudes of mind which Bettina had been familiar with from her infancy, and which she was well aware were considered almost entirely harmless and unobjectionable in New York—in her beloved New York, which was the center of the world, which was bigger, richer, gayer, more admirable than any other city known upon the earth.

If she had not so loved it, if she had ever dreamed of the existence of any other place as being absolutely necessary, she would not have felt the thing so bitterly. But it seemed to her that all these amiable diatribes in exquisite French were directed at her New York, and it must be admitted that she was humiliated and enraged. It was a personal, indeed, a family, matter. Her father, her mother, her relatives, and her friends were all in some degree exactly the kind of persons whose speech, habits, and opinions she must conscientiously avoid. But for the instinct of summing up values, circumstances, and intentions, it is probable that she would have lost her head, let loose her temper and her tongue, and have become insubordinate. But the quickness of perception which had revealed practical potentialities to old Reuben Vanderpoel, revealed to her the value of French which was perfectly fluent, a voice which was musical, movements which were grace, manners which had a still beauty, and, comparing these things with others less charming, she listened and restrained herself, learning, marking, and inwardly digesting.

Among her fellow-*pensionnaires* she met with discomfiting illuminations, which were fine discipline, also, though, if she herself had been a less intellectual creature, they might have been embittering. Without doubt Betty, even at twelve, was intellectual. Hers was the practical working intellect which begins duty at birth, and does not lay down its tools because the sun sets. The little and big girls who wrote their exercises at her side did not deliberately enlighten her, but she learned from them, in vague ways, that it was not New York which was the center of the earth, but Paris or Berlin, Madrid, London, or Rome. Paris and London are perhaps more calmly certain of themselves than other capitals, and were inclined to smile at the lack of seriousness in other claims. But one strange fact was more predominant than any other, and this was that New York was not counted as a civilized center at all; it had no particular existence. Nobody expressed this rudely; in fact, it did not acquire the form of actual statement at any time. It was merely revealed by amiable and ingenuous unconsciousness of the circumstance that such a part of the world expected to be regarded or referred to at all. Betty began early to realize that as her companions did not talk of Timbuctoo or Zanzibar, so they did not talk of New York. Stockholm or Amsterdam seemed, despite their smallness, to be more considered. No one denied the presence of Zanzibar on the map, but as it conveyed nothing more than the impression of being a mere geographical fact, there was no reason why one should dwell on it in conversation. Remembering all she had left behind, there were moments when Betty ground her strong little teeth. She wanted to express all these things, to call out, to explain, and command recognition for them; but her cleverness showed to her that argument or protestation would be useless. She could not make such hearers understand. These were girls whose interest in America was founded on their impression that magnificent Indian chieftains in blankets and feathers stalked about the streets of the towns and that Betty's own thick, black hair had been inherited from some beautiful Minnehaha or Pocahontas. When first she was approached by timid, tentative questionings revealing this point of view, Betty felt hot, and answered with unamiable curtness. No; there were no red Indians in New York. There had been no red Indians in her family. She had neither grandmothers nor aunts who were squaws, if they meant that.

She felt so scornfully, so disgustedly indignant at their benighted ignorance, that she knew she behaved very well in saying so little in reply. The result was finely educational—all the more so that in her fevered desire for justification of the things she loved she began

to read books such as young girls do not usually take interest in. She found some difficulty in obtaining them at first, but a letter or two written to her father obtained for her permission to read what she chose. The third Reuben Vanderpoel was deeply fond of his younger daughter and felt in secret a profound admiration for her, which was saved from becoming too obvious by the ever-present American sense of humor.

"Betty seems to be going in for politics," he said, after reading the letter containing her request and her first list of books. "She 's about as mad as she can be at the ignorance of the French girls about America and Americans. She wants to fill up on solid facts, so that she can come out strong in argument. She 's got an understanding of the power of solid facts that would be a fortune to her if she were a man."

It was no doubt her understanding of the power of facts which led her to learn everything well and to develop in many directions. She began to dip into political and historical volumes because she was furious and wished to be able to refute ignorance; but she found herself continuing to read because she was interested in a way she had not expected. She began to see things.

"You don't know anything about America, you others," she said; "but you *will* know."

"Do you think it will become the fashion to travel in America?" asked a German girl.

"Perhaps," said Betty. "But it is n't so much that you will go to America. I believe it will come to you. It 's like that—America. It does n't stand still. It goes, and gets what it wants."

She laughed as she ended, and so did the other girls. But in ten years, when they were young women, some of them married, some of them court beauties, one of them recalled this speech to another whom she encountered in an important house in St. Petersburg, the wife of the celebrated diplomat who was its owner being an American woman.

"She thinks a good deal for one so young," was said of her frequently by one or another of her teachers. One finally went further and added, "She has genius."

This was true. She had genius, but it was not specialized. It was not genius which expressed itself through any one art. It was a genius for life, for living herself, for aiding others to live, for vivifying mere existence. She herself was, however, aware only of an eagerness of temperament, a passion for seeing, doing, and gaining knowledge. Everything interested her, everybody was suggestive and more or less enlightening.

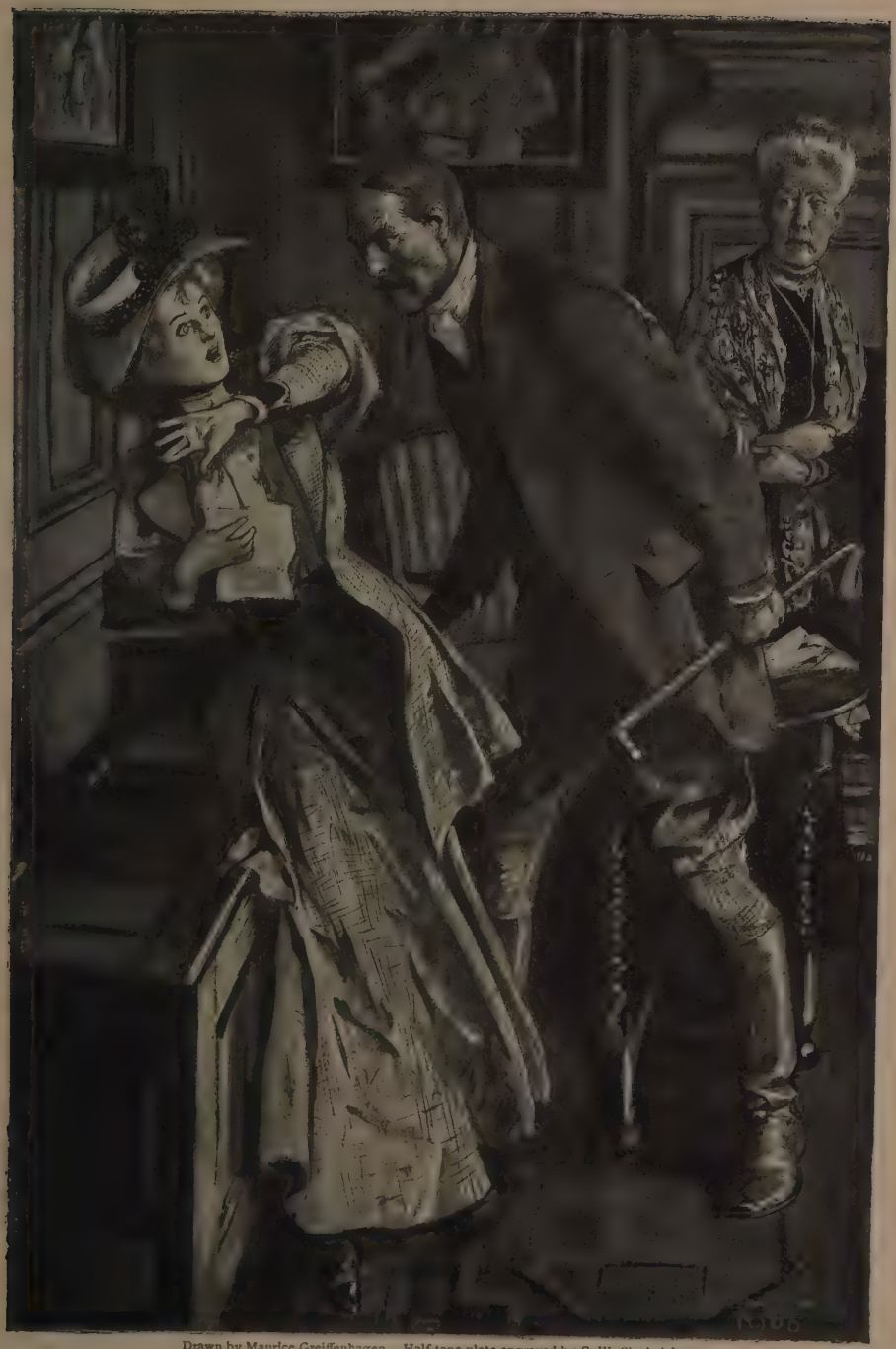
Her relatives thought her original in her fancies. They called them fancies because she was so young. Fortunately for her, there was no reason why she should not be gratified. Most girls preferred to spend their holidays on the Continent. She elected to return to America every alternate year. She enjoyed the voyage, and she liked the entire change of atmosphere and people.

"It makes me like both places more," she said to her father when she was thirteen. "It makes me see things."

Her father discovered that she was the pleasure of his life. He was attracted greatly by the interest she exhibited in all orders of things. He saw her make bold, ingenuous plunges into all waters without any apparent consciousness that the scraps of knowledge she brought to the surface were unusual possessions for a school-girl. She had young views on the politics and commerce of different countries, as she had views on their literature. When Reuben Vanderpoel swooped across the American continent on journeys of thousands of miles, taking her as a companion, he discovered that he actually placed a sort of confidence in her summing-up of men and schemes. He took her to see mines and railroads, and those who worked them, and he talked over them afterward, half with a sense of humor, half with a sense of finding comfort in her intelligent comprehension of all he said.

She enjoyed herself immensely, and gained a strong picturesqueness of character. After an American holiday, she used to return to France, Germany, or Italy with a renewed zest of feeling for all things romantic and antique. After a few years in the French convent she asked that she might be sent to Germany.

"I am gradually changing into a



Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'YOU OUGHT NOT TO STRIKE ME . . . YOU DON'T KNOW HOW VALUABLE I AM'"

French girl," she wrote to her father. "One morning I found I was thinking it would be nice to go into a convent, and another day I almost entirely agreed with one of the girls who was declaiming against her brother who had fallen in love with a Californian. You had better take me away and send me to Germany."

Reuben Vanderpoel rubbed his chin and laughed. He understood Betty much better than most of her relatives did. He knew when seriousness underlay her jests, and his respect for her seriousness was great. He sent her to school in Germany.

During the early years of her school-days Betty had observed that America appeared, upon the whole, to be regarded by her school-fellows principally as a place to which the more unfortunate among the peasantry emigrated as steerage passengers when things could become no worse for them in their own country. The United States was not mentally detached from any other portion of the huge Western continent. Fairly well-educated persons spoke casually of persons having "gone to America" as if there was no particular difference between Brazil and New York.

"I wonder if you ever saw my cousin Gaston," a French girl once asked her, as they sat at their desks. "He became very poor through ill living. He was quite without money, and he went to America."

"To New York?" inquired Bettina.

"I am not sure. The town was called Concepcion."

"That is not in the United States," Betty answered disdainfully; "it is in Chile."

She dragged her atlas toward her and found the place. "See," she said. "It is thousands of miles from New York."

Her companion was a near-sighted, rather slow girl. She peered at the map, drawing a line with her finger from New York to Concepcion.

"Yes, they are at a great distance from each other," she admitted; "but they are both in America."

"But not both in the United States," cried Betty. "French girls always seem to think that North and South America are the same; that they are both the United States."

"Yes," said the slow girl, with deliberation; "we do make odd mistakes sometimes." To which she added, with entire innocence of any ironic intention: "But you Americans seem to feel the United States, your New York, to be all America."

Betty started a little and flushed. During a few minutes of rapid reflection she sat bolt upright at her desk and looked straight before her. Her mentality was of the order which is capable of making discoveries concerning itself as well as concerning others. She had never thought of this view of the matter before, but it was quite true. To passionate young patriots such as herself, at least, that portion of the map covered by the United States was America. She suddenly saw also that to her New York had been America. Fifth Avenue, Broadway, Central Park, even Tiffany's, had been "America." She laughed and reddened a shade deeper as she put the atlas aside, having recorded a new idea. She had found out that it was not only Europeans who were local—a discovery of some importance to her fervid youth.

Because she thought so often of Rosalie, her attention was, during the passing years, naturally attracted by the many things she heard of such marriages as were made by Americans with men of other countries than their own. She discovered that, notwithstanding certain commercial views of matrimony, all foreigners who united themselves with American heiresses were not the entire brutes primitive prejudice might lead one to imagine. There were rather one-sided alliances which proved themselves far from unhappy. The Cousin Gaston, for instance, brought home a bride whose fortune rebuilt and refurnished his dilapidated château, and who ended by making of him a well-behaved and cheery country gentleman, not at all to be despised in his amiable, if light-minded, good nature and good spirits. His wife, fortunately, was not a young woman who yearned for sentiment. She was a nice-tempered, practical American girl who adored French country life and knew how to amuse and manage her husband. It was a genial sort of *ménage,* and yet, though this was an undeniable fact,

Bettina observed that when the union was spoken of it was always referred to with a certain tone which conveyed that though one did not exactly complain of its having been undesirable, it was not quite what Gaston might have expected. His wife had money, and was good-natured, but there were limitations to one's appreciation of a marriage in which husband and wife were not on the same plane.

"She is an excellent person, and it has been good for Gaston," said Bettina's friend. "We like her, but she is not—she is not—" She paused there, evidently seeing that the remark was unlucky. Bettina, who was still in short frocks, took her up.

"What is she not?" she asked.

"Ah, it is difficult to explain—to Americans. It is really not exactly a fault; but she is not of his world."

"But if he does not like that," said Bettina, coolly, "why did he let her buy him and pay for him?"

It was young and brutal, but there were times when the business perspicuity of the first Reuben Vanderpoel, combining with the fiery, wounded spirit of his young descendant, rendered Bettina brutal. She saw certain unadorned facts with unsparing young eyes, and wanted to state them; after her frocks were lengthened she learned how to state them with more fineness of phrase, but even then she was sometimes still rather unsparing.

In this case her companion, who was not fiery of temperament, only colored slightly.

"It was not quite that," she answered. "Gaston really is fond of her. She amuses him, and he says she is far cleverer than he is."

But there were unions less satisfactory, and Bettina had opportunities to reflect upon these, also. The English and Continental papers did not give enthusiastic detailed descriptions of the marriages New York journals dwelt upon with such lovingness. They were passed over with a paragraph. When Betty heard them spoken of in France, Germany, or Italy, she observed that they were not, as a rule, spoken of respectfully. It seemed to her that the bridegrooms were treated, by their equals, in conversation, with scant respect. It appeared that there had always been some extremely practical reason for the passion which had led them to the altar. One generally gathered that they, or their estates, were very much out at elbow, and frequently their characters were not considered admirable by their relatives and acquaintances. Some had been rather "cold-shouldered" in certain capitals on account of embarrassing little or big stories. Some had spent their patrimonies in riotous living. Those who had merely begun by coming into impoverished estates, and had, later, attenuated their resources by comparatively decent follies, were of the more desirable order. By the time she was nineteen Bettina had felt the blood surge in her veins more than once when she had heard some comments on alliances over which she had seen her compatriots glow with affectionate delight.

"It was time Ludlow married some girl with money," she heard said of one such union. He had been playing the fool ever since he came into the estate. Through horses, and a lot of stupid women, he had come some awful croppers during the last ten years. "Good-enough-looking girl, they tell me, the American he has married—tremendous lot of money. Could n't have picked it up on this side. English young women of fortune are not looking for that kind of thing. Poor old Billy was n't good enough."

Bettina told the story to her father when they next met. By this time she had grown into a tall young creature. Her low, full voice was like a bell, and was capable of ringing forth some fine mellow tones of irony.

"And in America we are pleased," she said, "and flatter ourselves that we are receiving the proper tribute of adoration of our American wit and beauty. We plume ourselves on our conquests."

"No, Betty," said her father, and his reflective deliberation had meaning. "There are a lot of us who don't plume ourselves particularly in these days. We are not as innocent as we were when this sort of thing began. We are not as innocent as we were when Rosy was married." And he rubbed his forehead with the handle of his pen and sighed.

Bettina went to him and slid her arm

round his neck. It was a long, slim, round arm, with a wonderful power to caress in its curves. She kissed Vanderpoel's lined cheek.

"Have you had time to think much about Rosy?" she said.

"I 've not had time, but I 've done it," he answered. "Anything that hurts your mother hurts me. Sometimes she begins to cry in her sleep, and, when I wake her, she tells me she has been dreaming that she has seen Rosy."

"I have had time to think of her," said Bettina. "I have heard so much of these things. I was at school in Germany when Annie Butterfield and Baron von Steindahl were married. I heard it talked about there, and then my mother sent me some American papers."

She laughed a little, and for a moment her laugh did not sound like a girl's.

"Well, it turned out badly enough," her father commented. "The papers had plenty to say about it later. There was n't much he was too good to do to his wife, apparently."

"There was nothing too bad for him to do before he had a wife," said Bettina. "He was black. It was an insolence that he should have dared to speak to Annie Butterfield. Somebody ought to have beaten him."

"He beat her instead."

"Yes, and I think his family thought it quite natural. They said that she was so vulgar and American that she exasperated Frederick beyond endurance. She was not *geboren;* that was it." She laughed her severe little laugh again. "Perhaps we shall get tired in time," she added. "I think we are learning. If it is made a matter of business, quite open and above board, it will be fair. You know, father, you always said that I was businesslike."

There was interested curiosity in Vanderpoel's steady look at her.

"Yes," he answered; "you have a particularly level head for a girl."

"Well," she went on, "what I see is that these things are not business, and they ought to be. If a man comes to a rich American girl and says: 'I and my title are for sale. Will you buy us?' If the girl is—is that kind of girl, and wants that kind of man, she can look them both over and say, 'Yes, I 'll buy you,' and it can be arranged. He will not return the money, if he is unsatisfactory; but she cannot complain that she has been deceived. She can only complain of that when he pretends that he asks her to marry him because he wants her for his wife, because he would want her for his wife if she were as poor as himself. Let it be understood that he is property for sale, let her make sure that he is the kind of property she wants to buy; then, if when they are married he is brutal or impudent, or his people are brutal or impudent, she can say: 'I will forfeit the purchase money, but I will not forfeit myself. I will not stay with you.' "

"They would not like to hear you say that, Betty," said her father, rubbing his chin reflectively.

She had seated herself near her father. She rested her elbow slightly on the table and her chin in the hollow of her hand. She had a soft, curving mouth and a soft, curving cheek, which was warm rose. Taken in conjunction with those young charms, her next words had an air of incongruity.

"You think I am hard," she said. "When I think of these things I *am* hard—as hard as nails. That is an Americanism, but it is a good expression. I am angry for America. If we are sordid and undignified, let us get what we pay for, and make the others acknowledge that we have paid."

She did not smile, nor did her father.

"I wonder, Betty," he said quite deliberately, "if you know how handsome you are?"

"Yes," answered Bettina. "I have big eyes and a lot of hair and I am tall. It is the fashion to be tall now. It was Early-Victorian to be little. The Queen brought in the 'dear little woman,' and now the type has gone out."

"They will come to look at you pretty soon," said Vanderpoel. "What shall you say then?"

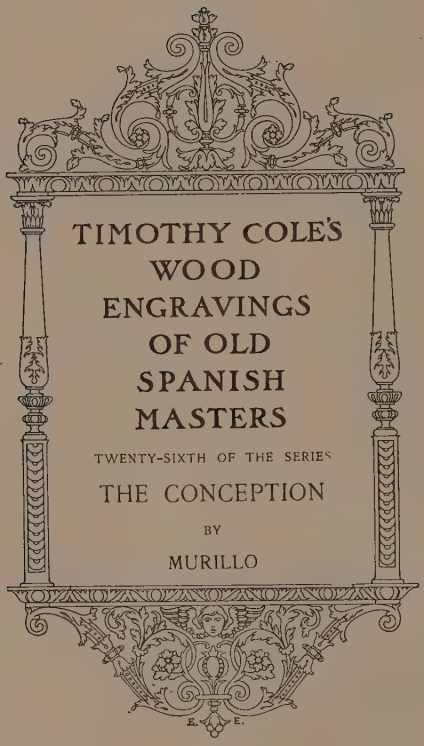
"I," said Bettina, in a low voice, "have a little monomania, father. Some people have a monomania for one thing and some for another. Mine is for *not* taking a bargain from the ducal remnant counter."

(To be continued)

From the painting in the Prado Museum, Madrid. See "Open Letters."

THE CONCEPTION. BY MURILLO

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: TWENTY-SIXTH OF THE SERIES)


TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
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OF OLD
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TWENTY-SIXTH OF THE SERIES
THE CONCEPTION
BY
MURILLO

Etched by Otto H. Bacher

SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE FROM THE STEPS OF THE IRON BRIDGE OVER THE GRAND CANAL

WITH WHISTLER IN VENICE 1880–86

BY OTTO H. BACHER

WITH ETCHINGS BY THE WRITER OF SCENES ASSOCIATED WITH WHISTLER[1]

FIRST MEETING WITH THE ARTIST

"DO any of you know that Whistler is in Venice?" was some one's casual remark to a group of young artists seated about a table in the Piazza San Marco, near the Campanile. Had that exquisite landmark of Venice fallen then and there, instead of some years later, I do not believe I should have been more astonished than I was when I heard that delightful bit of news. On further inquiry, I satisfied myself that there was no mistake in the report, and also ascertained that the painter had arrived some time during the previous winter, and had completed many etchings and pastels, under the auspices of the Fine Arts Society of London.

One day, some time later, as several of us were leaving the Academy of Fine Arts, we saw the American Consul, Mr. Grist, and a curious, sailorlike stranger coming down the steps of the iron bridge that crosses the Grand Canal. The latter was short, thin, and wiry, with a head that seemed large and out of proportion to the lithe figure. His large, wide-brimmed, soft, brown hat was tilted far back, and suggested a brown halo. It was a background for his curly black hair

[1]Attention is called to the fact that these cuts reproduce scenes which, being etched from nature, are reversed in Mr. Bacher's plates. If they are placed before a mirror the scenes will, of course, appear in their actual relations.—THE EDITOR.

and singular white lock, high over his right eye, like a fluffy feather carelessly left where it had lodged. A dark sack-coat almost covered an extremely low turned-down collar, while a narrow black ribbon did service as a tie, the long pennant-like ends of which, flapping about, now and then hit his single eyeglass.

"These are all American boys," I heard the consul say, and when we reached him, he said, indicating us all, with a motion of his hand: "Boys, let me introduce you to Mr. Whistler."

"Whistler is charmed," was the greeting to each one, as we shook his hand.

When my turn came, the consul said, "Mr. Whistler, this is the boy who etches."

"Ah, indeed! Whistler is quite charmed, and will be glad to see your work."

He was charming and gracious to all, now and then uttering his odd, short, piercing "Ha! ha!" Later, as I knew him better, I learned that laugh so well that I could readily distinguish whether it was a signal of danger or of peace.

I next met him at a trattoria where he and I and one other person were guests at dinner of Mr. Grist. Whistler had a fund of pleasant things to talk about and I was soon put at my ease. I was fascinated with his pleasant face, voice, keen, nervous eyes, and long, shapely hands. The "white feather" as he called his single white lock of hair, attracted my attention all the evening. His talk was full of surprising touches,—not unlike his positive one-stroke method with paint on canvas, that we now know as Whistler's,—and generally humorous and free from vulgarity, and always keen and witty. He seemed interested by the fact that I etched and knew all of his etchings, and my press (which was larger than the usual portable press) came in for a good share of attention. I told him that I brought it from Munich where it had been built from a design in the first edition of Hamerton's "Etching and Etchers." I had to give him the exact size of the largest plate it was capable of printing. He asked, "Did you bring with you good ink from Germany? It cannot be found in Venice. Good! I will come and try your ink and press, and take a look at your collection of Rembrandts and the prints you have of mine." This was the beginning of a friendship that lasted through life. ("I am coming to see you soon. Good-night," were his last words.)

I did not see him again for a month, but it seemed longer, because I kept close to my lodgings, fearing that if I should go away I would miss him. I did this until my patience was exhausted; then I went about my work and forgot the promised call.

A score of students, all pupils of Mr. Frank Duveneck, who had been with that painter in his school in Germany and had followed him to Florence, had come on to Venice to be with him for the summer, and half a dozen of us were living in the Casa Jankovitz, the rest being scattered about the immediate neighborhood. We led the average student life, all working enthusiastically in a vast field of new subjects, some of which could be reached only in our own little boats, which also served us as well for a frolic in the lagoons when the day's work was over. None of us was burdened with money, and we breakfasted or lunched in any place suited to our purse or near to our subjects. As a rule we dined "down-town," as we called any place near St. Mark's, and preferably at the restaurant where we would find Duveneck.

One dismal, rainy Sunday many of my fellow-students had gradually congregated in my quarters. Not a bed, chair, or corner was unoccupied, and the room was thick with smoke, noise, and laughter. The uproar within stifled the fury of the storm and the torrents of rain swashing hard against the windows. Suddenly one voice, louder than the rest, was heard above the turmoil, crying, "Some one 's knocking.—Come in!" "Stay out!" yelled another, and with a bang a shoe struck the door, to welcome a supposed companion trying some trick.

In spite of the uproar, I thought I heard a gentle rap, so I opened the door. There stood Whistler, wet and smiling, asking in a gentle voice, amid a painful stillness:

"May I come in?"

And in he came. He accepted the situation charmingly, in the spirit of the fun. He received a warm welcome and

FIRST STATE: ETCHED FROM NATURE IN ACID BATH

SECOND STATE: SAME WITH ADDITION OF BOATS IN FOREGROUND IN DRY-POINT

FOURTH STATE: SAME WITH FURTHER ADDITIONS IN DRY-POINT

SEVENTH AND FINAL STATE: SUBSTITUTION OF NEW VESSELS, ETCHED

Etched by Otto H. Bacher

VIEW FROM WHISTLER'S WINDOW

dry clothes, and was soon the center of a group of young fellows whom he delighted with his sparkling pleasantries. He liked our surroundings, was charmed with the vistas from our windows, and asked permission to come and sketch from them, which was eagerly given. On his way out he took a hasty look at my press, which was in a corner of another room.

A few days later he came and worked from our windows, and this he continued to do almost daily. Sometimes he would work from one window with pastels, and from another window would begin another subject for late afternoon work, upon which he worked several afternoons until it was finished. Many of his well-known etchings and pastels were made from these windows. He was with us so often, and knew us so well, that he never hesitated to come to my rooms at any time.

TRAITS AND ANECDOTES

About two weeks later he decided to move from his quarters on the opposite side of the Grand Canal, near the Church of the Frari, to our house, which was on the Riva near the Giardino Pubblico. Making his arrangements beforehand, he moved his goods in his gondola, arriving one sunny morning. He occupied a single room with two windows looking toward the Doge's Palace, San Giorgio and the Salute. This probably attracted him more than anything else. Surrounded by all that was most beautiful in Venice, our quarters were wholly desirable. Signor Jankovitz, the proprietor, was an old Italian mender of clocks and compasses, while Signora Jankovitz rented rooms above his little shop. Our life in their house was one succession of happy incidents, and covered over half a year.

Whistler was always scrupulously dressed, ordinarily wearing a sack-coat, white shirt with turned-down collar, and white duck trousers; but on rainy days he donned trousers to match his coat. A brown felt hat completed his costume. In wearing evening dress he always omitted a tie. While one might think that this would give him an unfinished look, it did not appear so badly as it might seem. He often said, "Only Whistler would do it." He always wore an eyeglass attached to a thin black cord—very rarely spectacles, which served him only in close work upon etchings. When he was talking, the glass was dropped. Although he used it incessantly, he rarely, if ever, broke one.

He rose early, worked strenuously, and retired late. He seemed to forget the ordinary hours for meals and would often have to be called over and over again, unfinished work often being taken in hand just at this time. He was a neat smoker, but not a continuous one. He would often stop in the middle of his work, roll a dainty cigarette of French tobacco, and smoke it. He had coffee and rolls in his room, while the rest of us went to some neighboring café. It was the same with luncheons, except that often we lunched with him. Dinner was the great event of the day because usually Whistler was with us. We dined at some one of the numerous restaurants that were to be found in the neighborhood of the piazza, afterward strolling along to the Café Quadri or to the Café Florian, where we enjoyed our coffee in the open air, listening to the music, telling stories, and watching the thousands who come and go. Among the people whom we learned to know by sight were Richard Wagner, George Eliot and her husband Mr. Cross, Ouida, Robert Browning, Meissonier, Martin Rico, Liszt, and other celebrities.

Whistler was a brilliant talker and a great debater. I shall never forget my surprise when I heard him say for the first time: "Bacher, I am not arguing with you; I am telling you." I never forgot the lesson. Later I found that he had used this effectively in one of his letters to the London "World," when he said: "Seriously, then, my Atlas, an etching does not depend, for its importance, upon its size. I am not arguing with you; I am telling you." He spoke French fluently, German less readily. His Italian was very good, specially under excitement, though occasionally a French word slipped in unawares, adding to the picturesqueness. I recall that he considered Poe our greatest poet. His favorite themes were the old Venetian painters. "Canaletto," he said, "could paint a white building against a white

cloud. That was enough to make any man great." He thought a great deal of Tintoretto. One day we were visiting the

Scuola di San Rocco, where numerous Tintorettos are incased high up in the walls. He climbed up with great difficulty, in order to get a close look at the technic of that master, and was in great glee over it, perhaps because it coincided well with his own. Paul Veronese and Titian were, in his own words, "great swells." Once or twice we spoke of the Barbizon school, and particularly of Corot. Many of his works I had seen in France, and I was enthusiastic on the subject. In speaking of certain things of Corot's, he remarked, "They 've been done before."

I objected to that, saying, "Who did them?"

"Whistler," he observed.

At the moment this struck me as a piece of whimsicality, but afterward when I saw certain early work of Whistler's in Glasgow I felt that there was some basis for it.

Michelangelo he considered too much given to contortion in his masterpieces. As he recalled the figure of "Night" in the Medici Chapel, he distorted himself to illustrate his meaning. Among his sayings I recall these: "A tree should not be painted." "You cannot paint the sun." "You cannot paint the moon." "Can you imagine any one painting the Venus of Milo?" "Paint should not be applied thick. It should be like breath on the surface of a pane of glass." Once when I was at work at the Ponte del Pistor Whistler joined me in my gondola, saying: "This is a good subject. When you find one like this you should not do it, but come and tell Whistler."

I replied with some boyish retort, which

Etched by Otto H. Bacher

VIEWS FROM WHISTLER'S WINDOW

he disregarded, for I always found him the most considerate as well as the most delightful, mirth-loving companion and teacher. For three days

he came down with me. He talked of art and his London experiences, particularly his trial with Ruskin. He told me all about his scheme of the Peacock Room, making sketches to illustrate how he alternated his use of blue on gold and gold on blue.

On our way home from one of these expeditions, we met a man against whom many of his bitterest shafts had been sent. I was in Whistler's gondola at the time, and, as the boats rubbed each other's sides, a very pleasant conversation ensued.

"Who was the man?" I asked later.

"Oh, Quilter," he answered. "I will tell you more of him at another time."

Subsequently I found out that it was " 'Arry" Quilter, of whom he spoke in "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies."

At this time in his life, Whistler was not in the good financial condition in which later years found him. He used to draw some rare dry-points, pull one or two proofs upon my press, and send them to one or two patrons of his in London, upon whom he could always call when in need of funds.

Our life together was intimate and pleasant, but, like all good things, it came to an end. Whistler was the last of our group to leave. He went to London, and from there I received several letters from him. I remained in Florence one winter, returning to Venice for a stay of a summer and winter.

Leaving Venice late in 1883, I returned to America by way of London, where I saw Whistler daily. At that time many of his most famous pictures were under way. In his studio he showed me the picture of Irving as *Philip II* of Spain. His mother's picture was finished at this time, and I noticed that it was painted on the back of a canvas on the face of which was the portrait of a child. My remark, "Why have you painted your mother on the back of a canvas?" received simply the reply:

"Is n't that a good surface?"

We dined together every night. Among many pleasant experiences, I remember that he took me to see a remarkable collection of Japanese embroideries. As I knew that his inspiration was from the Japanese, his enjoyment of these things was interesting to remark. After a fortnight with him, I left for Liverpool, with instructions to see a friend of his who lived there, to go to his house, and, regardless of the hour, to ask permission to see certain of Whistler's works. There I saw six or eight of his most remarkable paintings, many of which are now owned in America.

Returning to France after two years' stay at home, I stopped again to see Whistler. On this occasion, at his request, I visited his brother, Dr. Whistler, in order to see a remarkable Japanese lacquered tray representing fish at various depths. This was the only thing saved from the sheriff's sale of his effects in the White House in Tite Street.

Just previous to this time the "Ten o'Clock Lecture,"—so called because Whistler desired to give people a chance to dine comfortably and pleasantly before coming to hear it,—had been delivered at one of the great universities, and this topic was uppermost in his mind. He read the lecture to me, imitating his appearance and manner in delivering it. Putting on his eyeglass, and looking severely at the imaginary audience for some moments, he began:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, it is with great hesitation and much misgiving that I appear before you in the character of the preacher."

It was delightful to hear him read it, and amusing in the extreme to watch his mimicry.

As I was about to leave for Paris, he wrote the following in my note-book: "Call on Mr. George Lucas [21] or 41 Rue de l'Arc de Triomphe. Ask him to let me know at once where would be the best hall in Paris for the 'Ten o'Clock.'" He said: "Present yourself, and give him Whistler's compliments and this letter, which will introduce you. Tell him about me and the works that you have seen, and what you have heard about the 'Ten o'Clock.' Tell him Whistler is thinking of giving the 'Ten o'Clock' in Paris. He will write me; but you must write me, also, as soon as you get home, and tell me what he said."

I called on Mr. Lucas and he advised a certain hall, the name of which has escaped me. That was the last that I ever heard of it; but I know that Whistler never gave the lecture in Paris. Why, I do not know.

Etched by Otto H. Bacher

VIEW OF THE CASTELLO QUARTER FROM NEAR THE CASA JANKOVITZ, WHERE WHISTLER LODGED

I was on the continent for two years, and received several letters from Whistler, through one of which I made the acquaintance of Tom R. Way, whose catalogue of Whistler's lithographs is the recognized authority.

Returning to London in 1886, I saw Whistler for the last time. I dined with him and Tom Way, and was pleasantly entertained. So ended one of the best acquaintances of my life.

Whistler was a master-spirit in "the science of the Beautiful," as he defined art. It was the one subject upon which he would allow no jesting. Whatever medium he selected, whether a creation on canvas from memory, a painting from nature in oils, a water-color,—pure or a gouache,—it was fascinating to the full limits of his medium. In pastels, composition and color surprises dominated, remaining in the memory as the down of many-colored butterflies. Lithography was a commercially debased art before Whistler forced the grease-crayon into a higher standard of beauty than it had ever attained before. If mural painting was his task, his tints glowed as if his brush had been dipped in rainbow hues. In his etchings, he spun weblike lines of exquisite beauty. If an exhibition hall was to be transformed with drapery, he made it like the brilliancy of the sunshine. Apart from his art, if he laid aside his brush to take up the pen, he was no less competent. His influence on the press was always effective. In courts of law he established a prestige and dignity for the artist and art that cannot be undervalued.

HIS WORK IN COLOR

ALTHOUGH Whistler did not care for music, he made use of his technical knowledge for themes. "Symphony in Gray and Green," "Variations in Blue and Green," "Nocturne: Opal and Silver," "Arrangement in Black and Brown," are examples of this particular trait. His most ambitious desire was to paint a grand concerto-like picture with the title, "Full Palette"—"just as in music," he explained, "when they employ all the instruments they make it 'Full Band.' If I can find the right kind of thing, I will produce a harmony in color corresponding to Beethoven's harmonies in sound."

He rarely carried oils with him on

sketching expeditions. While in Venice he executed very few paintings, and those mostly from memory. Of this class, the "Nocturne in Blue" had St. Mark's beautifully suggested in the background, with flickering gas-jets in the foreground; another was a scene from a café near the Royal Gardens. Night after night he watched the gondolas pass, singly and in groups, with lanterns waving in the darkness, without making a stroke with brush or pen. Then he would return to his rooms and paint the scene, or as much as he could remember, going again and again to refresh some particular impression. The canvas was a wonderful record. The gondolas could be faintly seen in the darkness, the only light spots being the white-clothed gondoliers and the flickering lights and reflections.

While in Venice he made a painting from nature, from a window of the Casa Jankovitz, representing the Salute and a great deal of sky and water, with the buildings very small. He drew the latter in pen and ink, and worked over them for days, until their exquisite details were well defined. The clouds which appeared day after day were drawn in pastels, and on these he labored until their forms were satisfactory. Then he took a big brush, mixed a general tone, and drew it across the buildings, next applying a general tone for the water. The sky was painted a blue which was carefully applied around the forms of the huge, white clouds. The finished picture looked so simple that, unless one had seen the process, he would have thought it the work of one sitting. One criticism only was expressed: it was much lower in tone than nature.

Etched by Otto H. Bacher

PONTE DEL PISTOR, A FAVORITE SPOT OF WHISTLER'S

He ground his colors in a special medium of his own upon a large surface of plate glass, using a palette-knife to mix tints that looked like tints in a new box of pastels. His object was to produce tones for general purposes. When this was accomplished, the mixture was put into large, collapsible tubes, in readiness for future wants. Thus Whistler produced "morning pavement," as well as "evening pavement," "morning sky," and "pavement shadow," and many others. When at work with these he produced much with little apparent effort. They were thinner and easier to spread on the canvas than the usual colors bought in the market.

PASTELS

WHISTLER lifted pastels from the commonplace to a very artistic medium. He loaded his gondola, which was virtually his studio, with materials, and the old gondolier would take him to his various sketching-points. In beginning a pastel, he drew his subject crisply and carefully in outline with black crayon upon small sheets of tinted paper which fitted the general color of the motive. A few touches with sky-tinted pastels produced a remarkable effect, with touches of reds,

grays, and yellows for the buildings here and there. The reflections of the sky and houses upon the water finished the work.

At all times he placed the pastels between leaves of silver-coated paper. Even his slightest notes and sketches were treated with the greatest care and respect.

HIS METHOD OF PRINTING ETCHINGS

THE most interesting part of his etching was the printing. If he wanted a proof from a plate in a certain state, his method of work was a revelation in the art, particularly the care with which he used the "dabber."

When squashing the ink into the shallow lines and moving the hot plate over the surface of the plate-heater, he surely but gently forced in the ink from every side, rough-wiping neatly with muslin. When the plate was sufficiently chilled for manipulating, he used that remarkable hand of his to wipe the ink away in the daintiest manner imaginable. His hand would glide over the smudgy copper surface in light, quick strokes—*pit-pat-pat*—that fairly cut away the stiff ink that stuck fast in the palm. Buttoned close around his neck he wore a blouse that had seen service before. There was one large smudge on the right side that had layer upon layer of dry ink. In the same *pit-pat* regularity he wiped the ink from his hand on the same old smudge until the plate was ready for the press.

One of the many charms of his etchings is the delicacy of "biting." In some of his plates the lines are bitten so shallow that only with the greatest care and knowledge is it possible to retain the ink in them.

The method of printing his own plates was as much a part of his art as was the needle or the acid. From these delicate plates he could "pull" a proof so rich and full that it would surprise most etchers to see how much ink he got from those tiny, weblike scratches, some of them so faint that they could barely be seen when the polished surface was held to the light. These plates would baffle an ordinary printer, who would probably cast them aside as unprintable and worthless.

In "The Garden," "The Balcony," "Two Doorways," "Door and Vine," "The Beggars," "The Doorway," and "Furnace Nocturne," it was necessary to rebite certain passages. In order to do this, a new surface was required; and to get it, the copper was bulged out from the back by the aid of a hammer and an anvil, which he afterward presented to me. On the plates of "The Garden," "The Balcony," "Two Doorways," "Door and Vine," "The Beggars," "The Doorways," "Furnace Nocturne," they were used only to punch out a small part of a copperplate from the back, which was done by placing the plate face downward on the anvil and then striking with the small part of the hammer the spot to be braced. The stroke bulged out, face-downward, the spot to be ground down; after which it was necessary to cut away old lines, reburnish the surface, recoat the plate, etch, and rebite, until complete.

SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS

THE Society of Painter-Etchers held their first exhibition, in 1881, at the Hanover Gallery, Bond street, London. Whistler's brother-in-law, Dr. F. Seymour Haden, was the president. At this time I had made many etchings of Venice, Florence, and Germany, and of these I had sent seventeen to Dowdeswell, London, to be framed and sent to this exhibition. In writing a letter to Whistler, just before, about little matters of personal interest, I incidentally mentioned the sending of my etchings to the exhibition. Very soon I received the following letter:

Beefsteak Club,
King William Street,
Strand, W. C.

Don't dream of it, my dear Bacher!—The Society of Painter-Etchers is already ridiculous and I intend that it shall die the death of the absurd. So just "wait a bit"—and send nothing to this Seymour Haden game, for I give you a straight tip—it can't possibly succeed—how should it?

I have only just got your long and jolly letter and this line must go off instantly to acknowledge its receipt and insist upon your not following where I don't lead!! More anon! Love to everybody.

This is off to the post instantly. Sent a

Etched by Otto H. Bacher

THE BATHING-GROUND WHERE WHISTLER PRACTISED DIVING

paper to the boys the other day addressed to Pennington.

Everything here bully.

Always yours,
J. A. McN. WHISTLER.

It was too late to recall my etchings and, besides, I did not care to do so. Later, when I visited Whistler in London, the first thing that he said was: "Your etchings were a success, and looked very pretty; but you should not have gone over to the other kennel."

"But, Jimmy," I said, "why did n't you tell me where I could send them? You told me of no other place."

"You are quite right; I should have told you," was his reply.

Duveneck contributed to this same exhibition three etchings of the Riva, which the society appeared "to have suspected for a moment that the works were really Whistler's." A long controversy ensued. Whistler's side is very well brought out in the following letter:

76 Alderney Street,
Warwick Square.

MY DEAR MR. BACHER,

Jimmy wishes me to send you the enclosed Scraps—read them first—you will then better understand my letter. Well—Seymour Haden, Legros, and some other man,—driven to madness almost by this and Jimmy's extraordinary success, — resolved to be avenged; so they go to the Fine Arts Society and they ask to see the Whistler etchings of Venice. They are shown to them and after a good deal of talking amongst themselves—they say to the Secretary,—"Mr. Whistler is bound by you to publish no more plates of Venice for a year, is he not?" "Certainly he is," says the man. "Oh, that 's it, is it? Do you mind putting on your hat, Mr. Brown, and coming over to the Hanover Gallery?" So, accordingly, they take Mr. Brown over to the place and point out to him three etchings of more or less the same subjects by Mr. Duveneck and declare them to be Whistler's. Mr. Brown, on looking at them says at once, "They are not Whistler's"—at which remark they snort and still try to convince him that Jimmy is swindling the F. A. S. and is, in short, a scoundrel and a thief.

You can imagine Whistler when the man tells him all this. He, of course, explains that Mr. Duveneck is a great personal friend of his who was in Venice at the same time—who was with all his "boys"—was very much amongst all the etching business and consequently any similarity of style could only have occurred from that.

After this, he goes over to the Hanover Gallery to give the three of them a thrashing to the best of his ability—but unfortunately he found the gallery closed. However, all that got very much talked about, and the best of it is they come to the conclusion that they have got themselves in an awful mess, and

so send Jimmy a letter of most abject apology, which letter, with one or two others, will most likely be published—in fact, is sure to be. You shall have the papers and see for yourself.

Whistler says he wrote you a line a week or so ago advising you on no account to have anything to do with the "Painter-Etchers"—he says it is a thoroughly rotten scheme and bound to fall through. You will see by the enclosed how the whole thing is ridiculed. So Jimmy says he can't have his pet pupil Bacher in it, and thinks you had better write at once, to Dowdeswell, and tell him not to send your etchings there—for it would do you more harm than good to be in any way connected with that set. I think if we wait a little we shall see great fun out of all this.

Thank you so much for those lovely proofs—we are going to have them framed. The scrap-book comes directly with some photos of Jimmy for you "boys," and please tell Mr. Ritter that he shall have the autograph, and Mr. Pennington that Jimmy will write.

I was sure you would like my dress. I 've just been enjoying myself, I can tell you, and have managed to spend a hundred pounds on myself,—what do you think of that, after the impecuniosity of Venice? Ah, well, I should like to go back there all the same. I have lots of things to tell you, but cannot stay now, as I am just off to a swell luncheon. So with kindest regards to all and love from Jimmy to yourself,

Believe me always your sincere friend
and well-wisher
MAUD WHISTLER.

It is only fair to say that Duveneck made the etchings of the Riva before Whistler made his. Whistler saw them as I was helping Duveneck bite the plates, and frankly said: "Whistler must do the Riva also."

WHISTLER'S STRUGGLE TO REPRODUCE HIS MASTER-ETCHING "THE TRAGHETTO"

DURING my first visit to Whistler, when he was living near the Frari, it was my good fortune to see all of his works. Some were in oil, many were pastels, and all of his copperplates and proofs were there. Among the latter was the first proof of "The Traghetto," the most remarkable of all. I was lavish in my praise. At length my exhausted vocabulary left me nothing but that good, homely expression, "Oh, what a bully etching that is! But why, Mr. Whistler, do you keep that beautiful print pinned to the wall? It should be mounted and put away in a portfolio."

"Yes, yes," he answered, "I know; but Whistler wishes to keep it always before him to compare it with other proofs. As you seem so much pleased with the first proof, Whistler will let you have a look at a better proof, drawn from the same plate in a later state." As he placed the new print before me he remarked: "I dare say, you will notice the vast improvement. This is the second state of the plate."

At the first glance I noticed that he had added many new lines, thereby losing much of the life and charm of the first beautiful proof. By comparing the two prints, it seemed that he was losing his grip on that plate. Divining that I perceived this, a shadow of disappointment crossed his face as he brought me the third proof of the same plate. This last one represented the actual, sad condition of the copperplate as it was then. Horrors! what a shock ran through me! The plate was ruined, irrevocably ruined! I was stunned for a moment, and falteringly questioned him for the reasons that had influenced him to dare to add another line to the finished state of the copperplate which had yielded such a glorious proof as I had before me on the wall.

"I changed it because a duffer—a——duffer—a painter—thought it was incomplete." This was all he said, but he seemed very bitter.

On several occasions, after he had moved to the Casa Jankovitz, he mentioned "The Traghetto" plate. It troubled him very much. He would say: "I wonder how Whistler can get the plate back again like the first proof. Whistler must find some way to do it."

One morning he surprised me by saying: "Whistler has decided to do the Traghetto all over again. Now sit down, and he will tell you just how he is going about it. Whistler will take this first copperplate to his Italian coppersmith and have him make a duplicate in size and thickness. You know what beautiful, thin plates he makes. Well, this will take a week. When Whistler gets the

new one, he will prepare it with his swellest ground, as you know only Whistler can do. Now, listen! This is the interesting part. Whistler will use your press, of course, and will ink the first plate,—not with black printing ink, mind you,—but with white paint from a tube just the same as that with which you paint pictures. Now what do you think of that?"

"Well, I don't know what to think just yet," I said; "but tell me more about it."

"Well, then, when the plate is inked with white tube paint, cleaned and wiped as for ordinary printing, he will run it through the press and pull a proof on Dutch paper. Whistler will take the new plate, already prepared with a fresh black etching ground. Placing the fresh white proof upon this, he will run it through the press under light pressure, otherwise the white paint pressed on a non-absorbent surface will squash out and blur. You must help me, and, if we are successful, the result ought to be a perfect impression, a replica in white upon a black etching ground."

The result was most gratifying. Every detail worked out exactly as planned. The shining, black surface looked fascinating with its myriads of crisp, white lines. The task now was to find and etch only the lines in the original "Traghetto." Whistler worked for days and days, always with the first beautiful proof before him. Days grew into weeks before he was ready for his favorite nitric acid.

Biting a plate was a serious affair even to Whistler. He usually set aside a day for this trying task, and, as it neared, his gaiety was noticeably affected. During this time was he thinking of his pet theory that "art is the science of the beautiful, and to the master as certain as one and one to the mathematician make two, or two and two make four—and like him the master can add or subtract combinations at will?"

When the day arrived, I found him bending over the copper, which was laid flat on the corner of a common kitchen table. There was no bordering wax around the plate, as books say etchers must have; yet Whistler kept the nitric acid swashing to and fro with a feather, which he handled with exceeding nicety. Much of this time his silence was oppressive, and his face wore a troubled look his "dearest enemies," as he called them, never saw. He knew acids played rude tricks, in spite of his magic manipulation.

Arriving at the end of this tedious process of biting and of stopping out, he cleaned the etching ground from the plate with turpentine and examined the lines near the light, testing their depth with the long, shapely nail of his forefinger, which seemed made for this purpose. The lines of the new "Traghetto" plate were pleasant to look upon, and the result seemed to satisfy the great modern master of etching. Still, he had not reached the end of his journey; the final proof was yet to be made.

The launching of this great plate was an exciting moment. As the gentle old printer of Venice pulled the plate through the massive wooden rollers, heavily padded with felt blankets, nothing was heard but the squeaking of the old wooden press. It was the supreme moment of joy or of keen disappointment—it was the end of the journey and, fortunately, the new proof was exquisite. It was another "Traghetto," the one we now know; but it was not a duplicate of that marvelous first proof.

Whistler placed the two proofs side by side, and minutely compared them. When he came to a variation, he broke the silence, saying, "This bit came nicely, did n't it?" or "I wonder why the acid did not take hold here. See how well it is bitten over there. Whistler may have to do some dry-point work on this place, and possibly a little biting here and there." Altogether, he seemed pleased, and I was certain of it when I heard his unmistakable and positive sign of satisfaction—the half-humming of his one and only song, his jubilant

> "We don't want to fight,
> But, by jingo! if we do,
> We 've got the ships
> We 've got the men,
> And got the money too! oo-oo!"

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"AVE MARIA"

FROM THE PAINTING BY HORATIO WALKER

THE FORBIDDEN GUESTS

BY JOHN CORBIN

FOR a moment she had ceased to suffer, as people do at intervals when grief has crushed them. Dazed though she was, her whole being seemed at peace. The glow of the embers in the fireplace rested her eye; and, though the solemn music in the hall had ceased, it reëchoed softly through her memory, not agonizing now, but soothing, like a caress. Even the distant voice of the minister in prayer no longer seemed to drone. But suddenly she felt—what before she had scarcely realized—that she was in black. Then she remembered. It was as if her grief, crouching in the shadows behind her, had pounced again upon her quivering heart.

"Are they gone?" she whispered. Her face, beautiful in the fulness of feminine maturity, was contracted in an expression of dread, as simple and large as that of a classic mask.

"They are going," said the nurse.

The street door opened beneath, and she steeled herself for what she knew must follow. Up from the sidewalk came the slow, weighty tread of the six bearers, half walk, half shuffle. She held at bay the shudder that so many times that day had shaken her frame resolutely. There was a pause. Then came the click of opening glass doors. This she had not foreseen, and the suddenness of the image it evoked wrenched her with a sob. She got up and moved unsteadily to the window.

At the crimson hanging the nurse caught her. "Believe me," she said, "I know. It is better not."

Muffled noises rose, each with its numbing suggestion. There came a louder click, and the slow clatter of iron-shod hoofs on the asphalt. Impulsively she threw back the curtain.

The sunlight of a winter day dazzled her; but she dimly saw the carriages moving away from the door. Since girlhood the sight of a funeral in the city streets, even while it chilled her, had filled her with a warm pity for the dead—the dead who had said good-by forever to the sun and to the world of love. She had not realized that the last of *him* could be this—a funeral like all other funerals. "Good-by, dear!" she cried. Her voice was convulsive; but her eyes, as always, remained hot and dry, and she pressed her long, white fingers against them. Then the nurse drew the curtain, and led her back to the chair by the fire.

She felt the nurse's hand on her forehead. It was very cool. She caught it, and held it in her heated palms.

But the nurse, standing behind her chair, withdrew it, and pressed the fingers against her inner wrist.

"All the long months," the patient said, "you were so good to him! I have come to think of you almost as a third in our family."

The only answer was a cool, endless caress.

"Do you remember," she pursued, with a hectic impulse, "how delirious he was at first under the shock of the fever? How he talked to my portrait on the wall! What dreadful things he said to it for not taking care of him—so gravely, so reasonably! He never noticed me at the bedside, never knew what little I was able to do for him. And he was so clear-headed, so kind! I pretended to laugh at it; but it hurt me. In all the nineteen years we were married he never found such fault with me."

"Yes, I remember," answered the nurse,

releasing the wrist. "Now you must be still."

"I have been still so long," she said; "and when I am still I am thinking—thinking! If I *can* talk, is n't it better?"

"This is one way to make folks quiet," the nurse said lightly, shaking a glass tube.

With the tube held tight between her lips, the patient smiled wryly. Then she looked about her. The room seemed very strange, for in all the long weeks since he had been ill she had not crossed the threshold. It was quite bare, except for two sculptured figures that upheld the mantel, and a marble portrait beyond. The walls, of red brocade, were blank, unrelieved by any picture. The beams in the ceiling were stark and massive. Yet the whole seemed instinct with character, vitality. The very embers on the hearth scattered the pulses of life upon the air, irradiating the face of the nurse, and glowing in dusky splendor on the hangings. Mere business man though her husband had been, he had planned it all as a background for her. Now that he was gone, she realized for the first time how utterly it expressed not her, but him, and his thoughtful love of her. With a shudder she relapsed in her chair. The room haunted her like a ghost.

By and by the nurse took the tube, glanced at the record, and said: "I have some things to do for a moment. Perhaps I had better leave you."

"Oh, I can't be left alone!" she moaned. "Not yet! Did you hear what they said, the people in black, as we came in through the hall?"

The nurse nodded absently.

"They said: 'It is harder, so much harder, for her. A woman who has children is never quite alone.' I *have* no children; but how, *how* could they say that!"

"You *must* be quiet," the nurse said gravely. "The doctor will be here by and by."

She stared. "You mean I have taken the fever—his fever?"

"No," said the nurse, in a tone of calculated assurance, "you were always very careful. It is only that you are worn out."

"But toward the end," she argued, "when all hope was gone, I did n't always do the things you told me. I did n't care—and I don't care. I can't live out my life—alone!"

The nurse loosened her bodice and shook out the masses of her hair.

"I told you he never found fault with me," the patient pursued; "but there was one thing about which he was so much worse. Do you think it 's wrong—that there are no children? I had an excuse. Oh, I *did* have an excuse! It was my work. All my life I had loved it. Perhaps you don't understand what fun it is to make beautiful things that are all your own. My master—and he was one of the greatest of living sculptors—said I had talent, and took me as his pupil. Then *he* wanted to marry me, and I said no, until"—the words choked her—"until he promised there should be no children to come between me and my work. Nurse! Where are you?"

The nurse was at the telephone, repeating a number softly, insistently. "I 'm listening," she said a little absently. "I know: you don't need to tell *me* that you were happy."

"At first we were; and when you *are* happy, you are so much happier than ever you could have imagined! Then I began to notice things: he was so strangely interested in all our friends' children; and, when I was there, he sometimes looked at me *so* thoughtfully. I like children, too; but he always seemed to be saying to himself that I did n't, that I could n't—that I was something a woman ought not to be. You don't have to have children, do you, in order to like them? And don't you think every one has a right to be what he cares for most—what he *is*? I could n't help it—that other things were more important. He never reproached me, of course—never even said a word; but that only made it worse. It was as if he *could n't* tell me what he thought of me. That seemed disloyal. It hurt me beyond bearing. But he said so tenderly that he had n't meant it so, and reminded me that he had given his promise. His promise! I saw then that between those who love there can be no such thing as a promise. What are you saying?"

At the telephone the nurse was speaking in a low, clear voice.

The patient raised her head. "You sound so far away," she said, "and my pulse beats so loud in my temples. Can you hear me? There is n't another soul in the world I could tell this to, and be sure she 'd understand. You saw him—as he was." Her voice caught, and she was silent; but presently the feverish impulse prevailed again, and she went on: "The figures beside the fireplace there—do you think them pretty? You see the idea? The boy here is Youth, and the girl over there is Love—strength and affection guarding the fires of home. The master said it was n't bad; but I don't care for it much, any more—nor for any of my work. It all seems—you understand what I mean—so much like the work of a woman—except *his* portrait over there." She glanced at the marble likeness standing on its pedestal beyond the fireplace. "That seems to me the one thing I have done that is worth while. It is strong, alive. It is the dear lad himself, quiet, intelligent, brave. His friends say the eyes are too sad. But I must have seen that expression in them, or why should I put it there?"

She paused as if groping among new ideas, and then exclaimed: "Do you think he looks at me so sadly because there was that one great thing in which I fell short? It must be—that is it. If I had *only* known! Oh, perhaps, in my heart, I *did* know!" Her voice choked and broke. Yet she talked on. "I tried to justify myself. My work—I soon found out that, compared with *him,* I had never really cared for it. Then I told myself that the duty toward children—even the mere love of them—would make me less to him. So often I have seen just that happen, and with people who are fondest of each other. Children come between them and make them—different from what they were. The love of their youth—the first, best love—fades and vanishes. I was always jealous at the mere idea of them. You think it strange, but I *was*—jealous! And, then, I might have died. Do you suppose he thought I was only selfish and afraid?"

She paused, reflecting. She had always made light of her conscience, as if it were a bad mental habit, a perversion of reason. She had never thought of it as anything like the blind surge of impulse she was struggling to put down now.

The nurse crossed to the chair by the fire, and said cheerily, "Come, dear—to bed!"

"I 'm not as ill as *that*," the patient objected. "Only my head aches. To bed!" she added with a shudder. "Oh, I can't go *there* now, ever, ever!"

With gentle strength the nurse tried to raise her and lead her away.

She resisted. "Not yet!" she pleaded. "Not until he is at rest."

The nurse wrinkled her forehead professionally. "When the doctor comes," she concluded, "we will do what he says." Then she took her post behind the chair.

"Instead of showing me how wrong I was," the patient still argued, "he made fun of me. When I questioned him, he said it would be less trouble to have a child and then forget it, as other people did. If he had thought me so dreadfully wrong, he *could n't* have spoken like that. But it weighed on my mind, and I kept on questioning him. He made a joke of pretending it had already been born—you know how full he always was of nonsense and make-believe. Whenever I spoke of it, he asked about its clothes. He said they might be cut on the bias, but it would be dangerous if they were gored."

She gave a little hysterical laugh, and the keen eye of the nurse took alarm.

"I gave the baby *his* name. By and by he said he wished it were a girl. For three years, he said, he had liked girls best. We had been married only three years then. So I invented a girl, and he called her—my name. That was sixteen years ago. We used to talk about their toys, their frocks, sending them to school and college—all that. You must have noticed what fun he was to talk to—how alive and vivid he made even nonsense seem. The children were almost as real to us as if they *had* been born."

She sat a moment in silence, a smile breaking through the hectic flush of her face. Then she gave a cry. "Do you suppose they are dead? They were born in his heart, and lived there. Did *they* die, too? Am I *all* alone?"

Her body sank to her knees with a

moan, her forehead resting on her wrists. A sharp pain shot through her head.

She felt a hand steal upon hers. "You are cold, nurse," she said, taking the fingers. "How small your hands are!"

The hand was suddenly withdrawn. "It is not the nurse," said a strange young voice.

She started and looked up. The pain quickened, and dazzled her; but in the gloom behind the sculptured figure of Youth in the mantel, she descried pale fingers reaching toward her. She shuddered and stared. As her eyes grew accustomed to the shadow, she made out the form of a lad in white. "Is it *you?*" she exclaimed in an awed whisper.

"Yes," he answered, "it is I."

Familiar as she had always been with the idea of this son of hers, at the sight of him a chill crawled upon her neck, and at the sound of his voice it seemed as if her heart stood still.

"No, no," she cried at last, "it is not you—only the fever that makes me *think* I see you! Go away, please! Do go! It can't be you! You have never been born!" She turned to the nurse. "You don't see anything—there?"

"No, dear," said the nurse. "Look! It has gone now."

But the boy stood forth from the shadow, where she could see him in every outline. "It *is* I," he said—"I who have never been born."

"And I," said an eager girlish voice.

In the shadow of the figure of Love she descried another form, in a snowy frock. The face was like that of the sculptured portrait beyond, though it had a fragile girlish nobility all its own.

"Father?" asked the boy—"where is he?" and the girl echoed "Father?"

The strange word startled her. "He is dead," she said.

The children cried out with a little wail of anguish.

"You loved him, too," she sobbed. Her agony redoubled; but in spite of it a strange new happiness welled up in her heart.

The nurse shook her gently by the shoulder, and again tried to lead her away. "My dear, be comforted. It is nothing—only your own imagination."

"They are his children," she cried, resisting the strong hand with convulsive vigor. "They love him, too; they have come to comfort me, to be with me now and always!"

The nurse took her stand behind the chair, turning anxiously from time to time in expectation of the physician.

"No," said the boy; "we did n't love him." The girl shook her head.

"You *did n't?*" she faltered. Something in their voices told her of a very different feeling from love. Her mind fumbled with the strange thought. "You hated him?" she questioned. The new happiness she found in them went cold.

"Don't you understand?" said the boy. "We can't either love or hate. All we can do is to *want* him—and want you."

"*How* we wanted you!" the girl lamented.

"But we 've never been born," the boy explained, "and now—and now we never can be. O *mother!*"

Again a new word startled her.

"Why could n't we be born?" the boy asked almost sternly.

"I had my work to do," she said. Her heart was groping through new joys, new sorrows; but her eyes wandered mechanically across the sculptured figures on the fireplace to the marble portrait.

"Are *they* why you could n't—" The boy broke off, and then added in a tone half of wonder, half of scorn, "What good are they?"

"They are meant to be beautiful," pleaded the mother. Somehow she felt as if making an excuse.

"Can they walk and run?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"Are they warm?" asked the girl.

It seemed an idle question. She smiled with motherly forbearance. "No, dear," she said.

"Then," the boy concluded, "they are like us. They have never been born."

"If they had only been born," said the girl, "they might have been *very* beautiful. How beautiful father was! And, you know," she added eagerly, "even though I have n't been born, I look like him." Abashed at what she had said, she caught her face in her hands, though no blush showed in her pallid cheek.

"Even we are better than they are," said the boy. "We can move about. Sometimes I pretend I can walk—and

run. I almost feel as if I could. Do you remember, mother, when you saw the football clothes in the shop window, and thought of getting them for me?"

"Would you have liked to play football?" she asked. It seemed very strange, and very dear.

"Father played," said the boy. "If I had been born, he would have told me all about it. You used to talk about us; but you never thought, either of you, of talking *to* us—of telling us stories—about the run he made—how he ploughed through the Yale center, threw off the backs, and ran fifty yards down the field to goal. At the great games they still speak of it. When he struck the line, he tore a great hole in it. I am as big as he was at my age, but I can't do it. When I strike the Yale line, I go through, as he did; only nobody knows it."

A smile came to the mother's lips and froze there.

"And, then, there was the war," the boy pursued eagerly. "Father used to be in the squadron, and once when you saw it marching to the train, you wondered how you would feel if I were going with them. I *was* there. I marched all the way. That is," he added truthfully, "I *went* with them. I did all I could to help; but it was nothing. I could n't march. I could n't fight. If I could even have died, it would n't matter so much that I 've never been born."

"And there was that doll at the bazaar," wistfully ventured the girl. "I might have loved it so hard. Its name was Jemima."

The mother remembered the doll. It had looked as if its name was Jemima.

"And then the gowns," the girl went on—"such pretty gowns you 've imagined for me! Do you think I 've made *this* look like a party gown?" She was so intent as she spoke that she was no longer timid, and stood out in front of the mantel figure, so that the garment might be seen. "I 'd rather have it a riding habit," she added; "I should have liked horses better than dancing. But you know it had to be white."

It was not at all a party gown, in spite of the queer little things that had been done to make it look like one. It was still, very plainly, the raiment of sleep—and death. But the mother said that it was as beautiful a party gown as ever she saw.

At the word the girl beamed, and floated quite out to her mother's knee.

"My daughter!" she cried. "O my daughter!" She clutched the slender figure in her arms. It was as soft and firm as the current of a woodland brook. As she strained it in her bosom, it quenched the burning in her blood. The cold little face against hers brought an ecstasy of peace. Never in all her life had she dreamed of anything so sweet.

"And you don't think my gown would seem strange to Mr. Rowland Blake?" the daughter whispered. For a moment she pressed her soft, cold lips to her mother's neck, and it was like the kiss of a dew-laden flower. Then she added, "Such a queer gown!"

"Mr. Rowland Blake?" The mother did not remember the name.

"I mean Roley."

Roley was the son of one of the six friends, a shy, motherless lad, whose habits worried them all.

"If I had been born," the daughter whispered, "he would have let me love him. I was meant to be his. That is why he is so shy, and does such dreadful things: he has no one to love him. Often I am with him; but he can't see. Do you think I might ask him to be good—for *me*—even if I have n't been born? Are you sure he would n't think this *such* a queer gown?"

Now at last the tears streamed down the mother's cheeks, and for a moment her grief became the kind that can be borne.

"It 's the same with me," said her son. "I should have loved Billy." He was standing at her knee, holding her hand.

"Billy?" asked the mother.

"Wilhelmina Convers,' he explained. Wilhelmina was the daughter of another of the six friends. "She was meant for me; but I was n't born. So I had to stand by and let her marry Pinkering. Of all the fellows, think of it—Pinkering! I tried so hard to tell her she was mine; but I could n't. And already when she is alone—except that I am there—she sobs all day, just as you are sobbing. And now it 's too late for me ever to be born!" The longing, which his sister spent in a caress, glowed palely in the hungry shadows of his eyes.

At last she understood it—the sad, inward look she had caught in the marble there. In the depths of his spirit her husband had felt the thing she was feeling now, had always felt it. Even as she had loved him, she had been jealous of their children—jealous of their children whom the world needed so much, who had so much need of the world!

THE heart-beats clamored in her brain. Her eyes burned, and her brain was enthralled by a vision as clear as anything she had ever seen in life—a vision that made her sit upright and stare, her eyeballs swelling between their lids.

In the center of a white winter graveyard, two men with shovels were shaping the mound that lay on her husband's breast.

Terror gave way in an instant to a feeling of relief, almost of gladness. Now, as always, her first care was for him. Cold and stark as he lay in the earth, he could not feel what she was suffering. He had known how deep her sin was; but against the shame of it all his life he had sheltered her, forgetting his own nearest wish. Cruelly as she needed him, she exulted that he was spared this.

"Come to me," said a deep, rich voice.

The vision vanished, and her husband stood before her, white as his sculptured image.

With a little wail of anguish she sank back in her chair. "Sweetheart," she cried, "I can bear it; I *will* bear it! Oh, I *hoped* you could not know!"

He did not look at her. He turned from her to their children, his face still grave, yet lighting with happiness. "You can come to me now, at last!" he said.

"To me! sweetheart!" she cried. "Oh, come to me! I *am* in sin, in shame. Yet all your life you knew it. Don't turn against me now! I need you as I *never* needed you! Be good to me! If you can't love me any more—just be good to me!"

Still he did not heed her. He reached out his hands and pleaded, "My son! My daughter!"

The children both were silent.

"'Lis'beth!" he said, surprised and pleading. "Jamie!"

The names were the childlike ones they two had given each other, to be used by each other alone. In that moment she felt all the jealousy of her lifetime. But she struggled with it, shut her teeth against it, forced it down. Above everything, she wanted the thing he wanted. Fearfully, she looked from child to child.

The daughter lowered her eyes.

The son shook his head, and held forth his white palms. "You *should* have been our father," he said.

The sad eyes bent upon her, as she sat in her chair, tense and weak. She sank to her knees on the hearth-rug, and wrung her hands to the children. "It was my fault—mine!" she urged. "You don't understand what you are saying; you can't understand! Be good to him! *Don't* make him hate me!"

The children did not heed her.

She fixed her glance upon her son. "Go to him!" she pleaded. "He has so many things to say to you!"

The nurse, who was sitting now behind her on the arm of the chair, a firm, restraining hand on each shoulder, marked the smile that spread upon her hectic cheeks, at once tender and full of guile.

"The stories, you remember!" the mother entreated. "About football, and about the things that happened in the squadron. Once he was shot by a striker, and they met in the hospital and became friends. It is such an amusing story, and so dear!"

The father moved toward his son, with the dignity of life, and with more than its tenderness.

The boy shrank from him. "That was when you were among the living," he said. "Now you are only a ghost like us. And *you* were born."

The mother struggled against her pain, and the look of inward guile grew deeper. She turned to her daughter. "He and Roley were the dearest friends! He can tell you all about him. You were made to be comrades, you and your father—he loves you so"—her jealousy of them revived, but again she conquered it—"so, that I give him to you! Love him—be good to him!" She choked, but still managed to smile. "Even if you take him away from me."

"It might have been," her daughter answered.

"He is dead now," said her son. And when he said no more, it was with the air of forbearing dignity.

The mother noticed that the sad, white

faces went blue, as if with cold, and that the two little forms were shivering. They moved into the shadows of the mantel, until all she could see was the white, upbraiding palms. Then even these faded, and were gone, and in their place was utter blackness. But out beyond she heard two little wails, now waxing, now waning, but always chill with despair that seemed to reach forth to eternity.

She knew that her children had gone forever, and that her husband knew this, too.

He turned toward her, and fixed her with the look she now understood so well. It no longer seemed sad—only austere and accusing.

"How little you loved!" he said.

"It was because I loved you so much," she pleaded. "Our life—it was you who used to say it—was all beauty, all passion and tenderness. Oh, how can you torture me!"

"You loved me so much," he said, "that you killed our love."

"But it was you, dear, it was *you* I loved! Look!" She pointed to the marble portrait close beside him. "This is our child. I made it. In this you live forever—forever young and strong. And I live with you." She knew what she said was false, but she needed so much to be comforted.

"It was in this that you killed me, and killed yourself—forever!"

"Oh," she moaned, "I don't, I *don't* understand!"

"You never understood. You thought we were happy; but our happiness was shallow and vain. You were a coward in love. We have perished, you and I—perished forever."

Pity for her children was gone, and even agony for her husband. In her whole tortured being there was not room enough for the bitterness of shame.

A cry tore her, and her dry lips formed his name. "I have sinned, but oh, how I am suffering! Look at me kindly, sweetheart, once—only once before you go!"

His answer was to move backward from her toward the marble image. As she stared at him, his whole being gave out a radiance which was not light, but rather an effulgence of purity and strength that blended into the crimson dusk of the room with more than earthly beauty. But still through her vision swam his eyes, austere, accusing.

To escape them she leaped up and threw herself upon him. His lips were still hers. Passion and despair mingled in her kiss.

The lips were stone-cold and moist, as they had been in his coffin.

A great horror engulfed her, and she sank upon the floor, swerving the marble portrait from its pedestal.

The physician came in. "She is delirious?" he asked.

The nurse was kneeling by her. "Quick, doctor! she cried, "her heart is failing!"

The physician knelt. "She is dead," he said.

With the crash of the falling marble, the embers in the fireplace had broken apart. The dying fires lighted up the fragments of the portrait, scattered on the hearth-stone.

TWO MOTHERS

BY ANITA FITCH

BLESSED maiden Mother!
O Mary, sweet and mild,
Weep thou for another
As once thou wept thy Child.

For warm against my heart
Did rest a little head:
Now sorrow is my part
And he, my all, is dead.

And when I bend the knee
Before thy Son divine,
The only son I see
Is one who once was mine.

THE JEW TO JESUS

BY FLORENCE KIPER

O MAN of my own people, I alone
Among these alien ones can know thy face,
I who have felt the kinship of our race
Burn in me as I sit where they intone
Thy praises,—those, who striving to make known
A God for sacrifice, have missed the grace
Of thy sweet human meaning in its place,
Thou who art of our blood-bond and our own.

Are we not sharers of thy Passion? Yea,
In spirit-anguish closely by thy side
We have drained the bitter cup, and tortured, felt
With thee the bruising of each heavy welt.
In every land is our Gethsemane.
A thousand times have we been crucified.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"IN EVERY LAND IS OUR GETHSEMANE"

DRAWN BY PAUL L. MEYLAN

MOTHERHOOD

BY THOMAS T. BOUVÉ

TO feel the sudden thrill and start
Quiver the new strings of my heart;
To feel a life within my life
Grasp its beginning and grow rife,
While God's ineffable new grace
Proves its existence in my face;
To feel the red blush-roses glide
At every moment in my side;
To know a love without reply,
And know that it can never die;
To lie awake night after night
And wonder at the strange, new light;
To whisper to the listening earth:
"I am a mother; know my worth!"
To fear my power to mold the man
As only she who bears him can;
To number each departing sun
And count the mornings one by one,
Impatient for my Christmas morn,
When from my womb a child is born,—
(What harm, if when he break the mold,
He leave my body still and cold?
Shall I not live within his breath?
Can I be more apart from death?)
To wonder at the mighty love
Which could almost, like that above,
Make or unmake a universe,
And prove a blessing or a curse;
To tremble at my power for good
And evil—this is motherhood.

UNCLE EB'S LAST DAY A-FISHING

BY IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," etc.

ONE morning in middle May I was walking on a crowded thoroughfare. The earth had rolled suddenly into summer skies. Birds chattered in the parks, and I could hear a cock crow in a passing freight wagon. I stopped to listen, while he seemed to hurl defiance at his captors and all the noisy crowd, and bid them do their worst to him. His outcry put me in mind of my own imprisonment there in the rock-bound city. As I thought of it, I could see the green hills of the North all starred with dandelions; I could hear the full flow of the streams that pass between them—you know how it happens. Then I began to think of Uncle Eb. Old age was upon him, but no great infirmity. How could I have forgotten it? Tomorrow would be his birthday. Well, that evening we were on our way to surprise the dear old man, having informed Elizabeth Brower of our plan by telegraph.

Always when our train went roaring into the quiet village we used to look out of the car window down across the river and a smooth stretch of fields into the edge of the little town. At a small, familiar opening in the shade-trees, almost half a mile from the train, we never failed to see the flicker of a white handkerchief. It signaled their welcome. And then—well, I doubt if any one may have in this world a better moment. Ah! that was years ago, and there are strangers in the old home; but to this day every time I enter Hillsborough I look for that flicker of white, away off among the trees.

That day the signal greeted us, and was only one of many joys, for it was a day of a thousand, warm, and full of the music of birds' and bees' wings and the odor of new blossoms and a great happiness. Elizabeth Brower stood at the gate, and beyond her we could see Uncle Eb, on the veranda, sitting in his arm-chair. The dear woman put her fingers on her lips, and we knew what it meant. Uncle Eb had fallen asleep in the warm sunlight. We greeted her with hushed voices, and approached the venerable man, and sat down at his feet, smiling and looking up into his fine old face. He continued to sleep, all unconscious that we were near him. Soon we heard him call in his dreams, just above a whisper: "Here, Fred! here, Fred!" It was the name of our old dog, dead these many years. His nap must have taken him far back—perhaps into that long, westward journey through woods and fields. I took his hand in mine. He came out of his dreams with a start, and looked up at me.

"What!" said he. "Well, I *de*clare."

He rose and clung to our hands and looked into our faces with a full heart.

"A merry birthday to you!" I exclaimed.

"See here, Bill Brower," said he, "you 've hearn folks tell o' the joy o' Paradise?"

"Often," I answered.

"Wal, this comes purty nigh it. I would n't wonder if it was the key-note o' the song," said Uncle Eb. "Now look here, Liz Brower," he went on, "you tell 'Sindy we got to have the best dinner ever made by human hands. I 'll bring some water."

Elizabeth, Uncle Eb, and that daughter of Grandma Bisnette were all that remained of the old home-circle.

Hope and her mother went into the sitting-room, and I followed them, while Uncle Eb went to the well for water.

She looked up at us proudly as we stood before her, side by side.

"Turn round," she said, "an' let me look at ye careful."

She surveyed the fit and material of Hope's gown with great satisfaction.

We sat down presently upon the ancient, hair-cloth sofa, with its knitted afghan of many colors lying folded against a curved arm. There were the old, plain, priceless things—the carpet, the pictures, a pyramid of plants and flowers in front of the large window, the center-table, with its album and reading-lamp, the secretary and what-not filled with books that were a part of our history.

There were the ingredients of that receipt which, as it were, had made the intellectual cake of my boyhood—Josephus's "History of the Jews" (the flour, two heaping volumes); "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" (the milk and water, one volume); "Great Expectations," "Bleak House," and "David Copperfield" (the sugar, three volumes); "Pilgrim's Progress" (the egg, one volume); "The Golden West" (the spice, one volume); "The Letters of Lord Chesterfield" (the frosting, one large table volume); and Wrigglesworth's "Day of Doom" (the fire over which the cake was cooked).

In a few moments Uncle Eb entered the room.

"See here," said he, "you must all come out an' look at my garden."

"They want to rest," Elizabeth objected.

"No; let 's look at the garden," said Hope, and we all went out of doors.

"Godfrey cordial! hear the birds!" Uncle Eb went on, as we followed through the path that crossed an edge of the clover meadow. "Seems 's 'o' they knew."

He had failed rapidly since we saw him last. He was bent a little farther, his hands trembled, a small task affected his breathing; but he was the same cheerful, keen-minded man.

"Gardens are all right, but the sight of a hoe makes me shudder," said I.

"The hoe is a good teacher," he answered. "Man that don't hoe his character every day or two won't have any."

We turned to go back to the house.

"The sight of a hoe always made me want to go fishin'," said I, in the old dialect.

He stopped and put his hand upon my arm. He glanced up at the sky, and seemed to note the direction of the wind.

"Say, by mighty!" he exclaimed. "You stop, or you 'll get me in trouble."

"Let 's have a team after dinner, go up into Paradise Valley, and work slowly down the brook as far as Deep Hole," I urged.

"You quit!" he answered, with a little gesture of impatience. "Say," he suggested with enthusiasm, after a moment, "I would n't wonder but what the fish would bite—ye take it on the rapids there."

He sat in his chair on the small veranda. Robins were building their nest on a shelf near him, and were busy with their fetching and weaving.

"Look at the little rapscallions!" he laughed. "No, there ain't nothin' that 's 'fraid o' me some way. I got a club one day an' tried to scare a mouse; but seems so she knew I was only foolin'. Now she 's begun to bully me an' fetch her children right into my bedroom, an' I guess I 'll have to git mad and declare war."

I hailed a boy in the street, and sent him for a team, to be brought immediately after dinner.

When we sat down to eat, Uncle Eb put the same old question:

"Wal, how 's everything down there in the city?"

"About as usual."

"Goin' to 'lect Sam Tilden?"

"I don't think so."

He spoke laughingly of his visit to New York, and in particular of a symphony concert which he had heard in the Academy of Music.

"I 'll never forgit the man with a p'inter," he said, his head nodding with amusement. "Seemed so he was fightin' bees." Again his cheery voice, after a moment of silence: "No more meat! Hope Brower, if you don't eat yer dinner, you 'll be put to bed."

After dinner I gathered my tackle.

"Got an extra pole?" Uncle Eb asked.

"Two or three of them," said I.

The team arrived, a lively pair of Morgan mares. Uncle Eb came out of the house in rubber boots, with his overcoat upon his arm.

"I 'm 'fraid you better not go," said Elizabeth Brower from the doorstep, with a look of anxiety, and now the trembling of his hands made me almost sorry that I had tempted him.

"You could n't keep me out o' that buggy with a club," said Uncle Eb, firmly.

I helped him in and took my place at his side, and away we went, a pace of twelve miles to the hour, through town, across the flat, and up the stairway of the hills. We passed the old Hosper homestead.

"What 's become of the deacon?" I asked.

"Dead; got sick o' life. Would n't eat or take any med'cine; kind o' pined away."

"What was the trouble?"

"Wal, ye know, he had to live with himself," said Uncle Eb, "an' he wa'n't what ye might call good comp'ny. Too much hell an' too little heaven—that 's what ailed him. He could n't help it, an' I, fer one, alwus felt kind o' sorry fer Hosper. Monday, Tuesday, an' Wednesday he sweat under the curse o' toil. Wednesday night he 'd go to the ol' white church an' hear about hell an' damnation. Thursday, Friday, an' Saturday more o' the curse. The wood an' the stun an' the hoe an' the shovel was invented jus' to keep him humble, an' remind him of the everlastin' wrath. Sunday more hell. He did n't hev no self-respec', an' could n't. He felt an' acted like the worm o' the dust. He crept an' crawled. His mind was full o' torment. It kind o' leaked down into his stummick, an' his liver, an' his j'ints. He had more o' it than he needed er deserved. He passed it round 'mong the neighbors an' the hired man. He was very liberal with it. Ye know, if a man loves that kind o' thing, he gits all he wants. Nobody liked him. He got to be a lonesome, sickly ol' man. I went to see him one day. Says I:

" 'Deacon, I would n't wonder if the fish 'u'd bite.'

" 'Fish!' says he, 'My mind ain't on fish. I 'm thinkin' o' my immortal soul.'

" 'Man's soul is like his stummick,' said I. 'It ain't healthy 'less ye can fergit it. Come an' have some fun!' "

We rode in silence until Uncle Eb went on:

"Fer my part, I never could see any curse in labor. I could n't be happy 'less I had suthin' to do. Seems 's 'o' them men who wrote down the plans o' the Almighty made a mistake now an' then, an' it ain't no wonder if they did. There ain't no man can be perfict, specially when he takes holt o' so big a job. Prob'ly it was purty hot where they lived, an' work did n't agree with 'em. Now it looks to me as if that first family must n't 'a' been very happy without a thing to do. I don't wonder that Cain an' Abel quarreled. God must 'a' seen that the world lacked suthin' purty important. So he blessed it with toil. I don't b'lieve he ever intended to curse it, 'cause, if he did, ye got to own up that he ain't succeeded first-rate."

After a moment of silence we came to the old Foster farm.

"You 'member Ann Jane Foster that use' to go to all the funerals?" Uncle Eb asked. "Wal, she went to her own 'bout six weeks ago. Made all the plans for it more 'n a year back—jest as if she was goin' to be married, an' I guess she enjoyed the prospect."

We came to the top of Bowman's Hill and looked down into the little valley, and were both silent.

"Time flies," I remarked presently.

"Beats all," Uncle Eb answered.

The Brower farm had run down, as they say in the back country. The house and stable were in ill repair. The neat and cleanly fireside, hallowed by the merriment and mourning of those most dear to me, had come to evil days. The tenant, a man who showed the wear of hard times, put our team in the stable.

"If you 'd stayed here," said he, with a glance at me, "this farm would n't 'a' looked as it does now."

Uncle Eb smiled.

"No," said he; "the farm would 'a' looked better, but he 'd 'a' looked a dum sight worse."

I got my tackle ready while the man dug worms for Uncle Eb, an angler of the bait-and-sinker type. Soon we made our way slowly through the same old cow-path that wavered across the green slope, now starred with soft, golden blossoms. It is curious, that conservatism of the cloven hoof, which, like water, follows its old path, having found

the way of least resistance. In a few minutes we came near the rotted stump of Lone Pine.

"Hats off!" said Uncle Eb, as he uncovered.

In a second my hat was in my hand; for there, between our feet, was a lonely, half-forgotten grave—that of old Fred. Slowly, silently we resumed our walk. My venerable friend was breathing hard. I supported him with my arm, and soon we sat down to rest upon a rock. The air was clear and still. There was not a cloud in the sky. A hawk flew across the flat near us with a bird in his talons. It made me break the silence, and I said:

"There 's a thing that puzzles me—the cruelty that is in all God's creation. It 's a great slaughter-house, and every thing that lives has the stain of blood on it."

"That 's so, an' they 's another thing ye don't wan' to fergit," said Uncle Eb. "This world is a kind of asylum for the feeble-minded. Death ain't no curse any more 'n toil is. 'Cordin' to the old idee, most ev'rything is a curse, an' I tell ye 't ain't so. Death is a blessin', an' so is life an' toil. Why, Bill Brower, you 've died twice already. First the child died, then the boy, an' each time ye wove a new body. Bym-by yer loom is wore out. Got t' go somewhere else fer yer weavin'. Ye 'll begin to feel as if this body was a kind of a bad fit. It 'll be too small an' too cheap-lookin'. Ye 'll feel as if ye wanted to go somewhere an' git a new fit. Now I feel jest so I wanted t' go down t' that brook there on the run, jest as I used to do. But I can't. My body don't fit my spirit—that 's what 's the matter. Got to go an' have my measure took, an' throw 'way the old suit. An' I 'll tell ye, Bill Brower, I need a better outfit than what I 've ever had—suthin' stouter-wove, an' han'somer, an' more durable. An' I 'm goin' to have it. Call that a curse?"

He looked at his bony, trembling hands, and went on:

"It 's all faded an' kind o' cold an' threadbare. My back could n't carry one small boy in a basket these days, but I 'd like t' carry all the boys in the county, an' mebbe sometime I 'll have a back broad 'nough. That 'll be when school 's dismissed, an' I go off t' seek my fortune, good deal as you did. I 'member how you went an' got some new clo's there 'n New York firs' thing. An' they was splendid—better 'n any ye could git in Hillsborough."

For a moment neither spoke.

"Your talk reminds me of my last visit with Jed Feary," said I, presently. "He criticized Shakspere's view of life. He said it fitted that age of vain show in which the poet lived. He held that all the world 's a school, and all the men and women merely scholars; that its classes were the nations, and its books were three: nature, history, and revelation."

As we neared the brook, by and by, Uncle Eb cautioned me in a whisper, just as he used to do: "Now go ca-a-areful."

I found a rock at the head of a likely stretch of rapids on which he could sit comfortably as he fished. I prepared his tackle and baited his hook for him. I stood by as he flung it into the middle of the stream. Sitting there, he seemed to forget his feebleness, and his voice and figure were full of animation. His hair, as white as snow, was like the crown of glory of which David sings.

He kept hauling and giving out. Now and then, as he felt a nibble, he addressed the fish.

"How d' do? Come ag'in," he said, as he continued to work his line. "Ah, ha! you 're another!" he shouted, with a sharp twitch.

The trout was a large one, and Uncle Eb, with a six-ounce rod had not been able to lift and swing him ashore in the old fashion. He held with jiggling hands and a look of great animation as the fish took line in half a dozen quick rushes.

"You 're tryin' to jerk me out o' my boots"—the words came unevenly, as if, indeed, the fish had twitched them out of him. The rod's vibration had got into his voice and all the upper part of his body. "By George! you 're sassy," he went on. "Stop that! Consarn ye! Come here to me!"

He seized the line, flung his rod on the shore, and began to haul vigorously hand over hand. When the splendid fish lay gasping at his feet, Uncle Eb turned to me and shook his head. He sat

breathing hard, as if the exertion had wearied him. Soon he took out his jack-knife, a serious look on his face.

"You go cut me an alder pole," said he, with decision. "That thing ain't no better 'n a spear o' grass."

I ran up the shore, glad of the chance he had given me to conceal my laughter. I cut a long, stout pole among the bushes, and returned, trimming it as I ran.

"Willie, hurry up!" said he, with an eager look on his face, as if it were one of the old days, and I a small boy again.

"There," said he, trying the pole, "that 's a reg'lar stun-lifter. I can sass 'em back now. Put on the hook and line."

In a moment he gave his bait a fling and assumed that alert and eager attitude so familiar to me.

"Tut, tut!" said he, with a lively twitch. "I dare ye to do it ag'in."

Soon the rod sprang upward, and a wriggling trout rose in the air, swung above the head of Uncle Eb, and fell to the earth behind him.

"There, by mighty! that 's what I call fun," said he. "No, I don't wan't to torment 'em there 'n the water; 't ain't fair. I 'd ruther fetch 'em right out."

I unhooked the fish for him.

"Look here, you go on 'bout yer business," he added. "I can bait my own hook."

I left him and began to whip my way down the brook. It was good fishing, but the scene was by far the best part of it. What was there in those lovely and familiar shores to keep my heart busy with sadness? Why were the crows and the startled kingfisher so inhospitable? They seemed to complain of me as an alien. And the shadows of the gray tree-trunks, somehow they resembled my thinking as the light of memory beat upon me. The light came out of the past, and my thoughts fell like shadows into the future.

A small bare-footed boy passed me, fishing on the farther bank. He had a happy face, and mine—well, I turned away for very shame of it. The boy looked at me critically, as if I were a trespasser, and I remembered how I felt years ago, when I saw a stranger on the brook.

I remembered how, as a boy, I used to long for a watchchain, and how once Uncle Eb hung his upon my coat, and said I could "call it mine." So it goes all through life. We are the veriest children, and there is nothing one may really own. He may call it his for a little while, just to satisfy him. The whole matter of deeds and titles had become now a kind of baby's play. You may think you own the land, and you pass on; but there it is, while others, full of the same old illusions, take your place.

The sun was not more than the width of a hand from the summit of Bowman's Hill. I stopped fishing, and hurried upstream. I came soon to where I could see Uncle Eb sitting motionless on the edge of the rock. I approached him silently. His head leaned forward, the "pole" lay upon his knees. Like a child, weary of play, he had fallen asleep. His trout lay in a row beside him; there were at least a dozen. That old body was now, indeed, a very bad fit, and more: it was too shabby for a spirit so noble and so brave. I knew, as I looked down upon him, that Uncle Eb would fish no more after that day. In a moment there came a twitch on the line. He woke suddenly, tightened his grasp, and flung another fish into the air. It broke free and fell upon the ripples.

"Huh! ketched me nappin'," said he. "I declare, Bill, I 'm kind o' shamed." I could see that he felt the pathos of that moment.

"Well, Uncle Eb, we better be goin'," he said to himself as he broke off the end of his pole and began to wind his line. "A man that 'll go to sleep fishin' had better be to hum."

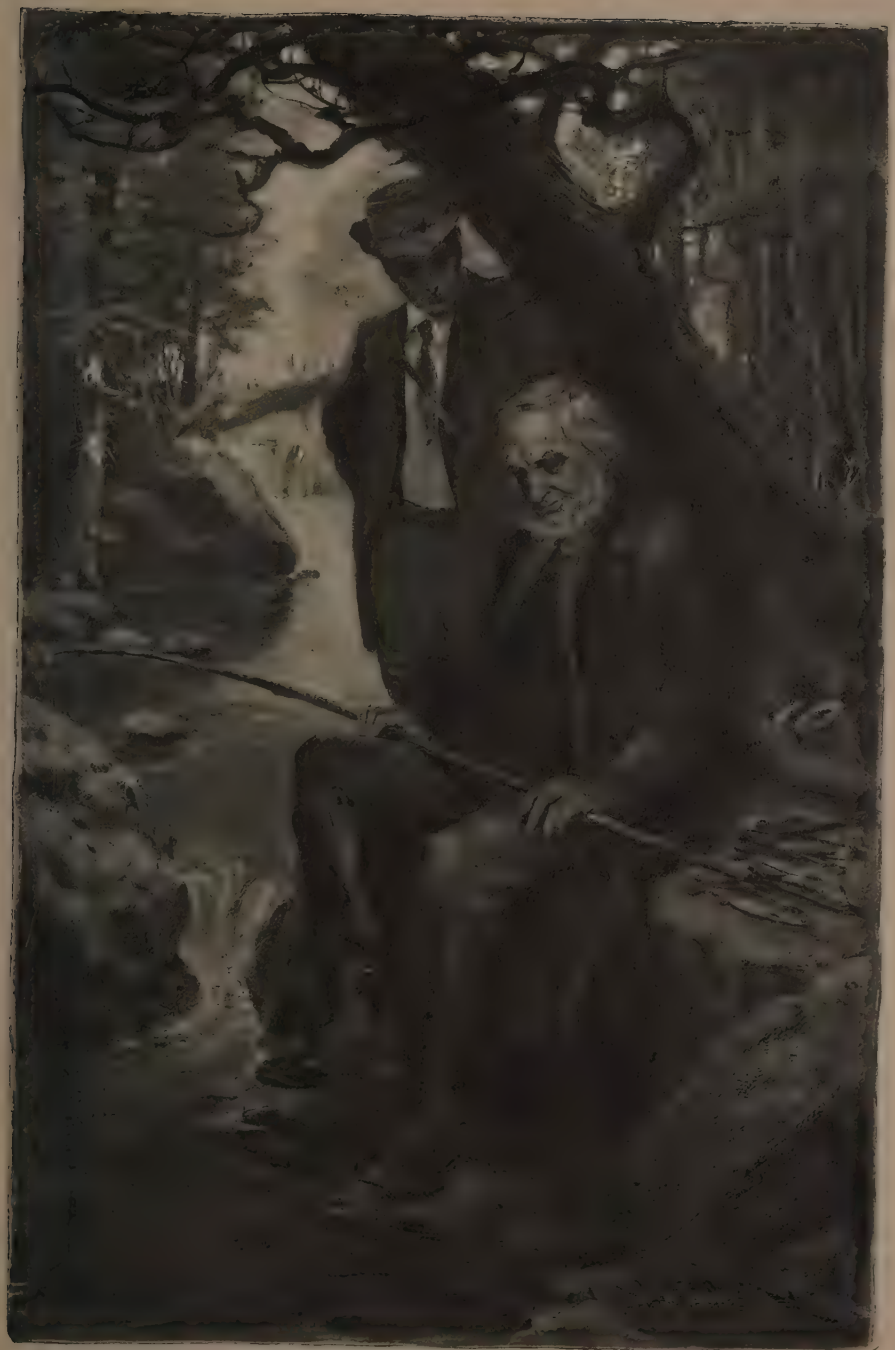
He rose, and we slowly made our way to the cow-path.

"One more look," said he, facing about and gazing up and down the familiar valley. "Now," he added, as we went on, "let the other fellers have it."

We rode in silence on our way to Hillsborough, as the dusk fell.

"Best part o' the hull thing is gittin' hum," he said, as we got out of the carriage.

One more scene from that last year and I am done with it. There is much that comes crowding out of my memory, but only one thing which I could wish



Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"LIKE A CHILD, WEARY OF PLAY, HE HAD FALLEN ASLEEP"

were now a part of the record. Yet I have withheld it, and well might keep it to myself, for need of better words than any which have come to me in all my life.

Christmas! And we were back in the old home again. We had brought the children with us. Somehow they seemed to know our needs and perils. They rallied to our defense, marching up and down with fife and drum and waving banners and shouts of victory—a battalion as brave as any in the great army of happiness. They saved the day, which else had been overrun with thoughts and memories from the camp of the enemy. Well, we had a cheerful time of it, and not an eye closed until after the stroke of ten that night. Slowly, silence fell in the little house. Below-stairs the lights were out, and Hope and I were sitting alone before the open grate. We were talking of old times in the dim firelight. Soon there came a gentle rap at our door. It was Uncle Eb, with a candle in his hand.

"I jes' thought I 'd come in an' talk a leetle conversation," said he, and sat down, laughing with good humor.

"'Member the ol' hair trunk?" he asked, and when I assured him that we could not ever forget it, he put his hand over his face, and shook with silent and almost sorrowful laughter.

"I 'member years ago, you use' to think my watch was a gran' thing," he said, leaning forward and looking down at me.

"Yes, I remember that."

"I don't s'pose,"—he hesitated, as if a little embarrassed,—"you 've got so many splendid things now, I—I don't s'pose—"

"Oh, Uncle Eb, I 'd prize it above all things," I assured him.

"Would you? Here 't is," said he, with a smile, as he took it out of his pocket and put it in my hand. "It 's been a gran' good watch."

"But you—you 'll need it."

"No," he answered. "The clock 'll do fer me—an' I 'm goin' to move putty soon."

"Move!" we both exclaimed.

"Goin' out in the fields, to work ag'in," he added cheerfully. "Most ready to go hum, an' when you git there I 'll have some place looked up an' all ready fer ye."

After a glance at our faces, he added: "I ain't afraid. It 's all goin' to be fair an' square. If we could n't meet them we loved, an' do for 'em, it would n't be honest. We 'd all feel as if we 'd been kind o' cheated. I tell ye, Bill, this givin' life fer life ain't no hoss-trade. If ye give good value, ye 're goin' to git good value, an' what folks have been led to hope an' pray fer since Love come into the world, they 're goin' to have—sure."

He went to Hope and put a tiny locket in her hand. Beneath its panel lay a ringlet of hair, golden-brown.

"It was give to me," he said, as he stood looking down at her. "Them little threads o' gold is kind o' wove all into my life. Sixty year ago I begun to spin my hope with 'em. It 's growed stronger an' stronger. It ain't possible that natur' has been foolin' me all this time."

After a little silence he said to Hope: "I want you to have it."

Her pleasure delighted him, and his face glowed with tender feeling.

Slowly he left us. The candle trembled in his hand, and flickering shadows fell upon us. He stopped in the open door. We knew well what thought was in his mind as he whispered back to us: "Merry Chris'mas—ev'ry year!"

Soon I went to his room. The door was open. He had drawn off his boots and was sitting on the side of his bed. I did not enter or speak to him, as I had planned to do; for I saw him leaning forward on his elbows and wiping his eyes, and I heard him saying to himself:

"Eb Holden, you oughter be 'shamed, I declare. An' it 's Chris'mus day, too! Hold up yer head like a man! Hold up yer head!"

RUNNING WATER

BY A. E. W. MASON

Author of "The Four Feathers," "Miranda of the Balcony," etc.

PICTURE BY H. S. POTTER

XIV

GARRATT SKINNER MAKES A SLIP

GARRATT SKINNER, however, was wrong. He was not aware of the great revolution which had taken place in Chayne, and he misjudged his tenacity. Chayne, like many another man, had mapped out his life, only to find that events would happen in a succession different from that which he had ordained. He had arranged to devote his youth and the earlier part of his manhood entirely to his career, if the career were not brought to a premature end in the Alps. That possibility he had always foreseen. He took his risks with full knowledge, setting the gain against them, and counting it worth while. If, then, he lived, he purposed at some indefinite time in the late thirties to fall in love and marry. He had no parents living; there was the empty house upon the Sussex Downs, with the small estate which for generations had descended from father to son. Marriage was thus a recognized event; only it was thrust away into an indefinite future.

But there had come an evening which he had not foreseen, when, sorely grieved by the loss of his great friend, he had fallen in with a girl who gave with open hands the sympathy he needed, and claimed, by her very reticence and humility, his sympathy in return. A day had followed upon that evening, and thenceforth the image of Sylvia standing upon the snow-ridge of the Aiguille d'Argentière, with a few strips of white cloud sailing in a blue sky overhead, the massive pile of Mont Blanc in front,—freed to the sunlight which was her due,—remained fixed and riveted in his thoughts. He began in imagination to refer matters of moment to her judgment; he began to save up little events of interest that he might remember to tell them to her. He understood that he had a companion, even when he was alone, a condition which he had not anticipated even for his late thirties. And he came to the conclusion that he had not that complete ordering of his life on which he had counted. He was not, however, disappointed. He seized upon the good thing which had come to him with a great deal of wonder and a very thankful heart; and he was not disposed to let it lightly go.

Thus the vulgarity which Garratt Skinner chose to assume, the unattractive figure of "red-hot" Barstow, and the obvious swindle which was being perpetrated on Walter Hine, had the opposite effect to that which Skinner expected. Chayne, instead of turning his back upon so distasteful a company, frequented it, in the resolve to take Sylvia out of its grasp. It did not need a lover to see that she slept little of nights and passed distressful days. She had fled from her mother's friends at Chamonix, only to find herself helpless among a worse gang in her father's house. Very well; she must be released. He had proposed to take her away then and there; she had refused. Well, he had been blunt; he would go about the business in the future in a more delicate way. And so he came again and again to the little house under the hill, where the stream babbled through the garden, and every

day the apples grew redder upon the boughs.

But it was disheartening work. His position, indeed, became difficult, and it needed all his tenacity to enable him to endure it. The difficulty became very evident one afternoon early in August, and the afternoon was, moreover, remarkable in that Garratt Skinner was betrayed into a revelation of himself which was to bear consequences of gravity in a future which he could not foresee. Chayne rode over upon that afternoon, and found Garratt Skinner alone and, according to his habit, stretched at full length in his hammock, with a cigar between his lips. He received Captain Chayne with the utmost geniality. He had long since laid aside his ineffectual vulgarity of manner.

"You must put up with me, Captain Chayne," he said; "my daughter is out. However, she—I ought more properly to say they—will be back, no doubt, before long."

"They being—"

"Sylvia and Wallie Hine."

Chayne nodded his head. He had known very well who "they" must be, but he had not been able to refrain from the question. Jealousy had hold of him. He knew nothing of Sylvia's determination to acquire a power greater than her father's over the vain and defenceless youth. The words with which she had hinted her plan to him had been too obscure to convey their meaning. He was simply aware that Sylvia more and more avoided him, more and more sought the companionship of Walter Hine; and such experience as he had, taught him that women are as apt to be blind in their judgment of men as men in their estimation of women.

He sought now to enlist Garratt Skinner on his side, and, drawing a chair nearer to the hammock, he sat down.

"Mr. Skinner," he said, speaking upon an impulse, "you have no doubt in your mind, I suppose, as to why I come here so often?"

Garratt Skinner smiled.

"I make a guess, I admit."

"I should be very glad if your daughter would marry me," Chayne continued, "and I want you to give me your help. I am not a poor man, Mr. Skinner, and I should certainly be willing to recognize that, in taking her away from you, I laid myself under considerable obligations."

Chayne spoke with some natural hesitation, but Garratt Skinner was not in the least offended.

"I will not pretend to misunderstand you," he replied. "Indeed, I like your frankness. Please take what I say in the same spirit: I cannot give you any help, Captain Chayne."

"Why?"

Garratt Skinner raised himself upon his elbow, and fixing his eyes upon his companion's face, said distinctly and significantly:

"Because Sylvia has her work to do here."

Chayne, in his turn, made no pretense to misunderstand. He was being told that Sylvia was in league with her father and Captain Barstow to pluck Walter Hine. But he was anxious to discover how far Garratt Skinner's cynicism would carry him.

"Will you define the work?" he asked.

"If you wish it," replied Garratt Skinner, falling back in his hammock; "I should have thought it unnecessary, myself. The work is the reclaiming of Wallie Hine from the very undesirable company in which he has mixed. Do you understand?"

"Quite," said Chayne. He understood very well. He had been told first the real design—to pluck Walter Hine—and then the excuse which was to cloak it. He understood, too, the reason why this information had been given to him with so cynical a frankness: he, Chayne, was in the way. Declare the swindle and persuade him that Sylvia was a party to it—what more likely way could be discovered for getting rid of Captain Chayne? He looked at his smiling companion, took note of his strong, aquiline face, his clear and steady eyes. He recognized a redoubtable antagonist, but he leaned forward, and said with a quiet emphasis:

"Mr. Skinner, I have, nevertheless, not lost heart."

Garratt Skinner laughed in a friendly way.

"I suppose not. It is only in the wisdom of middle age that we lose heart. In youth we lose our hearts—a very different thing."

"I propose still to come to this house."

"As often as you will, Captain Chayne," said Garratt Skinner, gaily. "My doors are always open to you. I am not such a fool as to give you a romantic interest by barring you out."

Garratt Skinner had another reason for his hospitality which he kept to himself. He was inclined to believe that a few more visits from Captain Chayne would settle his chances without the necessity of any interference. It was Garratt Skinner's business, as that of any other rogue, to play with simple artifices upon the faults and vanities of men. He had, therefore, cultivated a habit of observation; he had become naturally attentive to trifles which others might overlook; and he was aware that he needed to go very warily in the delicate business in which he was now engaged. He was fighting Sylvia for the possession of Walter Hine,—that he had recognized,—and Chayne for the possession of Sylvia. It was a three-cornered contest, and he had, in consequence, kept his eyes alert. He had noticed that Chayne was growing importunate and that his persistence was becoming troublesome to Sylvia. She gave him a less warm welcome each time that he came to the house. She made plans to prevent herself from being left alone with him, and, if by chance the plans failed, she listened rather than talked, and listened almost with an air of boredom.

"Come as often as you please," consequently said Garratt Skinner from his hammock. "And now let us talk of something else."

He talked of nothing for a while. But it was plain that he had a subject in his thoughts; for twice he turned to Chayne, and was on the point of speaking, but each time he thought silence the better part, and lay back again. Chayne waited, and at last the subject was broached, but in a queer, hesitating, diffident way, as though Garratt Skinner spoke rather under a compulsion of which he disapproved.

"Tell me," he said—"I am rather interested. A craze, an infatuation, which so masters people must be interesting even to the stay-at-homes like myself. But I am wrong to call it a craze. From merely reading books, I think it is a passion which is easily intelligible. You are wondering what I am talking about. My daughter tells me that you are a famous climber. The Aiguille d'Argentières, I suppose, up which you were kind enough to accompany her, is not a very difficult mountain."

"It depends upon the day," said Chayne, "and the state of the snow."

"Yes, that is what I have gathered from the books. Every mountain may become dangerous."

"Yes."

"Each mountain," said Garratt Skinner, thoughtfully, "may reward its conquerors with death." For a little while he lay looking up at the green branches interlaced above his head. "Thus each mountain on the brightest day holds in its recesses mystery and also death."

There had come a change already in the manner of the two men. They found themselves upon neutral ground. Their faces relaxed from wariness; they were no longer upon their guard. It seemed that an actual comradeship had sprung up between them.

"There is a mountain called the Grépon," said Skinner. "I have seen pictures of it—a strange and rather attractive pinnacle, with its knife-like slabs of rock set on end one above the other—black rock splashed with red—and the overhanging boulder near the top. Have you climbed it?"

"Yes."

"There is a crack, I believe—a good place to get you into training."

Chayne laughed with the enjoyment of a man who recollects a stiff difficulty overcome.

"Yes; to the right of the col between the Grépon and the Charmoz. There is a sort of step half-way up; otherwise there is very little hold, and the crack is very steep."

They talked of other peaks, such as the Charmoz, where the first line of ascent had given place to others more recently discovered, of new variations, new ascents, and pinnacles still unclimbed; and then Garratt Skinner said:

"I saw that a man actually crossed the Col des Nantillons early this summer. It used to be called the Col de Blaitière. He was killed with his guide, but after

the real dangers were passed. That seems to happen at times."

Chayne looked at Garratt Skinner in surprise.

"It is strange that you should have mentioned John Lattery's death," he said slowly.

"Why?" asked Garratt Skinner, turning quietly toward his companion. "I read of it in the 'Times.'"

"Oh, yes; no doubt it was described. What I meant was this: John Lattery was my great friend, and he was a distant kind of cousin to your friend Walter Hine, and, indeed, co-heir with him to Joseph Hine's great fortune. His death, I suppose, has doubled your friend's inheritance."

Garratt Skinner raised himself on his elbow. The announcement was really news to him.

"Is that so?" he asked. "It is true, then. The mountains hold death, too, in their recesses—even on the clearest day—yes, they hold death, too!" and letting himself fall gently back upon his cushions, he remained for a while with a very thoughtful look upon his face. Twice Chayne spoke to him, and twice he did not hear. He lay absorbed. It seemed that a new and engrossing idea had taken possession of his mind, and when he turned his eyes again to Chayne and spoke, he appeared to be speaking with reference to that idea rather than to any remarks of his companion.

"Did you ever ascend Mont Blanc by the Brenva route?" he asked. "There 's a thin ridge of ice—I read an account in Moore's 'Alpine Journal'—where you have to straddle across the ridge with a leg hanging down each precipice."

Chayne shook his head.

"Lattery and I meant to try it this summer—the Dent du Requin as well."

"Ah, that is one of the modern rock scrambles, is n't it? The last two or three hundred feet are the trouble, I believe."

And so the talk went on, and the comradeship grew. But Chayne noticed that always Garratt Skinner came back to the great climbs of the earlier mountaineers —the Brenva ascent of Mont Blanc, the passage of the Col Dolent, the two points of the Aiguille du Dru and the Aiguille Verte.

"But you, too, have climbed," Chayne cried at length.

"On winter nights, by my fireside," replied Garratt Skinner, with a smile. "I have a lame leg, which would hinder me."

"Nevertheless, you left Miss Sylvia and me behind when you led us over the hills to Dorchester."

It was Walter Hine who interrupted. He had come across the grass from behind, and neither of the two men had noticed his approach. But the moment when he did interrupt marked a change in their demeanor. The comradeship which had so quickly bloomed as quickly faded. It was the flower of an idle moment. Antagonism preceded and followed it. Thus, one might imagine, night sentries at the outposts of opposing armies pile their arms for half an hour and gossip of their homes or their children, or of something dear to both of them, and separate at the bugle-sound. Garrat Skinner swung himself out of his hammock.

"Where 's Sylvia, Wallie?"

"She went up to her room."

Chayne waited for ten minutes and for another ten, and still Sylvia did not appear. She was avoiding him. She could spend the afternoon with Walter Hine, but she must run to her room when he came upon the scene. Jealousy flamed up in him. Every now and then a whimsical smile of amusement showed upon Garratt Skinner's face and broadened into a grin. Chayne was looking a fool, and was quite aware of it. He rose abruptly from his chair.

"I must be going," he said overloudly, and Garratt Skinner smiled.

"I am afraid she won't hear that," he said softly, measuring with his eyes the distance between the group and the house. "But come again, Captain Chayne, and sit it out."

Chayne flushed with anger. He said, "Thank you," and tried to say it jauntily, and failed. He took his leave and walked across the lawn to the garden, trying to assume a carriage of indifference and dignity. But every moment he expected to hear the two whom he had left laughing at his discomfiture. Neither, however, did laugh. Walter Hine, indeed, was indignant.

"Why did you ask him to come again?" he said angrily as the garden door closed upon Chayne.

Garratt Skinner laid his hand on Walter Hine's arm.

"Don't you worry, Wallie," he said confidentially. "Every time Chayne comes here he loses ten marks. Give him rope! He does not, after all, know a great deal of geography."

XV

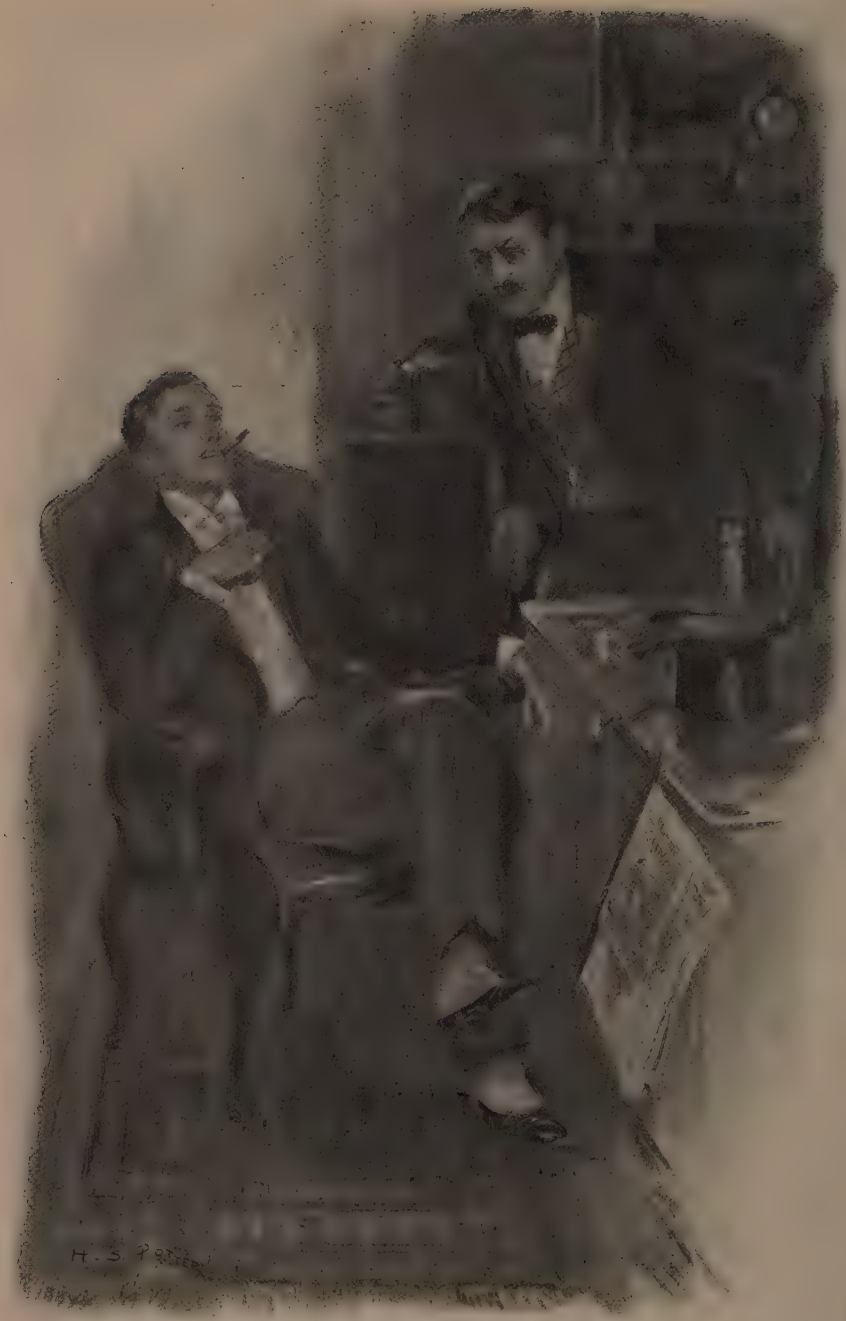
THE CLIMBERS OF OLD DAYS

CHAYNE returned to London on the following day, restless and troubled. Jealousy, he knew, was the natural lot of the lover; but that he should have to be jealous of a Walter Hine, there was the sting. He asked the old question over and over again—the old, futile question which the unrewarded suitor puts to himself with amazement and despair at the ridiculous eccentricities of human nature: "What in the world can she see in the fellow?" However, he did not lose heart. It was not in his nature to let go when once he had clearly set his desires upon a particular goal. Sooner or later people and things would adjust themselves to their proper proportions in Sylvia's eyes. Meanwhile there was something to be done—a doubt to be set at rest, perhaps a discovery to be made.

His conversation with Garratt Skinner, the subject which Garratt Skinner had chosen, and the knowledge with which he had spoken, had seemed to Chayne rather curious. A man might sit by his fireside and follow with interest, nay, almost with the passion of the mountaineer, the history of Alpine exploration and adventure. That had happened before now, and very likely Chayne would have troubled himself no more about Garratt Skinner's introduction of the theme but for one or two circumstances which, the more he reflected upon them, became the more significant. For instance, Garratt Skinner had spoken and had asked questions about the new ascents made, the new passes crossed, within the last twenty years, just as a man would ask who had obtained his knowledge out of books. But of the earlier ascents he had spoken differently, though the difference was subtle and hard to define. He seemed to be upon more familiar ground. He left in Chayne's mind a definite suspicion that he was speaking no longer out of books, but from an intimate personal knowledge—the knowledge of actual experience. The suspicion had grown up gradually, but it had strengthened almost into a conviction.

It was to the old climbs that Garratt Skinner's conversation perpetually recurred—the Aiguille Verte, the Dent Blanche, the Dom and the Täschorn and the Grand and the Petit Dru, and the traverse between them; the Col Dolent, the Grandes Jorasses, and the Brenva route—yes, above all the Brenva route up Mont Blanc. Moreover, how in the world should he know that those slabs of black granite on the top of the Grépon were veined with red—splashed with red, as he described them? Unless he had ascended them, or the Aiguille des Charmoz opposite, how should he know? The philosophy of his guide Michel Revailloud flashed across Chayne's mind. "One needs some one with whom to exchange one's memories."

Had Garratt Skinner felt that need, and felt it with so much compulsion that he must satisfy it in spite of himself? Yet why should he practise concealment at all? There certainly had been concealment. Chayne remembered how more than once Garratt Skinner had checked himself before at last he had yielded. It was in spite of himself that he had spoken. And then suddenly, as the train drew up at Vauxhall Station for the tickets to be collected, Chayne started up in his seat. On the rocks of the Argentière, beside the great gully, as they descended to the glacier, Sylvia's guide had spoken words which came flying back into Chayne's thoughts. She had climbed that day, though it was her first mountain, as if knowledge of the craft had been born in her. How to stand upon an ice-slope, how to hold her ax, she had known. On the rocks, too! Which foot to advance, with which hand to grasp the hold, she had known. Suppose that knowledge *had* been born in her? Why, then those words of her guide began to acquire significance. She had reminded him of some one—some one whose name he could not remember, but some one with whom years



Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'SHE IS THE DAUGHTER OF A GREAT FRIEND OF MINE, MR. GARRATT SKINNER' "

ago he had climbed. And then upon the rocks, some chance movement of Sylvia's, some way in which she moved from ledge to ledge, had revealed to him the name—Gabriel Strood.

Was it possible? Chayne asked. If so, what dark thing was there in the record of Strood's life that he must change his name, disappear from the world, and avoid the summer nights, the days of sunshine and storm, on the high rock ledges and the ice-slope?

Chayne was minded to find an answer to that question. Sylvia was in trouble; that house under the downs was no place for her; he himself was afraid of what was being planned there. It might help him if he knew something more of Garratt Skinner than he knew at present. And it seemed to him that there was just a chance of acquiring that knowledge.

He dined at his club, and at ten o'clock walked up St. James' street. The street was empty. It was a hot, starlit night of the first week in August, and there came upon him a swift home-sickness for the world above the snow-line. How many of his friends were sleeping that night in huts high up on the shoulders of the mountains, or in bivouacs open to the stars, with a rock cliff at their backs and a fire of pine-wood blazing at their feet! Most likely among those friends was the one he sought to-night.

"Still, there 's a chance that I may find him," he pleaded, and crossing Piccadilly, passed into Dover street. Halfway along that street of milliners, he stopped before a house where a famous scholar had his lodging.

"Is Mr. Kenyon in London?" he asked, and the man-servant replied, to his great relief:

"Yes, sir; but he is not yet at home."

"I will wait for him," said Chayne.

He was shown into the study, and left there with a lighted lamp. The room was lined with books from floor to ceiling. Chayne mounted a ladder, and took down from a high corner some volumes bound simply in brown cloth. They were volumes of the "Alpine Journal." He had chosen those which dated back from twenty years to a quarter of a century. He drew a chair up beside the lamp, and began eagerly to turn over the pages. Often he stopped, for the name of which he was in search often leaped to his eyes from the pages. Chayne read of the exploits in the Alps of Gabriel Strood. More than one new expedition was described, many variations of old ascents, many climbs already familiar. It was clear that the man was of the true brotherhood. A new climb was very well, but the old were as good to Gabriel Strood, and the climb which he had once made he had the longing to repeat with new companions. None of the descriptions were written by Strood himself, but all by companions whom he had led, and most of them bore testimony to an unusual endurance, an unusual courage, as though Strood triumphed perpetually over a difficulty which his companions did not share and of which only vague hints were given. At last Chayne came to that very narrative which Sylvia had been reading on her way to Chamonix, and there the truth was bluntly told for the first time.

Chayne started up in that dim and quiet room, thrilled. He had the proof now, under his finger, the indisputable proof. Gabriel Strood suffered from an affection of the muscles in his right thigh, and yet managed to out-distance all his rivals. Hine's words drummed in Chayne's ears:

"Nevertheless, he left us all behind."

Garratt Skinner, Gabriel Strood; surely, surely! He replaced the volumes, and took others down. In the first which he opened, it was the autumn number of nineteen years ago, there was again mention of the man, and the climb described was the ascent of Mont Blanc from the Glacier de la Brenva. Chayne leaned back in his chair, fairly startled by this confirmation. It was to the Brenva route that Garratt Skinner had continually harked back. The Aiguille Verte, the Grandes Jorasses, the Charmoz, the Blaitière—yes, he had talked of them all, but ever he had come back, with an eager voice and a fire in his eyes, to the ice-arête of the Brenva route. Chayne searched on through the pages; but there was nowhere in any volume on which he laid his hands any further record of his exploits. Others who followed in his steps mentioned his name, but of the man himself there was no word more. No one had climbed with him, no one had caught a

glimpse of him above the snow-line. For five or six seasons he had flashed through the Alps. Arolla, Zermatt, the Montenvers, Saas-Fée, the Concordia hut—all had known him for five or six seasons, and then, just under twenty years ago, he had come no more.

Chayne put back the volumes in their places on the shelf, and sat down again in the arm-chair before the empty grate. It was a strange and haunting story which he was gradually piecing together in his thoughts. Men like Gabriel Strood *always* come back to the Alps. They sleep too restlessly at nights, they needs must come. And yet this man had stayed away. There must have been some great impediment. He fell into another train of thought. Sylvia was eighteen, nearly nineteen. Had Gabriel Strood married just after that last season when he climbed from the Glacier de la Brenva to the Calotte? The story was still unraveled, and while he perplexed his fancies over the unraveling, the door opened, and a tall, thin man with a pointed beard stood upon the threshold. He was a man of fifty years; his shoulders were just learning how to stoop; and his face, fine and delicate, yet lacking nothing of strength, wore an aspect of melancholy, as though he lived much alone, until he smiled. And in the smile there was much companionship and love. He smiled now as he stretched out his long, finely moulded hand.

"I am very glad to see you, Chayne," he said in a voice remarkable for its gentleness, "although in another way I am sorry. I am sorry because of course I know why you are in England and not among the Alps."

Chayne had risen from his chair, but Kenyon laid a hand upon his shoulder and forced him down again with a friendly pressure. "I read of Lattery's death. I am grieved about it—for you as much as for Lattery. I know just what that kind of loss means. It means very much," said he, letting his deep-set eyes rest with sympathy upon the face of the younger man. Kenyon put a whisky and soda by Chayne's elbow, and setting the tobacco-jar on a little table between them, sat down and lighted his pipe.

"You came back at once?" he asked.

"I crossed the Col Dolent, and went down into Italy," replied Chayne.

"Yes, yes," said Kenyon, nodding his head. "But you will go back next year or the year after?"

"Perhaps," said Chayne; and for a little while they smoked their pipes in silence. Then Chayne came to the object of his visit.

"Kenyon," he asked, "have you any photographs of the people who went climbing from twenty to twenty-five years ago? I thought perhaps you might have some groups taken in Switzerland in those days. If you have, I should like to see them."

"Yes, I think I have," said Kenyon. He went to his writing-desk, and opening a drawer, took out a number of photographs. He brought them back, and moving the green-shaded lamp so that the light fell clear and strong upon the little table, laid them down.

Chayne bent over them with a beating heart. Was his suspicion to be confirmed or disproved?

One by one he took the photographs, closely examined them, and laid them aside, while Kenyon stood upright on the other side of the table. He had turned over a dozen before he stopped. He held in his hand the picture of a Swiss hotel, with an open space before the door and mountains lifting high behind it. In the open space men were gathered. They were talking in groups: some of them leaned upon ice-axes, some carried rücksacks upon their backs, as though upon the point of starting for the hills. As he held the photograph a little nearer to the lamp, and bent his head a little lower, Kenyon made a slight, uneasy movement. But Chayne did not notice. He sat very still, with his eyes fixed upon the photograph. On the outskirts of the group stood Sylvia's father. Younger, slighter of build, with a face unlined and a boyish grace which had long since gone, but undoubtedly Sylvia's father.

The name upon the face of the hotel told Chayne clearly enough in what valley the hotel stood.

"This is Zermatt," he said, without lifting his eyes.

"Yes," replied Kenyon, quietly; "a Zermatt you are too young to know."

Then Chayne's forefinger dropped

upon the figure of Sylvia's father. "Who is this?" he asked.

Kenyon made no answer.

"It is Gabriel Strood," Chayne continued.

There was a pause, and then Kenyon confirmed the guess.

"Yes," he said, and some hint of emotion in his voice made Chayne lift his eyes. The light striking upward through the green shade gave to Kenyon's face an extraordinary pallor; but it seemed to Chayne that not all the pallor was due to the lamp.

"For six seasons," Chayne said, "Gabriel Strood came to the Alps. In his first season he made a great name."

"He was the best climber I have ever seen," replied Kenyon.

"He had a passion for the mountains; yet after six years he came back no more, he disappeared. Why?"

Kenyon stood absolutely silent, absolutely still. Perhaps the trouble deepened a little on his face; but that was all. Chayne, however, was bent upon an answer. For Sylvia's sake alone he must have it; he must know the father into whose clutches she had come.

"You know Gabriel Strood. Why?"

Kenyon leaned forward and gently took the photograph out of Chayne's hand. He mixed it with the others, not giving to it a single glance himself, and then replaced them all in the drawer from which he had taken them. He came back to the table, and at last answered Chayne:

"John Lattery was your friend. Some of the best hours of your life were passed in his company. You know that now; but you will know it still more surely when you come to my age, whatever happiness may come to you between now and then. The camp-fire, the rock-slab for your floor, and the black night about you for walls, the hours of talk, the ridge and the ice-slope, the bad times in storm and mist, the good times in the sunshine, the cold nights of hunger when you were caught by the darkness, the off-days when you lounged at your ease—you won't forget John Lattery."

Kenyon spoke very quietly, but with a conviction and, indeed, a certain solemnity which impressed his companion.

"No," said Chayne, gently, "I shall not forget John Lattery." But his question was still unanswered, and by nature he was tenacious. His eyes were still upon Kenyon's face, and he added: "What then?"

"Only this," said Kenyon: "Gabriel Strood was my John Lattery," and moving round the table, he dropped his hand upon Chayne's shoulder. "You will ask no more questions," he said with a smile.

"I beg your pardon," said Chayne.

He had his answer. He knew *now* that there was something to conceal, that there was a definite reason why Gabriel Strood disappeared.

"Good-night," he said; and, as he left the room, he saw Kenyon sink down into his arm-chair. There seemed something sad and very lonely in the attitude of the older man. Once more Michel Revailloud's warning rose up within his mind.

"When it is all over, and you go home, take care that there is a lighted lamp in the room and the room not empty. Have some one to share your memories when life is nothing but memories."

At every turn the simple philosophy of Michel Revailloud seemed to obtain an instance and a confirmation. Was that to be his own fate, too? Just for a moment he was daunted. He closed the door noiselessly, and going down the stairs, let himself out into the street. The night was clear above his head. How was it above the downs of Dorsetshire? he wondered. He walked along the street very slowly. Garratt Skinner was Gabriel Strood. There was evidently a dark reason for the metamorphosis. It remained for Chayne to discover that reason. But he did not ponder any more upon that problem to-night. He was merely thinking, as he walked along the street, that Michel Revailloud was a very wise man.

XVI

AS BETWEEN GENTLEMEN

"BETWEEN gentlemen," said Walter Hine; "yes, between gentlemen."

He was quoting from a letter which he held in his hand as he sat at the breakfast table, and in his agitation he quoted aloud.

Garratt Skinner looked up from his plate and said: "Can I help you, Wallie?"

Hine flushed red and stammered out: "No, thank you. I must run up to town this morning—that 's all."

"Sylvia will drive you in to Weymouth in the dog-cart after breakfast," said Garratt Skinner, and he made no further reference to the journey. But he glanced at the handwriting of the letter, and then with some perplexity at Walter Hine. "You will be back this evening, I suppose?"

"Rather," said Walter Hine, with a smile across the table at Sylvia; but his agitation got the better of his gallantry, and, as she drove him into Weymouth, he spoke as piteously as a child appealing for protection: "I don't want to go one little bit, Miss Sylvia; but between gentlemen! Yes, I must n't forget that. Between gentlemen!" He clung to the phrase, finding some comfort in its reiteration.

"You have given me your promise," said Sylvia: "there will be no cards, no bets."

Walter Hine laughed bitterly.

"I shan't break it; I have had my lesson. By Jove, I have!"

Walter Hine traveled to Waterloo and drove straight to the office of Mr. Jarvice.

"I owe some money," he began, blurting the words out the moment he was ushered into the inner office. Mr. Jarvice grinned.

"This interview is concluded," he said. "There 's the door."

"I owe it to a friend, Captain Barstow," Hine continued in desperation—"a thousand pounds. He has written for it. He says that debts of honor between gentlemen—" But he got no further; for Mr. Jarvice broke in upon his faltering explanations with a snarl of contempt.

"Barstow? You poor little innocent! I have something else to do with my money than to pour it into Barstow's pockets. I know the man. Send him to me to-morrow, and I 'll talk to him—as between gentlemen."

Walter Hine flushed. He had grown accustomed to deference and flatteries in the household of Garratt Skinner. The unceremonious scorn of Mr. Jarvice stung his vanity, and vanity was the one strong element of his character. He was in the mind hotly to defend Captain Barstow from Mr. Jarvice's insinuation, but he refrained.

"Then Barstow will know that I draw my allowance from you, not from my grandfather," he stammered. There was the trouble for Walter Hine: if Barstow knew, Garratt Skinner would come to know. There would be an end to the deference and the flatteries; he would no longer be able to pose as the favorite of the great millionaire Joseph Hine. He would sink in Sylvia's eyes. At the cost of any humiliation, that downfall must be avoided.

His words, however, had an immediate effect upon Mr. Jarvice, though for quite other reasons.

"Why, that 's true," said Mr. Jarvice, slowly, and in a voice suddenly grown smooth. "Yes, yes; we don't want to mix up my name in the affair at all. Sit down, Mr. Hine, and take a cigar; the box is at your elbow. Young men of spirit must have some extra license allowed to them for the sake of the promise of their riper years. I was forgetting that. No, we don't want my name to appear at all, do we?"

Publicity had no charms for Mr. Jarvice. Indeed, on more than one occasion he had found it quite a hindrance to the development of his little plans. To go his own quiet way, unheralded by the press and unacclaimed of men, that was the modest ambition of Mr. Jarvice.

"However, I don't look forward to handing over a thousand pounds to Captain Barstow," he continued softly. "No, indeed. Did you lose any of your quarter's allowance to him besides the thousand?"

Walter Hine lighted his cigar, and answered reluctantly:

"Yes."

"All of it?"

"Oh, no, no; not all of it."

Jarvice did not press for the exact amount. His mood had changed. He walked to the window and stood there, with his hands in his pockets and his back toward his visitor. Walter Hine watched his shoulders in suspense and apprehension. He would have been greatly surprised if he could have caught a glimpse at this moment of Mr. Jarvice's face. There was no longer any anger, any contempt, expressed in it at all. On the

contrary, a quiet smile of satisfaction gave to it almost a merry look. Mr. Jarvice had certain plans for Walter Hine's future,—so he phrased it, with a smile for the grim humor of the phrase,—and fate seemed to be helping toward their fulfilment.

"I can get you out of this scrape, no doubt," said Jarvice, turning back to his table. "The means I must think over; but I can do it. Only there 's a condition,—you need not be alarmed,—a little condition which a loving father might impose upon his only son," and Mr. Jarvice beamed paternally as he resumed his seat.

"What is the condition?" asked Walter Hine.

"That you travel for a year, broaden your mind by visiting the great countries and capitals of Europe, take a little trip, perhaps, into the East, and return a cultured gentleman, well equipped to occupy the high position which will be yours when your grandfather is in due time translated to a better sphere."

Mr. Jarvice leaned back in his chair, and with a confident wave of his desk-ruler had the air of producing the startling metamorphosis, like some heavy but benevolent fairy. Walter Hine, however, was not attracted by the prospect.

"But—" he began, and at once Mr. Jarvice interrupted him.

"I anticipate you," he said with a smile. "Standing at the window there, I foresaw your objection. But—it would be lonely. Quite true. Why should you be lonely? And so I am going to lay my hands on some pleasant and companionable young fellow who will go with you for his expenses. An Oxford man, eh? Fresh from alma mater, with a taste for pictures and statuettes and that sort of thing. Upon my word, I envy you, Mr. Hine. If I were young, bless me! if I would n't throw my bonnet over the mill, as, after a few weeks in la ville lumière, you will be saying, and go with you. You will taste life—yes, life."

And as he repeated the word, all the jollity died suddenly out of the face of Mr. Jarvice. He bent his eyes somberly upon his visitor, and a queer, inscrutable smile played about his lips. But Walter Hine had no eyes for Mr. Jarvice. He was nerving himself to refuse the proposal.

"I can't go," he blurted out, with the ungracious stubbornness of a weak mind which fears to be over-persuaded. Afraid lest he should consent, he refused aggressively and rudely.

Mr. Jarvice repressed an exclamation of anger. "And why?" he asked, leaning forward on his elbows and fixing his bright, sharp eyes on Walter Hine's face. Walter Hine shifted uncomfortably in his chair, but did not answer.

"And why can't you go?" Jarvice repeated.

"I can't tell you."

"Oh, surely," said Mr. Jarvice, with a scarcely perceptible sneer. "Come, now! As between gentlemen! Well?"

Walter Hine yielded to Jarvice's insistence.

"There 's a little girl," he said with a coy and odious smile.

Mr. Jarvice beat upon his desk with his fists in a savage anger. His carefully calculated plan was not to be thwarted by a little girl.

"She 's a dear," cried Walter Hine. Having made the admission, he let himself go. His vanity pricked him to lyrical flights. "She 's a dear, she 's a sob, she would never let me go; she 's my little girl."

Such was Sylvia's reward for engaging in a struggle which she loathed for the salvation of Walter Hine: she was jubilantly claimed by him as his little girl in a money-lender's office.

Mr. Jarvice swore aloud.

"Who is she?" he asked sternly.

A faint sense of shame came over Walter Hine. He dimly imagined what Sylvia would have thought and said, and what contempt her looks would have betrayed, had she heard him thus boast of her good-will.

"You are asking too much, Mr. Jarvice." he said.

"Of course I ask it as between gentlemen," said Jarvice, with an ironical politeness.

"Well, then, as between gentlemen," returned Walter Hine, seriously, "she is the daughter of a great friend of mine, Mr. Garratt Skinner. What 's the matter?" he cried. There was reason for his cry.

It had been an afternoon of surprises for Mr. Jarvice, but this simple mention

of the name of Garratt Skinner was more than a surprise. Mr. Jarvice was positively startled. He leaned back in his chair, with his mouth open and his eyes staring at Walter Hine. The high color paled in his face, and his cheeks grew mottled. It seemed that fear as well as surprise came to him with the knowledge that Garratt Skinner was a friend of Walter Hine.

"What is the matter?" repeated Hine.

"It 's nothing," replied Mr. Jarvice, hastily. "The heat, that is all." He crossed the room, and throwing up the window, leaned for a few moments upon the sill. Yet even so, when he spoke again, there was still a certain unsteadiness in his voice. "How did you come across Mr. Garratt Skinner?" he asked.

"Barstow introduced me. I made Barstow's acquaintance at the Criterion bar, and he took me to Garratt Skinner's house in Hobart Place."

"I see," said Mr. Jarvice. "It was in Garratt Skinner's house that you lost your money, I suppose."

"Yes, but he had no hand in it," exclaimed Walter Hine. "He does not know how much I lost. He would be angry if he did."

A faint smile flickered across Jarvice's face.

"Quite so," he agreed, and, under his deft cross-examination, the whole story was unfolded. The little dinner at which Sylvia made her appearance and at which Walter Hine was carefully primed with drink; the little round game of cards which Garratt Skinner was so reluctant to allow in his house on a Sunday evening and from which, being an early-riser, he retired to bed, leaving Hine in the hands of Captain Barstow and Archie Parminter; the quiet, secluded house in the country; the new gardener, who appeared for one day and shot with so surprising an accuracy, when Barstow backed him against Walter Hine, that Hine lost a thousand pounds—all the incidents were related to Mr. Jarvice in their proper succession, and he interpreted them by his own experience. Captain Barstow, who was always to the fore, counted for nothing in the story as Jarvice understood it. He was the mere creature, the servant. Garratt Skinner, who was always in the background, prepared the swindle and pocketed the profits.

"You are staying at the quiet house in Dorsetshire now, I suppose—just you and Garratt Skinner, and the pretty daughter, with occasional visits from Barstow."

"Yes," answered Hine. "Garratt Skinner does not care to see much company."

Once more the smile of amusement played upon Mr. Jarvice's face.

"No, I suppose not," he said quietly. There were certain definite reasons of which he was aware to account for Garratt Skinner's reluctance to appear in general company. He turned back from the window and returned to his table. He had taken his part. There was no longer either unsteadiness or anger in his voice.

"I quite understand your reluctance to leave your new friends," he said, with the utmost friendliness. "I recognize that the tour abroad, on which I had rather set my heart, must be abandoned. But I have no regrets; for I think it possible that the very object which I had in mind when proposing that tour may be quite as easily effected in the charming country house of Garratt Skinner."

He spoke in a quiet, matter-of-fact voice, looking benevolently at his visitor. If the words were capable of another and a more sinister meaning than that which they appeared to convey, Walter Hine did not suspect it. He took them in their obvious sense.

"Yes, I shall gain as much culture in Garratt Skinner's house as I should by seeing picture-galleries abroad," he said eagerly, and then Mr. Jarvice smiled.

"I think that very likely," he said. "Meanwhile, as to Barstow and his thousand pounds, I must think the matter over. Barstow will not press you for a day or two. Just leave me your address—the address in Dorsetshire." He dipped a pen in the ink and handed it to Hine. Hine took it and drew a sheet of paper toward him; but he did not set the pen to the paper. He looked suddenly up at Jarvice, who stood over against him at the other side of the table.

"Garratt Skinner's address?" he said, with one of his flashes of cunning.

"Yes, since you are staying there. I shall want to write to you."

Walter Hine still hesitated.

"You won't peach to Garratt Skinner about the allowance, eh?"

"My dear fellow!" said Mr. Jarvice. He was more hurt than offended. "To put it on the lowest ground, what could I gain?"

Walter Hine wrote down the address, and at once the clerk appeared at the door and handed to Jarvice a card.

"I will see him," said Jarvice, and turning to Hine, added, "Our business is over, I think."

Jarvice opened a second door, which led from the inner office straight down a little staircase into the street. "Good-by. You shall hear from me," he said, and Walter Hine went out.

Jarvice closed the door and turned back to his clerk.

"That will do," he said.

There was no client waiting at all. Mr. Jarvice had an ingenious contrivance for getting rid of his clients at the critical moment after they had come to a decision and before they had time to change their minds. By pressing a particular button in the leather covering of the right arm of his chair he moved an indicator above the desk of his clerk in the outer office. The clerk thereupon announced a visitor, and the one in occupation was bowed out by the private staircase. By this method Walter Hine had been dismissed.

Jarvice had the address of Garratt Skinner. But he sat with it in front of him upon his desk for a long time before he could bring himself to use it. All the amiability had gone from his expression now that he was alone. He was in a savage mood, and every now and then a violent gesture betrayed him. But it was with himself that he was angry. He had been a fool not to keep a closer watch on Walter Hine.

"I might have foreseen," he cried, in his exasperation. "Garratt Skinner! If I had not been an ass, I *should* have foreseen."

For Mr. Jarvice was no stranger to Walter Hine's new friend. More than one young buck fresh from the provinces, heir to the great factory or the great estate, had been steered into this inner office by the careful pilotage of Garratt Skinner. In all the army of the men who live by their wits, there was not one within Jarvice's knowledge who was so alert as Garratt Skinner to lay hands upon the new victim or so successful in lulling his suspicions. He might have foreseen that Garratt Skinner would throw his net over Walter Hine. But he had not foreseen it, and the harm was done.

Mr. Jarvice took the insurance policy from his safe and shook his head over it sadly. He had seen his way to making in his quiet fashion and at comparatively little cost, a tidy little sum of one hundred thousand pounds. Now he must take a partner, so that he might not have an enemy. Garratt Skinner, with Barstow for his jackal and the pretty daughter for his decoy, was too powerful a factor to be lightly regarded. Jarvice must share with Garratt Skinner, unless he preferred to abandon his scheme altogether; and that Mr. Jarvice would not do.

There was no other way. Jarvice knew well that he could weaken Garratt Skinner's influence over Walter Hine by revealing to the youth certain episodes in the new friend's life. He might even break the acquaintanceship altogether. But Garratt Skinner would surely discover who had been at work. And then? Why, then Mr. Jarvice would have upon his heels a shrewd and watchful enemy; and in this particular business such an enemy Mr. Jarvice could not afford to have. Jarvice was not an impressionable man, but his hands grew cold while he imagined Garratt Skinner watching the development of his little scheme, the tour abroad with the pleasant companion; the things which were to happen on the tour, —watching and waiting until the fitting moment had come, and, when all was over, stepping in and demanding the price of his silence, and holding Mr. Jarvice in the hollow of his hand for all his life. No, that would never do. Garratt Skinner must be a partner, so that he also might be an accessory.

Accordingly Jarvice wrote his letter to Garratt Skinner—a few lines urging him to come to London on most important business. Never was there a letter more innocent in its appearance than that which Jarvice wrote in his inner office on that summer afternoon. Yet even at the last he hesitated whether he should seal it up. The sun went down, shadows touched with long, cool fingers the burning streets,

shadows entered into that little inner office of Mr. Jarvice; but still he sat undecided at his desk.

The tour upon the Continent must be abandoned, and with it the journey under canvas to the near East—a scheme so simple, so sure, so safe. Still, Garratt Skinner might confidently be left to devise another. And he had always kept faith. To that comforting thought Mr. Jarvice clung. He sealed up his letter in the end, and stood for a moment or two, with the darkness deepening about him. Then he rang for his clerk, and bade him post it; but the voice he used was one which the clerk did not know, so that he pushed his head forward and peered through the shadows, to make sure that it was his master who spoke.

Two days afterward Garratt Skinner paid a long visit to Mr. Jarvice, and that some agreement was reached between the two men shortly became evident; for Walter Hine received a letter from Captain Barstow which greatly relieved him.

"Garratt Skinner has written to me," wrote the captain, "that he had discovered that the gardener, whom he engaged for a particular job, is notorious as a poacher and a first-class shot. Under these circumstances, my dear old fellow, the red-hot one cannot pouch your pennies. As between gentlemen, the bet must be considered o-p-h."

(To be continued)

DOORS OF DARING

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

THE mountains that enfold the vale
With walls of granite, steep and high,
Invite the fearless foot to scale
Their stairway toward the sky.

The restless, deep, dividing sea
That flows and foams from shore to shore,
Calls to its sunburned chivalry,
"Push out, set sail, explore!"

And all the bars at which we fret,
That seem to prison and control,
Are but the doors of daring, set
Ajar before the soul.

Say not, "Too poor," but freely give;
Sigh not, "Too weak," but boldly try.
You never can begin to live
Unless you dare to die.

FAIR PLAY FOR WAYWARD CHILDREN

BY ALICE KATHARINE FALLOWS

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

THE best time to handle the man is when he is a boy, is one of the working beliefs of Judge Lindsey of Denver, friend and interpreter of children, whom bad boys follow as if he were a Pied Piper of Hamelin. Understand the boy first, then give him what he lacks, is the other half of the creed on which is based the new method of treating delinquent children that is gaining ground all over the country.

New method usually implies a fault in the old, and even to the comfortable average person, with no official interest in small people who break laws, the earlier way of trying to reform them seems an anomaly. A century ago, for example, erring children were supposed to be made better by working out their time in prison side by side with the most hardened criminals. Appreciating the inevitable results of such contact, philanthropists from time to time have risen in their wrath and instituted one measure or another for giving juvenile offenders wiser treatment. More and more they have been separated from grown-up offenders, as our numerous institutions for the correction of children testify; more and more it has been the effort of reformers to give the child a fair chance. But it is only within the last few years that this effort has reached its most effective point in the establishment of a juvenile court, with its attendant probation system.

"Why is a juvenile court necessary?" the uninitiated sometimes ask. An excellent answer would have been an hour in the Essex Market Police Court one morning before the New York Juvenile Court became a reality. This court is the drag-net for the worst strata of the East Side, and the dingy room, reeking with odors, was filled with the faces one sees in nightmares. On the benches sat a frowzy, hard-featured company waiting to accuse some fellow-creature. Before the indifferent judge passed a ghastly procession of sinning humanity—a blear-eyed Irishman, with stubbled chin and bandaged head, the result of a week's spree; a sullen Italian who had ended a street fight and his opponent's life with a stealthy knife; a tattered fragment of a woman, showing bruises inflicted by a cruel spouse; a girl with glittering eyes, the traces of yesterday's powder and paint on her face, and a pathetic contradiction in the sweet curves of her mouth.

On and on went the sad line, and in a corner, watching it all with eager eyes, were two small offenders, who ought to have been in kilts making mud-pies in some nice grandmother's back garden. When it was their turn to stand before the impassive judge, both collapsed, and dug little fists into wet eyes. An accusing length of lead-pipe was laid before them, and one of them managed to gasp: "We did n't go fer to swipe it. We was only takin' it down de street to play wid it, and de cop he pinched us." Then the bullying creature who brought the charge leered at them, and asked them, with oily eloquence, if they had been "just playing" with the door-knobs that all the respectable citizens had missed from their doors the week before. The youngsters answered only with sobs. No one spoke a word in their defense, and hardly under-

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

A SCENE IN THE ESSEX MARKET POLICE COURT, NEW YORK

standing what it was all about, they were held for trial, and bundled out of the court-room into the kindlier keeping of the Gerry Society.

In sharp contrast with this was a session of the Children's Court in Chicago. There, in the large, light, airy court-room, where not a grown-up offender might enter when the juvenile court was in session, the little culprits had justice dealt out in the new way. The judge who tried all the children in the city was a specialist in his line, with a talent for knowing where punishment should fall and where it should not.

The first case involved a tousled trio of little shavers, all under twelve, an irate railroad official who had had them arrested for stealing rides on freight-cars and throwing stones at the switchman who drove them off, and the mothers of the three. The judge listened to the stories of all, and then turned to the prisoners.

"Boys," he said, "maybe you did n't know it was against the law to steal rides. It is, though, and I 'll tell you why. It is n't fair to take rides you don't pay for. That 's one reason we made the law; but there 's another. We like our little boys whole, not with one arm missing, or a leg or a head. Just as sure as you ride on those cars you 'll get hurt. Remember that. If you do it again, I 'll have to punish you, and you would n't like it, I can tell you."

He called up one of the probation officers, a kindly faced woman with bright eyes and a firm mouth. "Mrs. —— is going to help you remember," the judge went on. "Do just what she says, and mind your mother, and you 'll never have to come to court again."

The boys departed, and the judge turned to the railroad official, who had been watching these strange proceedings with open-mouthed astonishment.

"Why is n't there a fence along that railroad?" he asked abruptly.

"There was one, your Honor, but it disappeared," answered the official—"torn down for firewood."

"We 've had trouble with that place before," said the judge. "The railroad must put up a high wire fence there. Tell them it 's the order of the court. You can't expect youngsters of that age to keep off the tracks without it. It 's beyond human nature."

Next came a thick-lipped, heavy-eyed, little tough, who swaggered up beside the judge with an air of open defiance. It was his third appearance, and he felt thoroughly at home.

"John Worthy School," said the judge, scarcely looking at him.

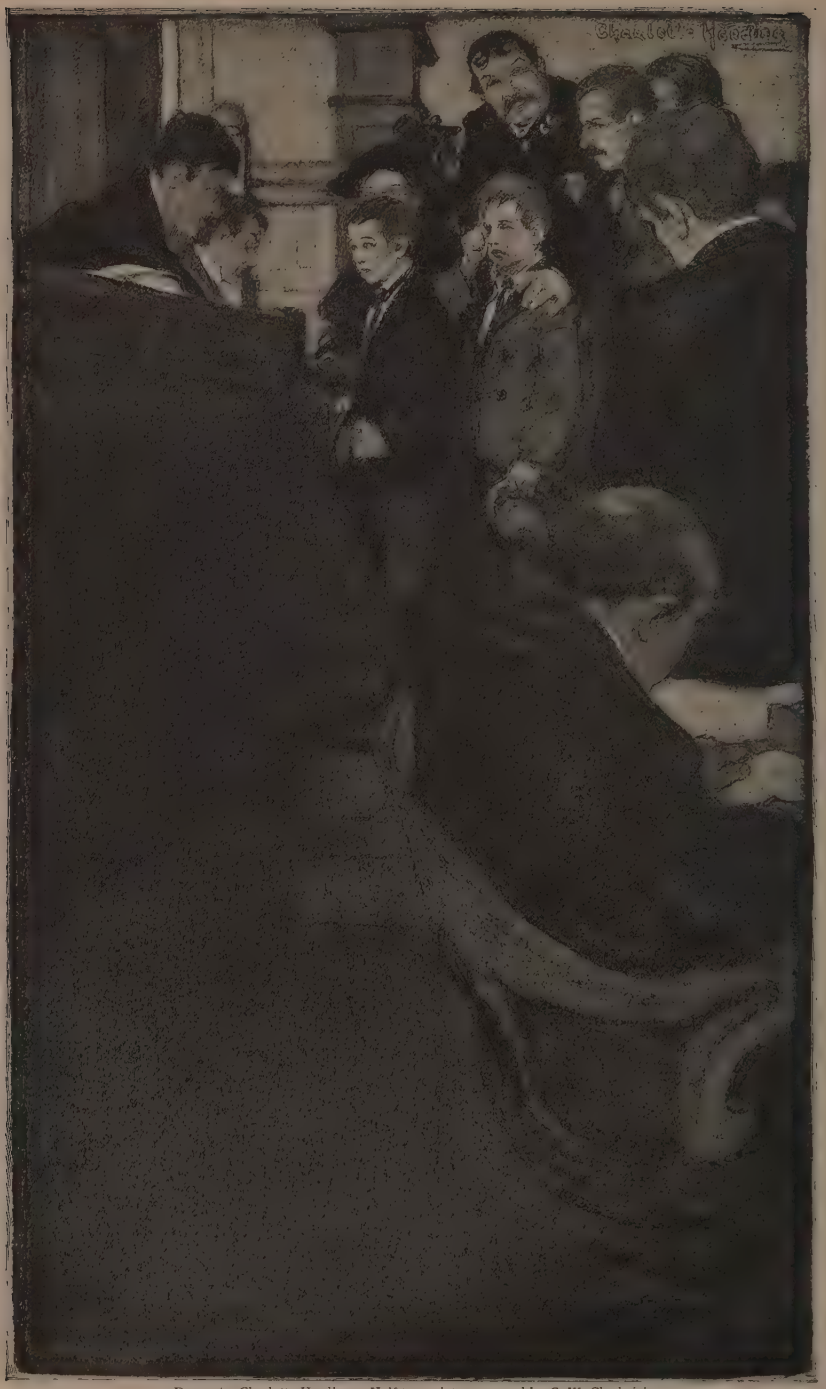
The prisoner opened his mouth, and a tremendous roar of mingled rage and surprise burst forth. It took two men to carry their biting, kicking, struggling burden out of the room.

"That boy," said the judge, as the door closed behind him, "thought the court was playing with him. He 'll learn his mistake."

In the disposal of the rest of the cases there was the same discrimination in the punishment. A neglectful mother who had let her boy go wrong through sheer laziness told his Honor, with emotion, that it was a fine boy he was, the dear angel, and every one that knew him said so. When the judge, with his usual wisdom, put the punishment where it belonged, and fined her for her son's misdoings, she turned on the boy like a fury. "You little baste," she shouted, "won't I lambaste you whin I git ye home! An' if I iver catch ye st'alin' ag'in, I 'll take the head off ye."

The probation law that makes this discrimination possible is a kind of earthly providence for the small boy. His past rises up to bless him or to condemn him. For the judge takes the report of the probation officer, who has seen the boy's teacher, visited his home, talked with his neighbors about him and with the boys he knows. If he is a steady boy, gone wrong accidentally, who usually stays home nights, minds his mother, and does not play craps, he has different treatment from the so-called vicious boy, whom heredity and environment perhaps, have made a moral cripple.

Under the old system, the boys were lumped together and judged by their misdeed rather than by its motive. The judge knew nothing about his prisoner, and, conscientious as he might have been, he had to run the chance of a misfit punishment. If he dreaded the influence of a reform school, he could send the boy out under suspended sentence. But with



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE NEW BOYS' COURT, NEW YORK

no one to direct the liberty already misused, reform was scarcely probable.

Under the probation law the boy is judged rather than his fault. His Honor for the moment is not an arbitrary dispenser of justice, but a court father who, knowing what manner of boy he is dealing with, advises, warns, and punishes as a parent might. The probation law is the agent of fair play. The tendency of progressive reformers is to treat the delinquent child as a child, and not as a morally responsible miniature adult. Dependent children who are also under the jurisdiction of the juvenile court are treated as wards of the State, and disposed of accordingly. But the delinquent child, who is, perhaps, no less the victim of circumstances, until recently has had to be condemned before he could be corrected. Under the probation law, it is possible to set a bad boy in the way he should go without putting any stigma upon him at all.

"'WON'T I LAMBASTE YE WHIN I GIT YE HOME'"

In the development of a child it is the motive that counts, and not the action. It is the cause behind the misdeed, rather than the misdeed itself, which the judge, through the probation system, is able to deal with. The boy who merely wants to play, and has no chance, may steal some sand to play with. His obvious need is not imprisonment, but a lawful way of using his animal spirits, and a little tutoring in property rights. Sometimes the environment is at fault, sometimes the boy. The correction in each case must be a different one. This the probation law, with its process of moral sifting, makes possible. When a boy is put on parole, he is under the supervision of the "lady," or the man, as the case may be, "what tells you when you 're good and bad," as one small culprit defined a probation officer. Very often the supervision, which extends to the parents as well as to the boy, is all that is necessary to keep a child straight in his own home surroundings, and he is saved the reform school, which must be unnatural at best. If the supervision is not enough, the probation officer is in a position to see where the fault lies, and to suggest the best remedy for saving the child.

The juvenile court movement has grown with great rapidity in the few years since its birth, and already twenty States have separate courts for children. How much these courts have done to better human lives cannot be set down as statistics, but even in dollars and cents States are finding it cheaper to "make men than to support criminals." In four years the children's court in Denver alone has saved the State of Colorado something over $270,000.

The methods of administration in each court are somewhat different, according to the needs of the different cities and the number of measures that can be put through a particular State legislature. For the children, unfortunately, sometimes have long to suffer before politicians and law-makers come to their rescue. Boston really blazed the way for the juvenile court, and for a number of years has had separate trials for children, though no special children's judge until this year. Chicago was one of the first of the cities to adopt the juvenile court in its most complete form, with separate sessions, one judge, and an organized probation system. A new building, containing rooms for the juvenile court, a detention-home department, and various other desirable features to keep children away from grown-up offenders before, during, and after their trials, will soon be ready for

Drawn by Charlotte Harding

"BEGINS TO SELL OFF HIS POSSESSIONS"

use. The children of Chicago's tempestuous, polyglot, foreign population make difficult material, and no city, perhaps, stands in greater need of the enthusiasm and skill with which Judge Mack and his assistants, in court and out, are working on the problem of reforming them. In New York the children's court, established a few years ago, is doing good work, although not the best it might, because of the peculiar conditions existing in the city which have hindered the full application of the probation system.

Through the signal success of Judge Lindsey in making over bad boys, Denver has become conspicuous in philanthropic circles. The reform machinery there has been brought to a high degree of efficiency, and, animated as it is by the genius of the "kid judge," as he is designated by his devoted adherents, it affords the best possible illustration of the efficacy of the new methods. The authority of the court is not limited to the boy himself. Colorado laws make it possible to send parents to jail for neglecting the support or morals of their children. What is entirely new, citizens may be sent to jail for setting a bad example to boys. The Illinois law also provides that parents may be fined; but, as the case must be carried to another court, the Chicago Juvenile Court cannot make it a very effective weapon. In Denver, on the contrary, the laws fixing the responsibility of parents—the Adult Delinquent Law and the Child Labor Law—are enforced in one court by one set of officers. The court, the board of education, and the schools, all work together, and if a probationer is not at his desk when nine o'clock strikes, the court knows it within fifteen minutes, and finds out the reason. Business men also

"THE WIT OF THE REPUBLIC"

coöperate in the work by giving places to probationers and keeping watch over them. In all these ways the boys of Denver are having an opportunity to learn what Judge Lindsey most wishes to teach them—that the forces of law and order are working with them, and not against them.

The juvenile court and the probation system are saving many boys from exposure to the moral contagion which is one of the great dangers of a reform school. It is the risk of this that makes a judge keep a boy out of an institution until the last moment. But institutions where bad children must be handled in the mass are inevitable. The placing-out system, farm schools, and all the more natural methods, provide for comparatively few, and the State must deal with the residue in its institutions. Even with their necessary faults, they are doing an immense amount of good. Into them, too, are creeping gradually new ideas about wayward children, and methods are changing to meet the changing conditions. In Pontiac, the State reformatory of Illinois, self-government is being tried successfully among the younger children, and in other institutions, also, the conviction that responsibility and coöperation are the best reformers is bringing excellent results.

"HELLO, DADDY!" (A GREETING TO MR. GEORGE)

In the general movement to secure fair play for the children, aside from the means used by the State, the George Junior Republic, founded about a dozen years ago at Freeville, New York, by Mr. William George, is an important factor. It is a government of the citizens and by the citizens, and the citizens are all pilgrims on the road to reform. When a young tough, accustomed to reform schools, is dropped into the republic, he undoubtedly has the surprise of his life. His universe turns upside down, and everything proceeds by the law of opposites. No clanging of a huge iron door shuts off the world. Around the simple republic buildings, on the top of a country hill, there is not even a fence.

His boy guide informs him that the State will support him the first week. "After dat, it 's woik," he adds. "No pay, no grub, see?"

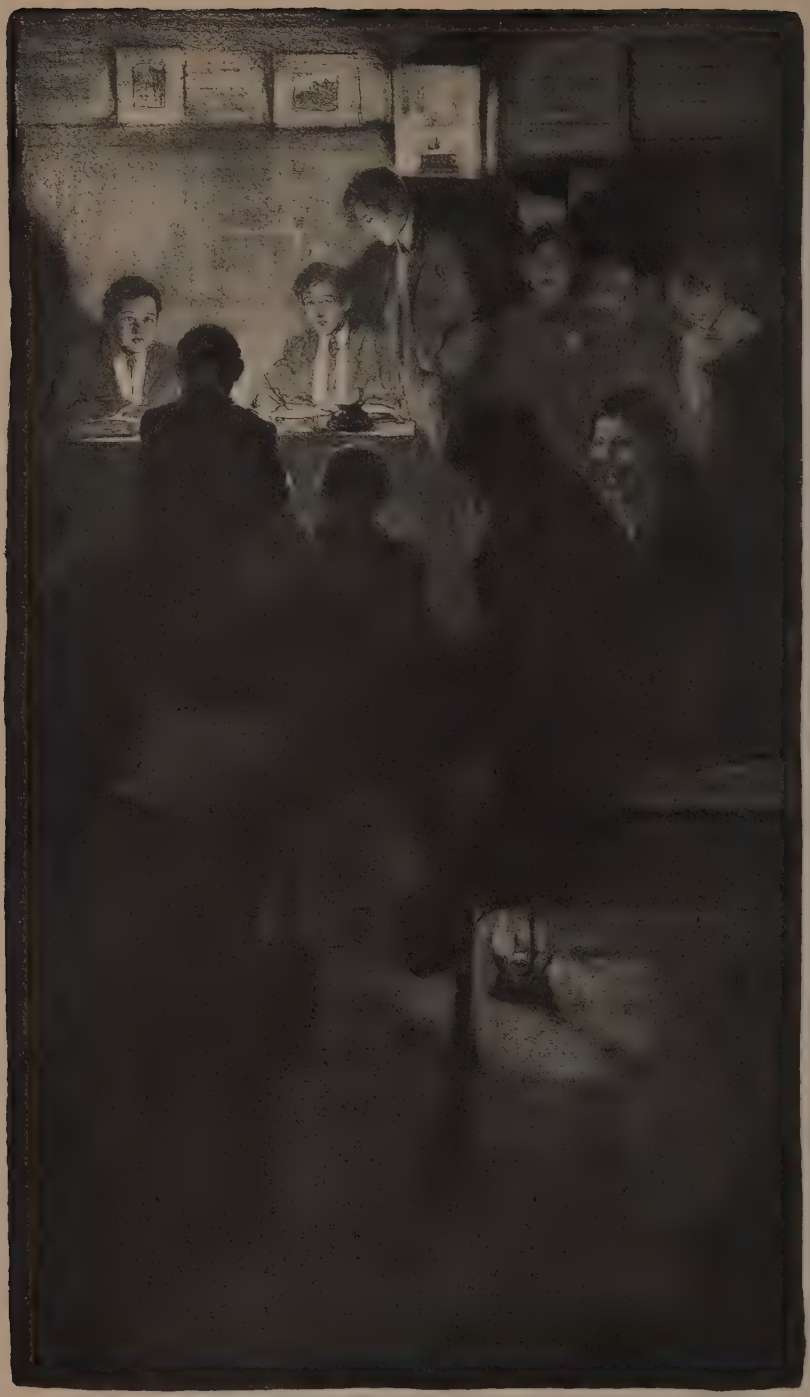
The new citizen grins, and thinks in his own vernacular, "Wot a cinch!"

For seven days he loafs. Then on Saturday morning he goes to the bank "wid de push" who have wages due them in the special republic currency.

Each boy pays in advance for lodging and board. According to his fancy or his bank account, he has a room of his own and dines at the Waldorf table, or takes a cheap bed in the "garroot," contenting himself with the second-class table, where oilcloth is substituted for a tablecloth and there is no dessert. But the new boy finds he has no money for anything. "No meals, then," says the stern banker.

The boy does not believe it, and "puts up a bluff" at dinner. His enforced exit without a bite gives him his first lesson in the law of consequences.

Rather than miss his supper, he begins to sell off his possessions—his good clothes, his neckties, and his other ornamental accessories. They are scarce in the republic and bring a good price from citizen capitalists. One sharp little colored boy, a "smoked Irishman," as the wit of the republic dubbed him, owning the only fountain-pen in the republic, sold it with apparent reluctance for ten times its value, and then confided to his chums that it was broken all the time. He came to the end of his salable articles, and was empty of pocket before he was



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"IN THE DIMLY LIGHTED SCHOOL-ROOM, ON COURT NIGHT"

ready to go to work. He had stolen in the past, and been a hero with his friends, so why not again? He tried it, and was carried off to jail by the boy "cop"—not a play jail, but a thing of bolts and barred cells in a strong basement. He was taken before a boy court and tried by his equals, and he felt the shame that had never touched him when tyrannical grown-ups were his captors. His sale of the broken pen came up against him, and he was sentenced by the solemn boy judge to go to jail for thirty days, which meant, besides confinement, doing with "de gang" the hardest work there was to do and eating prison fare.

After a while the "Smoked Irishman," like other new citizens, learned that the republic motto, "Nothing without labor," was "no dream," as he expressed it. Keeping laws, he discovered, paid better than breaking them, and in due time pleasures and privileges and offices of honor in the republic fell to his share. For it is one of the beautiful laws of this amateur republic that a citizen may live down his past.

A GUARDIAN AND HIS WARD

The community happenings of the republic, like its individual life, are constantly teaching the citizens the intimate relations of cause and effect. A while ago the boys passed an eight-hour working-day law against the wishes of the feminine voters. Quick as a flash, the girls said: "Very well, then; our day ends now. We have worked eight hours already, and not a morsel of supper will you boys get."

They sat around in their white aprons and looked superior, and the boys humbled themselves in vain. Hungry and disconsolate, they went to Mr. George and said: "Daddy, what are we going to do about it?"

With his inimitable talent for keeping his hands off at the right time, Mr. George shook his head and answered: "I really don't know. I 'm sorry, of course, but a law is a law."

In the meantime, some of the citizens had been studying up the situation, and with a whoop of delight they announced that they could hold a special town meeting and repeal the obnoxious law. It was not fifteen minutes after the bell had summoned the citizens to the schoolhouse before it was effaced from the statute-books. No amount of precept could have convinced these boys that it was better to look before they leaped as did that one supperless night which they had brought upon themselves. Nor can any sermon on thrift be as effective as a penniless boy's disappointment when the republic store has a sudden windfall of candy or other good things, and he jeers at the nabobs who buy and eat, to hide his own unsatisfied longing. More important transactions give him another motive for prudence and foresight—as when, for instance, a cottage is in the republic market for the highest boy bidders. To be in a cheery cottage, with its pleasant rooms, its hostess, and its various other privileges, is a thing to be desired, and when a boy sees the prize knocked down to the capitalists, and pictures their comforts, working and saving have a new value.

Mental near-sightedness is the cause of

so much crime that any experience which can correct it is wonderfully valuable, even if it is as painful as that of the boy who ran for president at one of the recent elections. He wanted the office with all his heart, but he lost it because, although woman's suffrage was one of the strong planks of his platform, in the campaign before, he had fought against it. The girls would not believe in his change of heart, threw their vote to the other candidate, and defeated their would-be advocate.

Indirectly the law of consequences is working itself out in all the details of republic life; but in the dimly lighted school-room, on court night, before a somber company of citizens, the culprit meets the law face to face. The boy judge dispenses justice with an impartiality and discrimination that seem incomprehensible till one remembers how well boys know one another. Punishment is put where the culprits feel it most. Paupers and tramps, whose support comes from the taxes of the citizens, get short shift. The tobacco smuggler, the runaway, and the thief have fair trials and eloquent boy lawyers; but they get their deserts, and find jail under a boy keeper who is "on to deir curves" anything but easy.

THE JAIL OF THE GEORGE REPUBLIC

Boys are harder on one another than any grown-up would dare to be, and the system might be too rigorous were it not for Mr. George's kindly spirit, which permeates the whole. He does not arbitrarily order about the boy who is working out his own salvation, but it is impossible to withstand the influence of his cheerful, buoyant optimism, and therefore the republic has its softer side. At the entertainments and the assembly ball there is social consideration. When a boy guardian of sixteen skimps himself to buy underclothes for his ward of ten; when a girl, out at the elbows, fingers a little dress in the republic store and says: "Aw, I 'll get it fer de kid. I kin wait. If I turn up the bottom, it 'll look just sweet on her," one knows that there is unselfishness at the republic. When a whole community rises up against a false newspaper report there is loyalty, and when one of the worst boys on record runs away, but afterwards returns voluntarily and takes his punishment, it seems rather a high degree of honor that the system is developing.

In the comparatively few years of its existence many boys have been made over by the republic—not mildly naughty boys, but those who formerly had made sad havoc with the decalogue. When they are allowed to remain long enough to learn their lesson, they come out not negatively good, but morally regenerated.

Nothing teaches like experience. With citizens making the laws and punishing offenders, every incident in the round of the day, with its time for work, or school, or play, becomes significant. The district-attorney discusses his last case over his shovel. The new republic tariff law,

which hits the boy who brought in apples and sold them without paying duty, engages the attention of an excited group. All the economic problems of the outer world come up in miniature at the republic. No one can afford to ignore them, for they touch him personally, his own interests and his own property rights.

Whatever the defects of the George Junior Republic, and no human republic comes perfect, the principle is founded on common sense. Republics on similar lines have been established in Illinois and near Washington. While these are very important in themselves, they are even more important as centers of influence and as demonstrations of a principle which may be applied in many different ways for the betterment of children.

Compulsory education laws, child-labor laws, juvenile courts, and junior republics, are all expressions of the same great movement to secure fair play for the children. Much has been accomplished, but it is only the foundation for far greater reforms in the future. Nothing is more constructive, more hopeful, or more permanent, than the making of good children, for the children of to-day are the nation of to-morrow.

TWO POEMS

BY MAUD SCOFIELD BEESON

IN DECEMBER

O SULLEN sky, and leafless tree,
And brown field freezing fast,
And wintry wind, you chill not me,
For I am home at last!

At last! Dear home! My heart and I
Perpetual summer know.
Blow, icy blast! Within leaps high
The fire of love's own glow.

I kneel before the grateful flame,
And, shielded, safe, and warm,
Forget the bitter way I came,
And feel no more the storm.

At home at last! At home to stay!
Oh, mercy unsurpassed!
God grant all wanderers find the way
Into their home at last!

CHRISTMAS EVE

THE clock points almost the first hour of morn;
A little, and the Christmas day is born;
Peace over all; the city's sounds are still;
A quiet Presence seems the place to fill.
Dear Christ, an unbelieving soul would pray
One prayer to thee on this Thy holy day!
Help her, thou power that makest all for good—
Help her to stainless keep her womanhood!
A gentler spirit grant, and (grace above
Desert) make her, unworthy, worth his love!

Drawn by Christine L. Bredin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'JOHN WILLIN',' SHE SAID, . . 'YOU HAD N'T OUGHT TO HAVE DONE IT'"

MIS' WILLING'S STROKE

A STORY OF CLASHING IDEALS

BY HENRY M. HYDE

Author of "The Upstart"

MISS MEHITABLE BREWSTER was "redding up" the breakfast things. Half a block away, the butcher's freckled boy Tom, perched high on the seat of his two-wheeled cart, was urging his shambling white mare through the dust of Main street with many clucks, "gidaps," and flaps of the reins.

Miss Brewster cast a sentinel eye through the kitchen window. Her glance went up the street on one side and down the other for three blocks. The little frame cottages, each in its own yard, stood silent and apparently deserted.

"Why, so 't is Wednesday, ain't it?" Miss Brewster remarked to herself.

Tom rapped at the kitchen door. "Here 's your Wednesday liver, Miss Brewster," he said.

She took the brown-paper parcel and unwrapped it, looking at the contents critically.

"Tom Hunter," she said sharply, "this don't look 't all like 't was nice, fresh calves'—"

The butcher's boy interrupted. It was plainly time for a diversion.

"Say, Miss Brewster, did you hear ol' Mis' Willing had a stroke last night?"

"Wh-a-at!"

The liver dropped forgotten on the kitchen table as both hands were raised in a gesture of alarm.

"Yes, sir; that 's what she done. An' she 's paralyzed all up and down her right side."

"I want to know!" said Miss Mehitable Brewster. She stood silent a moment, then began to take off the blue gingham apron which covered her black alpaca dress.

"Slice o' ham, to-morrow, Miss Brewster?" asked the boy; still standing in the open door.

"Thursday 's a mutton chop. Queer you don't know that yit. Are you shore about Mis' Willin'?"

"Yes 'um. Doc McNamara told paw about it this mornin'."

"Wall, now, I do want to know!" repeated Miss Brewster, nodding her head solemnly up and down.

The butcher's boy drove away, and Miss Brewster hurried her preparations for leaving the breakfast things. She put the solid silver into a yellow bowl of hot water, and covered the little pile of unwashed dishes with a clean towel. Then she hung the blue apron on its nail behind the pantry door, and went into the bedroom which opened off the kitchen. Standing before the old black-walnut bureau, she patted into shape the two white curls which hung in front of each ear, and took her long, snowy kerchief out of the green pasteboard box which stood on the top shelf in the closet. All the time she was talking to herself.

"Pore Sally Willin'!" she said. "Ef 't ain't jest like her to go and git a stroke. Wall, she 's been so near helpless all her life I don't know 's it 'll make much difference."

She pinned the spotless kerchief under her sharp chin, took a wickerwork satchel from its hook in the closet, and stepped out the front door, locking it behind her. Two blocks down Main street she stopped

suddenly and turned back toward the house.

"Wall, I declare," she said, "ef I did n't forgit to put out the cat!"

Deborah, the tortoise-shell tabby, was found perched on the kitchen table, busily engaged in devouring Wednesday's liver.

"Scat out of this!" cried Miss Brewster, as she sternly drove Deborah into the back yard. "It 's a Bible blessin' I come back when I did."

She locked the kitchen door again, then turned and stood for a moment.

"Ten years yesterday sence John Willin' died," she said to herself. There was a moment's further silence; then she walked quickly into the bedroom and went down on her knees before the bureau. At the bottom was a concealed drawer. She pulled it open and took out a little box, covered with faded blue satin. On its top a pink sea-shell was glued. She untied the ribbons which fastened the lid of the box, lifted it, and took in her hand a little, flat package wrapped in tissue-paper. Within the paper was a framed daguerreotype, showing the bearded face of a young soldier in a blue uniform. Miss Brewster looked around her guiltily, then bent over and kissed the picture. She laid it on the floor beside her, and took from the box a companion package. She unwrapped the paper, and the smiling face of a young girl looked out at her, the dark hair covered with a net, the big eyes shining with happiness. She glanced back and forth from it to her own reflection in the bureau looking-glass. Then she shook her head sadly.

"John Willin'," she said, addressing the daguerreotype on the floor, "you had n't ought to have done it."

An instant later she started up as if surprised in the commission of a crime.

"Mercy to goodness!" she said. "Me a-settin' here, and pore Sarah Willin' in bed with a stroke!"

The pictures were hastily re-wrapped and put away, and Miss Brewster presently sallied forth again, an added touch of aggressiveness in her air.

Mis' Miller, wife of the druggist, who lived on the corner, was looking out of the dining-room window.

"Wonder who 's sick?" she turned to ask her husband. "There goes Mattie Brewster with her satchel." Without waiting for an answer, she hurried out the front door and down the walk to the white picket fence.

"Oh, Miss Brewster," she called, "who is it 's sick?"

"Sarah Willin' 's had a stroke. Her whole right side 's paralyzed."

"Do tell! Wall, 't won't be 's hard on her as 't would on some people. She ain't done much but lay abed for the last ten years, anyhow. They say she don't get up more 'n half the time before eight o'clock."

"Gives her all the more time to attend to her own business, Mis' Miller," said Mattie Brewster, sharply. "What 's more, I hain't got time to stand here findin' fault with people. I 'm goin' on down to do for her."

Mis' Miller went back into the house and told the news to her husband.

"An' Mattie Brewster 's goin' on down now to take care of her," she added. "'T ain't natural, neither. I tell you, I would n't make so much fuss over a woman that stole my man away from me."

"I tell ye, Mattie Brewster 's putty nigh a saint on earth," said old man Miller, stubbornly, biting his gray mustache.

"Saint! Fool more near! When John Willin' brung back that little, silly, yellow-haired, good-for-nothing critter from the war with him, what 'd Mattie Brewster do? D' she ever let on that she was promised to John Willin' herself? Huh!"

"Now, Mary," returned the old man, "you give me another cup, and let 's stop talkin' about it. It 's time I opened up."

"Wall," said Mis' Miller, by way of having the last word, "John and Sarah Willin' was the most shif'less, helpless couple we ever had in Libertyville, thank goodness for that! If it had n't 'a' been for Mattie Brewster, they 'd never got along at all."

"Mattie Brewster 's a saint on earth, I tell ye, Mary."

"Too bad you did n't git her, then, 'stead of me," cried Mis' Miller after her husband as he went out of the front door. The old man did not reply. He reached the street just in time to see Mattie Brewster turning into the Willing gate, three blocks away.

Miss Brewster rapped on the door, then went in without waiting for an answer. Two neighbors, in shapeless calico wrappers, were sitting on rickety chairs in the front room, idly folding their incompetent hands.

"Mornin', Miss Brewster," they said in chorus, the tone showing mingled respect and fearful anticipation.

"Mornin'. Where 's Sarah?"

Miss Brewster pushed aside the soiled and bedraggled chenille draperies which cut off the little bedroom to the right, and stepped in.

"Wall, you pore thing," she said in a softer tone, stroking the forehead of the helpless woman on the bed. "Sarah, I 've come to do for you; an' you ain't to worry a bit."

The restless blue eyes of the sick woman looked at her half-resentfully.

"You need n't bother none about me, Mattie Brewster," she said, "I 'm not needin' none of your assistance."

"There, there," said Miss Brewster, "you lie right still, Sally, while I red up a bit."

The two women in calico had risen to their feet, and were looking into the sick-room, apprehension in their eyes.

"Jane Carter, you go git the broom," Miss Brewster ordered; "and, Hattie, you fetch a bucket of water and the scrubbin' brush. I got the soap here in my bag."

"Jane Carter," sounded the querulous voice from the sick-room, "don't you move hand or foot to help her."

"Jane," said Miss Brewster, ignoring the interruption, "before you git the broom, throw this mess of asparagus bushes out in the back yard. We 'll do the parlor first."

"I warn you both to leave me an' my belongin's alone," cried old Mis' Willin' from the bed.

The two fat women in the front room glanced helplessly from the thin, stern face of Miss Mehitable Brewster to the prostrate figure on the bed. Then they looked at each other. The situation was too much for them. They were not made for great emergencies. With a common impulse of cowardice they scuttled out of the open front door, terrified by what they recognized as a conflict between an irresistible force and an immovable body.

"It 's jest as well," said Miss Brewster to herself. "They 'd be small help, anyhow." Then she turned to the bed.

"Sarah," she said firmly, "I can't see you lying there helpless in a house that 's littered up like a pig-pen with trash. I speak frank, Sarah. You ought to be ashamed to have doctors and things comin' in to see it. What 's more, you ain't goin' to git well unless you let in the sunshine an' fresh air. This house has been on my mind for ten years, Sarah, and I 've come down now to do my duty. It 's hard for me, and mebbe it ain't pleasant for you; but that 's no reason why I should n't do it."

"Wall, it 's a shame you can't let me alone with my stroke, Mattie Brewster," half-sobbed the woman on the bed.

Without answering, Miss Brewster went on with her work. She threw out into the back yard huge, withered bunches of sumac-blooms, great clumps of dried, brown autumn leaves, and tall stalks of decrepit cat-tails.

"Some of them bunches of autumn leaves has been up twenty years," cried Mis' Willing. "I won't have 'em teched, I tell ye."

Silently, the lust for "redding-up" hot upon her, Miss Mehitable Brewster kept at her work. She dug out the asparagus which filled the broken grate, and carried away a dish-pan full of colored pebbles which had been piled up below it. Then she rose to her feet and glanced aggressively at the window-curtains.

"Don't you lay hands on them lace curtains, Mattie Brewster!" sounded the shrill voice from the bed. "They won't stand washing."

"They don't look as if you ever give 'em the chance," was the answer; and the precious curtains came down in a heap on the floor. "Have they been washed in ten years, Sarah? Have they, now?"

Each curtain had been looped up with a bow of ribbon, originally of some light and dainty shade, now, alas! brown and discolored with age and dust. Miss Brewster relentlessly removed the ribbons, and threw them into the ash-barrel.

"There," she said, when she had returned to the bedroom, "I 've put that

temptation out of your way, Sarah. If a perfessin' woman must use gaudy ribbons on her windy-curtains, they ought to be clean ribbons. Dirty pink ribbons is scandalous, Sarah Willin'."

Miss Brewster put the lace curtains to soak in a tub of boiling water; then she got down on her knees and attacked the carpet.

"Mehitable," cried the voice from the bedroom, now changed to a pleading tone, "please leave that carpet alone! It 's a body brussel I bought at old Miss Jenkins' sale, and it 's been down twelve years. It 's gettin' thin an' wore, Mattie, and 't won't stand no hard beatin'. Please leave it alone, Mehitable!"

"Body brussel or ingrain, Sarah Willin'," answered Miss Brewster, firmly, from the floor, "this carpet has got to come up. Ef it 's been down twelve year, it certainly needs a good beatin', and this floor has got to be scrubbed. There ain't no use in talkin' about it. Now, I 'm agoin' to shet your bedroom door. It 's a shame for you to lie there a-worritin' yourself watchin' me. You can trust me to treat your things as if they was my own, Sarah."

The furniture, the pictures, and all the manifold "ornamints" of Mis' Willing's parlor followed the carpet and the lace curtains out into the sunshiny back yard. Then Miss Brewster got down on her knees and started to scrub the floor. Through the closed door Mrs. Willing heard the sudsy water splashing on the bare boards.

"You 'll make this house so damp I 'll have the rheumatiz," she called. "You 'll be the death of me, Mattie Brewster."

But Miss Brewster was too busy for argument. The floor thoroughly scrubbed, she threw open the doors and windows to air the room. Mrs. Willing, from her bed looked out on a scene of spotless desolation.

"What on earth have you done with the stuffed parrot?" she cried. "And the waxwork wreath? Have you thrown them away, Mattie Brewster?"

"They 're gettin' what they 've needed for ten years—a good sunnin' and airin'."

"But the sun 'll melt them wax berries. I hain't let no sun strike 'em all the years they 've been hangin' on my wall."

"If good, clean sun 'll hurt 'em, they ought to be hurt."

While the parlor was drying, Miss Brewster turned her attention to the kitchen. One end of the little room was almost filled by a stove. In the other was piled a collection of pasteboard boxes of all shapes and sizes. Miss Brewster began by lifting box after box, taking off the covers and dumping the contents in a pile on the floor. Fire flashed from the eyes of the helpless woman on the bed as she watched this sacrilege.

"All my private papers an' my wardrobe is in them boxes, Mattie Brewster," she called shrilly. "You stop pawin' 'em over, or I 'll call the town marshal."

"Ca'm yourself, Sarah," was Miss Brewster's rejoinder; "an' stop wastin' breath tryin' to frighten me. If this mess of trash ain't cleaned up before you git up from your stroke, you know it never will be."

As box after box was emptied, and the pitiful secrets of her shiftless housekeeping were revealed, Mrs. Willing watched, fascinated, mingled shame and indignation in her face.

Miss Brewster emptied a lot of corncobs out of a large, green bandbox.

"Is them cobs a part of your private papers, Sarah, or do they belong to your wardrobe?" she asked, scornfully. "Why don't you keep your cobs in a kindlin' box like other people?"

It was a curious lot of odds and ends which lay on the floor when Miss Brewster had finished emptying the boxes. There were half-used bits of soap, innumerable scraps of colored silks, dingy ends of ostrich feathers, and half a pint of dried apples, turned almost black, and as hard as pebbles. Finally, in one end of a white stocking, she found a hard knot of coin.

"Them 's my savin's, Mehitable Brewster," cried Mrs. Willing, when she saw that her treasure had been discovered, "an' if you tech it, I 'll convict you as a thief."

"Sarah," was the answer, "you are bed-rid, and not able to do for yourself. You are distracted in your mind, or you would n't call me ha'sh names. With your pension an' your income from the pasture lot, you 've no call to worrit

yourself about money matters. I 'm goin' to take some of this money and buy you a nice, clean, white spread for your bed. That dirty lace contraption is a disgrace. Now I 've got everything cleaned up, I 'll go right along and ask Jane Carter to come in an' set till I get back from the store."

Fifteen minutes later, when Miss Mehitable Brewster turned into the Willing gate with a big bundle under her arm, "Doc" McNamara hastily opened the front door and came down the walk to meet her. Miss Brewster stopped suddenly, apprehension in her face.

"What 's the matter, doctor?" she asked. "Sarah ain't wuss?"

The doctor painfully suppressed a smile.

"Worse? You 're a heap better doctor than I am, Miss Brewster. You 've cured Mrs. Willing of her stroke in no time. She 's up and dressed this minute and a-rip-snortin' around what 's left of the house like a team of mules."

Miss Brewster started to go toward the open front door.

"No, I don't believe I 'd go in just now," the doctor went on. "I 'll take the bundle for you. The treatment seems to be complete just as it is."

THE CHARM INVINCIBLE

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

UPHOLD me on the danger-crest of life,
O Mother City! Clasp me in thine arms;
Enthral me with thy wild, compelling charms;
Sting me with rapture, buffet me with strife.

Lure and repel me; snatch my heart to thee;
Fling me the challenge of thy restless eyes;
Now let me hate thee—then, with swift surprise,
Love thee again, and nevermore be free!

Through the pure quiet of the great, still nights,
Thy life breaks out,—thy harsh reverberant songs,
The pulsing cadence of thy tramping throngs;
The opulent glitter of thy myriad lights.

My heart is lifted on thy buoyant tides,
Thrilled by thy cries of revelry and woe.
The far hills call me, but I may not go;
The woods invite me,—but thy spell abides.

So let me know thy blessing and thy ban,
And find my soul reflected in thy face.
For all the secret of thy passionate grace
Is but the magic of the heart of man.

THE DEATH OF EVE

BY WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

I

AT dawn they came to the stream Hiddekel,
Old Eve and her red first-born, who was now
Grayer than she, and bowed with more than years.
Then Cain beneath his level palm looked hard
Across the desert, and turned with outspread hand
As one who says, "Thou seeest; we are fooled."
But Eve, with clutching fingers on his arm,
And pointing eastward where the risen sun
Made a low mist of light, said, "It is there!"

II

For, many, many months, in the great tent
Of Enoch, Eve had pined, and dared not tell
Her longing: not to Irad, Enoch's son,
Masterful like his father, who had held
Harsh rule, and named the tent-place with his name;
Not to mild Seth, given her in Abel's stead;
Not unto angry Lamech, nor his wives,
Usurpers of her honor in the house;
Not to young Jubal, songs-man of the tribe,
Who touched his harp at twilight by her door;
And not to bed-rid Adam, most of all
Not unto Adam. Yet at last, the spring
Being at end, and evening with warm stars
Falling upon them by the camel kraal,
Weary with long desire she spoke to Seth,
Touching her meaning faintly and far-off
To try him. With still scrutiny awhile
He looked at her; then, lifting doubtful hands
Of prayer, he led her homeward to the tent,
With tremulous speech of small and week-day things.

R. WEIR CROUCH

"IT IS THERE!"

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

Next, as she lay by Adam before dawn,
His big and wasted hand groping for hers
Suddenly made her half-awakened heart
Break back and back across the shadowy years
To Eden, and God calling in the dew,
And all that song of Paradise foredone
Which Jubal made in secret, fearing her
The storied mother; but in secret, too,
Herself had listened, while the maids at toil
Or by the well at evening sang of her
Untruthful things, which, when she once had heard,
Seemed truthful. Now, bowed upon Adam's breast,
In the deep hush that comes before the dawn,
She whispered hints and fragments of her will;
And when the shaggy forehead made no sign,
And the blind face searched still as quietly
In the tent-roof for what, these many months,
It seemed to seek for there, she held him close
And poured her whole wild meaning in his ear.
But as a man upon his death-bed dreams
That he should know a matter, and knows it not,
Nor who they are who fain would have him know,
He turned to hers his dim, disastrous eyes,
Wherein the knowledge of her and the long love
Glimmered through veil on veil of vacancy.
That evening little Jubal, coming home
Singing behind his flock, saw ancient Eve
Crouched by the ruined altar in the glade,
The accursed place, sown deep each early spring
With stones and salt—the Valley of the Blood;
And that same night Eve fled under the stars
Eastward to Nod, the land of violence,
To Cain, and the strong city he had built
Against all men who hunted for his soul.

III

She gave her message darkly in the gates,
And waited trembling. At day-fall he came.
She knew him not beneath his whitened hair;
But when at length she knew him, and was known,
The whitened hair, the bent and listening frame,
The savage misery of the sidelong eyes,
Fell on her heart with strangling. So it was
That now for many days she held her peace,

Abiding with him till he seemed again
The babe she bare first in the wilderness,
Her maiden fruits to Adam, the new joy
The desert bloomed with, which the desert stars
Whispered concerning. Yet she held her peace,
Until he seemed a young man in the house,
A gold frontlet of pride and a green cedar;
Then, leading him apart, Eve told her wish,
Not faltering now nor uttering it far-off,
But as a sovereign mother to her son
Speaks simple destiny. He looked at her
Dimly, as if he saw her not; then stooped,
Sharpening his brows upon her. With a cry
She laid fierce, shaken hands about his breast,
Drew down his neck, and harshly from his brow
Pushing the head-band and the matted locks,
Baring the livid flesh with violence,
She kissed him on the Sign. Cain bowed his head
Upon her shoulder, saying, "I will go!"

IV

Now they had come to the stream Hiddekel,
And passed beyond the stream. There, full in face,
Where the low morning made a mist of light,
The Garden and its gates lay like a flower
Afloat on the still waters of the dawn.
The clicking leap of bright-mailed grasshoppers,
The dropping of sage-beetles from their perch
On the gnawed cactus, even the pulsing drum
Of blood-beats in their ears, merged suddenly
Into ethereal hush. Then Cain made halt,
Held her, and muttered, "'T is enough. Thou sawest!
His Angel stood and threatened in the sun!"
And Eve said: "Yea, and though the day were set
With sworded angels, thou would'st wait for me
Yonder, before the gates; which, look you, child,
Lie open to me as the gates to him,
Thy father, when he entered in his rage,
Calling thee from the dark, where of old days
I kept thee folded, hidden, till he called."
So gray Cain by the unguarded portal sat,
His arms crossed o'er his forehead, and his face
Hid in his meager knees; but ancient Eve
Passed on into the vales of Paradise.

R. WEIR CROUCH

V

Trancèd in lonely radiance stood the Tree,
As Eve put back the glimmering ferns and vines
And crept into the place. Awhile she stooped,
And as a wild thing by the drinking-pool
Peers ere it drinks, she peered. Then, laughing low,
Her frame of grief and body of her years
She lifted proudly to its virgin height,
Flung her lean arms into the pouring day,
And circling with slow paces round the Tree,
She sang her stifled meaning out to God.

EVE'S SONG.

Behold, against thy will, against thy word,
Against the wrath and warning of thy sword,
Eve has been Eve, O Lord!
A pitcher filled, she comes back from the brook,
A wain she comes, laden with mellow ears;
She is a roll inscribed, a prophet's book
Writ strong with characters.
Behold, Eve willed it so; look if it be so, look!

Early at dawn, while yet thy watchers slept,
Lightly her untamed spirit over-leapt
The walls where she was kept.
As a young comely leopardess she stood:
Her lustrous fell, her sullen grace, her fleetness,
They gave her foretaste, in thy tangled wood,
Of many a savage sweetness,
Good to fore-gloat upon; being tasted, sweet and good.

O swayer in the sunlit tops of trees,
O comer up with cloud out of the seas,
O laugher at thine ease
Over thine everlasting dream of mirth,
O lord of savage pleasures, savage pains,
Knew'st Thou not Eve, who broughtest her to birth?
Searcher of breast and reins,
Thou should'st have searched thy Woman, the seed-pod of thine earth!

Herself hath searched her softly through and through;
Singing she lifts her full soul up to view;
Lord, do Thou praise it, too!
Look, as she turns it, how it dartles free
Its gathered meanings: woman, mother, wife,
Spirit that was and is and waits to be,

R. WEIR CROUCH

Worm of the dust of life,
Child, sister—ghostly rays! What lights are these, Lord, see!

Look where Eve lifts her storied soul on high,
And turns it as a ball, she knows not why,
Save that she could not die
Till she had shown Thee all the secret sphere—
The bright rays and the dim, and these that run
Bright-darkling, making Thee to doubt and fear;—
Oh, love them every one!
Eve pardons Thee not one, not one, Lord; dost Thou hear?

Lovely to Eve was Adam's praising breath;
His face averted bitter was as death;
Abel, her son, and Seth
Lifted her heart to heaven, praising her;
Cain with a little frown darkened the stars;
And when the strings of Jubal's harp would stir,
Like honey in cool jars
The words he praised her with, like rain his praises were.

Still, still with prayer and ecstasy she strove
To be the woman they did well approve,
That, narrowed to their love,
She might have done with bitterness and blame;
But still along the yonder edge of prayer
A spirit in a fiery whirlwind came—
Eve's spirit, wild and fair—
Crying with Eve's own voice the number of her name.

Yea, turning in the whirlwind and the fire
Eve saw her own proud being all entire,
Made perfect by desire;
And from the rounded gladness of that sphere
Came bridal songs and harpings and fresh laughter;
"Glory unto the faithful!" sounded clear,
And then, a little after,
"Whoso denyeth aught, let him depart from here!"

Now therefore Eve, with mystic years o'er-scored,
Danceth and doeth pleasure to Thee, Lord,
According to the word
That Thou hast spoken to her by her dream.
Singing a song she dimly understands,
She lifts her soul to let the splendor stream.
Lord, take away thy hands!
Let this beam pierce thy heart, and this most piercing beam!

R. WEIR CROUCH

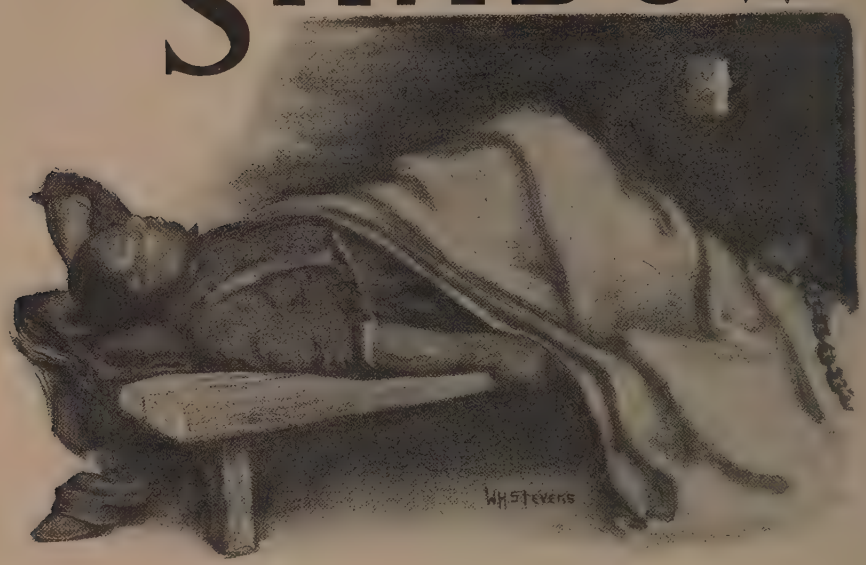
Far-off, rebelliously, yet for thy sake,
She gathered them, O Thou who lovest to break
A thousand souls, and shake
Their dust along the wind, but sleeplessly
Searchest the Bride fulfilled in limb and feature,
Ready and boon to be fulfilled of Thee,
Thine ample, tameless creature.—
Against thy will and word, behold, Lord, this is She!

VI

From carven plinth and thousand-galleried green,
Cedars, and all close boughs that over-tower,
The shadows lengthened eastward from the gates,
And still Cain hid his forehead in his knees,
Nor dared to look abroad, lest he might find
More watchers in the portals: for he heard
What seemed the rush of wings; from while to while
A pallor grew and faded in his brain,
As if a great light passed him near at hand.
But when above the darkening desert swales
The moon came, shedding white, unlikely day,
Cain rose, and with his back against the stones,
As a keen fighter at the desperate odds,
Glared round him. Cool and silent lay the night,
Empty of any foe. Then, as a man
Who has a thing to do, and makes his fear
An icy wind to freeze his purpose firm,
He stole in through the pillars of the gate,
Down aisles of shadow windowed with the moon,
By meads with the still stars communicant,
Past heaven-bosoming pool and pooled stream,
Until he saw, through tangled fern and vine,
The Tree, where God had made its habitation:
And crouched above the shape that had been Eve,
With savage, listening frame and sidelong eyes,
Cain waited for the coming of the dawn.

R. WEIR CROUCH

"SHADOW"



Drawn by W. H. Stevens. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

A CHRISTMAS STORY[1]

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

Author of "The Two Runaways," "The Funeral of Rat Brooks," etc.

A NEGRO convict, awake, lay on his back in the log barracks. Wearied forms stretched out in slumber in long lines to the right and left of him. A chain ran from his shackles, as from theirs, to a stout beam, holding him prisoner.

He was only a boy when the shackles were riveted on his ankles, his crime an error born of ignorance and the lack of moral training. Six years had passed since, dazed and terrified, he had been led from the courthouse, and at twenty he still owed the State of Alabama fourteen years of servitude. Life for him had been fierce and full of agony. Down in the black darkness of coal-mines he had labored until accident made him useless and gave him back to daylight and the great green world above. Life then settled into the dull routine of the camp and a hostler's duties, the darkness behind him a nightmare, the days of his lost freedom a dream. The freedom to come was too far away for his imagination to compass.

From the right and left of him came the deep breathing of tired men. Sleep with the convict is rest in the full and perfect significance of the word, and he plunges into it after his coarse evening meal as into a tide. That which kept the boy awake was necessarily something novel. It was not pain. Had he not felt the lash and the crush of falling coal? Nor sorrow; for behind him, among the far-away Georgian hills, was a cabin about which as a child he had played, as all children play, and the sad, undying memory of it shut out all other sorrows. Nor was it a mere yearning for freedom; that had long since given place to a dull, unlifting despair. All these—sorrow, pain,

[1] Rewritten from the author's story, "Vi et Armis."

and despair—had been the companions of his solitude in many a night of gloom, keeping watch as he slept. The strange new companion of his solitude, from whose divine presence this night all others withdrew, was Hope.

As he lay, the darkness fell away beyond the radiance of his visitor, and three faces shone out as clearly as the white cloudlets in the blue of summer skies. Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight stood by his side.

Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight! When all the branches and departments of the State government refugeed into the highlands away from the fever and beyond the vexations of quarantine, the convicts came to Wetumpka; and on days when the prison commissioner came to inspect the camp, with him were the three, each less than a dozen years of age. And Sunshine was the youngest of them all.

"Take care of them, Shadow," he said to the hostler convict; and the black boy, with the memory of his "own white folks" far away filling his heart with joy, took care of them proudly and gratefully. Six years had passed since he had looked on childhood. Take care of them? Aye, if necessary, he would lay down his life for them. Instead, he rigged up swings of plow-lines, marked off hop-scotch diagrams for their little feet, and taught them how to ride on the back of a superannuated mule. He filled their hours with excitement and pleasure, and when they wearied of exercise, lying in the shade of a great oak, he touched their hearts with the story of his misfortunes. He drew for them graphic pictures of his terrible life in the coal-mines, of the men who work where eternal darkness reigns, and the accidents in which lives go out like the light of snuffed candles. And, looking over the hills, he told, too, of that cabin where he was born; of his mammy at the wash-tub, singing hymns that linger now as the voices of dead slaves on old plantations; and of the "little miss" and her child friends who came down to the "big white house" in the summer, and thence to the gin-house to play in the heaped-up cotton. Not a line of it all was gone from his memory, not a picture was blurred.

And Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight, touched by the divine pity which is eloquent in the hearts of women old and young, looked into the sad black face of their friend.

"Good-by, Shadow," they said, when the quarantine was lifted and they had come for the last time. "Good-by. We are going to get you out by Christmas. Only you must promise to be good, always. Will you?" And Shadow, with tears on his cheek from eyes long dry, pledged himself before the good God looking down on them, his messengers, to be perfect forever and forever.

And the memory of it all filled the darkness with a flood of beauty, as though Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight were indeed by his side. Not for a moment had he doubted them. So Hope furled her wings above him on Christmas Eve, and he lay waiting with wide-opened eyes. Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight, where were they? The floor vibrated under the convict's head, a lantern flashed, and a guard stood over him. One word broke the silence—one word, his own name.

"Shadow!"

It 'was the day before Christmas, and nothing had been accomplished for Shadow. Freeing a convict was not the trivial matter imagined. The commissioner, besieged and wearied out of discretion, after many laughing refusals referred the little petitioners to the governor. They knew the governor. Almost daily they saw him pass on their block, and sometimes he laid a hand on a curly head in passing. But he never transacted business outside his office, he said; never. And always he smiled and passed along. They must come and see him, he said. But the governor was never in when they called, timidly; at least he was never in sight. Then their last day of grace arrived, and they charged Capitol Hill once more. Terrace and portico fell quickly before their assault. The historic spot where Jefferson Davis delivered his "inaugural" over the cradle of the great Confederacy, and launched the war which was to end in freedom for all the black people, was simply space to be crossed, and they crossed it. They carried their advance into the governor's room. They came without ceremony; and with the red of

their country's flag on their cheeks, its blue within their eager eyes, and within their parted lips its gleaming white, they stormed his great chair, planted their victorious arms about him, and demanded an unconditional surrender.

The governor seemed to yield. They made a transient summer in the still, cold room and awoke a youth that long had slept within his heart—a youth full of romance and of love. Romance, love—are not these born ever under the sunshine, the moonbeams, and the starlight? The governor seemed to yield; he stroked each curly head and learned each name. He remembered when their respective parents were married. He knew more about them than did the little ones themselves. Then the crash came.

"Pardon a convict? No." The man had not surrendered. The smiling face faded into a grave, cold face. The governor they knew had vanished, and a new governor, grave, courteous, and firm, but not nearly so nice, had taken his place.

But in the sunshine the ice is melted at last; and in the moonbeams and the light of the stars love finds a way. Reason was powerless, refusal impotent. The illogical trinity sat on his knees and the arms of his chair and admitted all that he urged to be true. They agreed with him in his conception of a governor's duty; they even recognized the claims of good public policy to be against them; and when he had finished they put their arms about him and asked mercy for their friend Shadow.

"It would not be so bad," said Sunshine, "if we had n't promised." And the governor laughed.

How potent is innocence, how weak at times is wisdom! Driven from his positions one by one, the beleagured governor took refuge behind the judicial ermine. Shadow had been placed in prison by the judge. The judge was really the man to be seen. It would never do for the governor arbitrarily to reverse the action of the judge. And then he sighed a great sigh of relief. Why had he not thought of that before?

"Give us a letter to the judge, then," said Sunshine, sturdily. And she handed him his pen, point reversed.

"Good!" said the governor. "Yes; he is the man you should see. Do you know the judge?"

Yes, they knew the judge. Almost daily they saw him pass on their block, and sometimes he, too, laid a hand on their heads in passing. But they had never thought of asking his help in getting Shadow out.

"If the judge says you may let him go," said Sunshine, with a tremulous little note in her voice, "will you do it?"

"Aha!" exclaimed the governor, with apparent irrelevancy. And yet it was pertinent and relevant. It meant, this little "aha" spoken to himself and the thoughts within him, that the logic of the situation had hemmed him in. He must say "Yes" or admit that he had been insincere. Then he remembered that a great murder trial was on, and approaching its close, and that even a telephone message could hardly make its way into the courthouse, so dense was the crowd.

"Yes," he answered guardedly, "if the judge says I may, I shall have to do something for Shadow. But," he added, pitying their situation, "you cannot see the judge to-day. He is engaged in trying a man for his life, and hopes to get through before Christmas."

The three answered not. Serenely they went forth. A friendly Irishman in a police uniform was at the foot of the steps dreaming day-dreams, perhaps of the "childer" at home. His smiling face was an invitation, and they asked him the way to the courthouse.

"Coourthouse?" he said. "Coourthouse? An' why should the likes of ye babies that ye arre be huntin' for-r the Coourthouse?"

"They are trying a man for his life," said Sunshine, getting her logic mixed, "and we have a message to the judge from the governor!" The Irishman glanced at the official envelope and whistled.

"An' is 't imporr'nt?" he said.

"It may get a man out of prison," said Sunshine, "if we can get there in time."

"It 's get there in time ye will," said the Irishman, "if I have to carry the last darlin' of ye in me arms an' on me head. Come along wid me!"

Every corridor, every foot of courtroom space, was occupied with excited

men, and the way was blocked. Over the murmur of their voices rang the voice of the defendant's attorney as he pleaded for his client's life. A whisper ran through the crowd. The Irishman started it. They looked with wonder on the three dainty messengers, and opened a path for them. "Message from the governor?" What could it mean? The tension was at its highest pitch. The sheriff, lifting his hand at the entrance to the bar, waited until the judge's gavel fell, and repeated the whisper aloud—"a message from the governor, your Honor!"

And up the aisle trudged the children, while a strange silence settled over the great throng; and in open contempt of court, they climbed up to the judge and presented their credentials, all talking while the bewildered official read the message. A smile dawned on his stern face which echoed in silence from the crowd, if such things can be, while he wiped his glasses.

"Suspend for five minutes," he said to the lawyer who had been speaking. The lawyer suspended willingly, and his unchanging gaze fixed on the children, kept the eyes of every juror riveted there. With the children by his side, the judge examined a record handed up by the clerk.

"And did the governor send you to me with the note?" he asked, as he turned the pages.

"Yes, sir," said Sunshine. "And he laughed too."

"Oh, he laughed, did he?" The judge laughed, too. "I see, I see." And then he read from the record, "'twenty years for robbery!' And he was a boy when it occurred!" He shook his head. "Yes, the sentence was too severe—too severe, when his youth is considered." His pen swept across the governor's note a few times, he smiled grimly, a path opened up through the throng, and Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight fading from the scene, left Justice at work in the chill and gloom. The State lost its case when the counsel for the defense resumed with the words: "Children like those, my friends, await their father's home-coming this Christmas eve."

But they knew nothing of this. Thirty minutes after leaving the governor's room they entered stormily, gleefully, and planted their victorious colors over the citadel and its vanquished custodian. He learned their story in amazement, and looked with comic gravity on their flushed faces.

"The republican form of government is a failure," he said at length. "The infantry has usurped the executive and suspended the judiciary!"

"And may we tell Shadow he is free?" asked Sunshine.

"Yes; let freedom be his Christmas present." The child's eyes swam in softer light.

"Write it down for me, please!" Again she handed him the pen, this time point foremost, the little hand trembling with excitement. And taking his pen, the chief executive wrote this, the strangest, sweetest, gentlest public document that ever issued from Alabama's Capitol:

"DEAR SUNSHINE: I have looked into the case of your friend, Shadow, from Crenshaw County, and am inclined to think that his sentence is too severe. His term is twenty years from September 23, 1893. I have about made up my mind to cut his sentence to less than one third. You can let Shadow know this, and save this letter to show, if needed. He had three mighty nice girls to beg for him, and, you see, I am giving him off more than four years for each girl.

"Your friend,

"THE GOVERNOR."

Late that night Sunshine's father succeeded in getting connection by telephone with Wetumpka, and Shadow was brought into the superintendent's office.

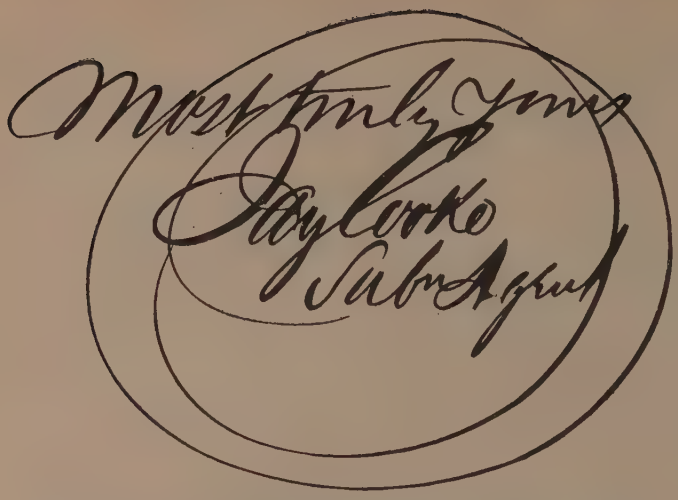
"Do you know who this is, Shadow?" The child's voice annihilated space as it had annihilated opposition.

"Mis' Sunshine!"

"Well, Shadow, the governor says you will be free in the morning, and I am so glad."

Back over the wires came a great voice shouting. It was the wordless expression of a soul whose chains had been broken asunder, and to whom the whole beautiful world came back as a Christmas gift! Was there ever such a gift! One other sound came to the listening child—the sound of a falling telephone receiver. Sunshine turned away with her eyes full of tears. The city clock rang out clearly through the night upon the first stroke of twelve. Clapping her hands, she cried aloud:

"It is Christmas! Shadow is free!"



FACSIMILE OF JAY COOKE'S SIGNATURE TO A LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

JAY COOKE, AND THE FINANCING OF THE CIVIL WAR

BY ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER

Author of "Robert Morris, Patriot and Financier," "Abraham Lincoln," etc.

WHEN the house of Jay Cooke & Company opened its doors in Philadelphia on New Year's day, 1861, under a sky overhung with the darkest of clouds, it was an event which few persons stopped to note. If any did pause to look at the new name written upon the windows in Third street, it was to wonder at the temerity of a banker who would start out on a voyage in such weather. When this house, with branches in Washington, New York, and London, and with its record for the sale of the Government's great Civil War loans and the construction of a railroad reaching almost half-way to the Pacific, finally closed its doors, twelve years later, the creaking of the hinges, like the first shot at Lexington, was heard around the world.

Jay Cooke was not at all slow to launch his firm upon its national career. His brother Henry, after finishing his college course, had gone to Chile with William G. Moorhead, when the latter received his appointment as consul to Valparaiso, and had drifted thence to California with the "forty-niners." He made a number of speculations in San Francisco, which, through fires and other causes, proved to be highly unfortunate. His return home was advisable, and with Jay's assistance he became the editor and owner of the "Register," a newspaper published in Sandusky, his native town.

HENRY COOKE'S AFFILIATIONS WITH PUBLIC MEN

THIS was John Sherman's congressional district, and, like a true Ohioan, Henry D. Cooke could not resist the alluring call to the political field. As Sherman's friend and devoted adherent, with Jay Cooke's help he transferred

his interests to the "Ohio State Journal" of Columbus, being at this post while Salmon P. Chase was governor. Here friendships were formed with the future Secretary of the Treasury; with William Dennison, who was to succeed Chase in the governor's seat and later for a time to be Lincoln's Postmaster-General; and with many others destined to come to positions of political eminence. Here, too, he was associated with William Dean Howells, who, coming to the capital of his State to seek an introduction to city journalism, soon joined the "Journal's" staff.

While this paper was incredibly unprofitable to its owners, the connection had an important bearing upon the career of the house of Jay Cooke & Company. Going to Washington to give his readers early reports of the course of affairs in the spring of 1861, Henry D. Cooke remained there almost constantly until the end of the war. Obliging to a fault, a generous host, with most attractive social qualities, a linguist who was frequently complimented by the French minister at Washington upon his perfect command of the Gallic tongue, he was one of the most popular of all the members of that large group of men who inhabited the borderland of government at Washington in and after the Civil War. With the Washington correspondents he was the prince of good fellows. His handsome home in Georgetown was the scene of innumerable luncheons, receptions, and banquets, which were attended by every one of note at the national capital, his brother's banking house providing him with a fund for entertaining. When Chase's day had passed, Henry D. Cooke was even more the intimate friend of General Grant, who made him the first Governor of the District of Columbia, in which office he began the task of Haussmannizing Washington, a work later carried forward by the man who was at the head of his board of public works, and who gained notoriety as "Boss" William R. Shepherd.

JOHN SHERMAN'S FINANCIAL BACKER

When John Sherman made his first campaign for the House of Representatives he was poor in every pecuniary sense. He still lacked the means to pay his necessary traveling expenses in 1861, when Henry D. Cooke and a few other friends brought him out as a candidate for the seat in the United States Senate which Chase had vacated to enter Lincoln's Cabinet. The Sherman men presented his case to Jay Cooke, who paid the bills that were incurred in this interesting campaign. After his election, Sherman went to Philadelphia to propose to the banker a speculation in government supplies; but Jay Cooke had fixed his eyes upon the work of the Treasury Department. This was the task of his choice; he foresaw that it would be one of great magnitude. It was an opportunity to serve his country and to engage his patriotic impulses. He avoided all speculations in cotton, provender, blankets, or live stock, firmly suppressed such a disposition in his partners, and gave his attention undividedly to the sale of government loans.

JAY COOKE'S FIRST ACHIEVEMENT WITH A WAR LOAN

Jay Cooke's first important achievement as a Civil War financier was the negotiation of a $3,000,000 six per cent. Pennsylvania State loan. The credit of that commonwealth was notoriously bad. The people still remembered Sydney Smith's tirades in his "Letters on American Debts." "How such a man [a Pennsylvanian] can set himself down at an English table without feeling that he owes two or three pounds to every man in company I am at a loss to understand," said this caustic English wit.

One of the most vigorous of the "War Governors" was Andrew G. Curtin of Pennsylvania. In the midst of the excitement of May, 1861, the legislature had hastily voted money for the State's defence, and, taking the advice of a number of bankers, it had authorized the sale of a loan at the best marketable price. Because of Pennsylvania's damaged credit, it was believed that the bonds could not be sold for more than 75 or 80 cents on the dollar.

Jay Cooke strenuously opposed this idea, and having failed to impress his views upon the legislature, boldly carried the case to William M. Meredith,

Office of JAY COOKE,

SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,

114 South Third Street,

Philadelphia, July 1, 1863.

The Secretary of the Treasury has decided to continue the sale of the 5–20 *Six per cent. Loan for a period probably not exceeding* THIRTY DAYS.

All orders sent me until further notice, will be filled on the same terms as heretofore, viz: The Bonds will be forwarded free of expense, and an allowance made of one-quarter per cent.,—for which I shall require receipts as vouchers,—one-eighth as commission, and one-eighth as compensation for advertisements and other efforts on the part of agents.

Agents and subscribers can deposit the funds in either of the Depositories of the Government—at Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, St. Paul, Chicago, or Detroit—mailing the Original Certificate to Jay Cooke & Co., Washington, and the Duplicate Certificate to myself, care of Jay Cooke & Co., Philadelphia, or they can send me Legal Tenders by express, at their own expense, or drafts on New York, Philadelphia or Boston to my order. In case deposits are made in the Depositories above named, the Certificates should read as follows:

"Deposited by———————to credit of Jay Cooke, Subscription Agent, on account of sales of Five-Twenty Bonds."

In all cases where I am notified by telegraph, the day a deposit is made, interest will commence that day. Where remittances of Drafts or Legal Tenders are made, the interest on the Bonds will commence on the day said remittances reach me.

In order to encourage the forming of National Banks, under the new law, I will make the same allowance of one-fourth per cent. to all who desire to avail themselves of the great and manifold benefits of this system of finance, and I will cheerfully furnish information and all needed documents and instructions to those contemplating establishing Banks under the new system. To such as wish to invest in the 5-20 Loan, for THIS PURPOSE, *I would recommend the Registered Loan, as it is considered preferable for banking purposes.*

I request all my agents to advertise the Loan freely in their local papers and to arrange for frequent editorial notices calling attention to it and explaining its merits to the people, and that they expend a reasonable portion of their commission in doing this. Also that they will distribute circulars and otherwise endeavor to interest all classes of society in the duty and privilege of sharing in the benefits of this Loan.

The Western States have shown thus far the most gratifying zeal in supplying the "sinews of war." Their noble outpouring of men, followed as it has been by this really wonderful subscription to the 5-20 Loan, has cheered and encouraged Secretary Chase in his vast labors, and assured him of success. Let us renew at once our exertions, and endeavor to secure subscribers in every city, town and village, and amongst all classes of the people.

Respectfully,

JAY COOKE,

SUBSCRIPTION AGENT.

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF ONE OF JAY COOKE'S CIRCULARS TO HIS AGENTS

From a photograph

"THE CEDARS," IN THE CHELTEN HILLS, JAY COOKE'S HOME UNTIL 1867

the Attorney-General of the State. He contended that if the loan were sold under par, it would be sold illegally.

"You wish the sale restricted to not less than par, do you?" said Mr. Meredith.

"I do," replied Cooke; "and I hope you will give me an opinion that will set aside this provision of the law and afford me a chance to sell this $3,000,000 loan at par, as I surely can and will."

"Well," said the Attorney-General, "come around in the morning and we will see about it."

A CONTRAST IN BANKING

MEREDITH'S investigations led him to confirm Mr. Cooke's view of the law, and Governor Curtin, on May 28, appointed Drexel & Company and Jay Cooke & Company commissioners to procure bids.

Drexel's was the older house. It had been established about the time Enoch Clark organized the firm of E. W. Clark & Company. Its founder, Francis M. Drexel, was an artist born in the Tyrolean Alps. Coming to this country, he traveled from place to place, painting portraits, in which life he could not fail to see the opportunities for profit in money-changing. Successfully buying "wild cat" bills at a discount in one town, and selling them at par when he reached the home of the issuing bank, he finally decided to open a brokerage house in Philadelphia. Although well chided by his friends for such foolishness, the wisdom of his step was soon proved. As his sons grew to manhood, he had inducted them into the business, and by this time it was largely in the control of one of them, Anthony J. Drexel. The policies of Drexel & Company and Jay Cooke & Company then, as well as always afterward, were as different as possible. The former loaned money upon unimpeachable security at the best rates of interest, while the latter exploited, promoted, and advanced whatever enterprise it undertook with the greatest enthusiasm. With the former there was the cautious pursuit of business for business' sake which had characterized the Medicis and the Rothschilds, while the Cookes brimmed over with the love of public achievement. The contrast was now seen in the management of the only undertaking with which the two houses were ever commonly identified.

Governor Curtin wished to associate the Drexel name with the State loan because that house enjoyed wide credit while Jay Cooke's was still little known, his firm having been established less than six months. The Drexels, however, did nothing at all actively to forward the work in hand, while Mr. Cooke sent agents

among the banks in all parts of the State, he himself visiting the Philadelphia bankers, and created such a furor in the newspapers and by his circulars that the loan was over-subscribed by financial institutions, insurance companies, railroad companies, and individual citizens in a fortnight. The largest subscription was that of the Pennsylvania Railroad for $300,000, the smallest that of a farmer at Gettysburg for $50. All but $1400 out of more than $3,000,000 was bid for at par, a triumph of the first magnitude for Mr. Cooke, for Pennsylvania, and for the country at large, since it early established Northern credit, and gave the world an index of the determined spirit with which the South's attempt to disrupt the Union would be resisted by the people of the North.

Mr. Cooke immediately telegraphed the news to all parts of the country, not forgetting Lincoln and Chase, Jefferson Davis (with a view to impressing him with the rashness of rebellious designs) and the unfriendly London "Times." "It is a glorious work, and I am proud of it," he wrote his brother Henry. "It is regarded as an achievement as great as, or greater than, Napoleon's crossing the Alps." Thus was recorded, amid the warm congratulations of Governor Curtin and Mr. Cooke's fellow-Pennsylvanians, his first great success as a public financier.

Meanwhile Jay Cooke was watchful of the course of events at Washington. Already, on March 1, he wrote Henry Cooke: "I see Chase is in the Treasury; and now what is to be done? Can't you sell out the paper and open a banking house in Washington, and be something respectable? . . . . How are matters? Are we to have civil war?" He urged his brother to write daily and give him a full account of all happenings past and prospective. He deplored the parsimonious and querulous treatment of moneyed interests which so early and so disastrously marked "Governor" Chase's administration of his Department, advising the Secretary "not to try too much to save the pennies, but to keep on the right side of the capitalists till he gets into smoother water."

JAY COOKE REFUSES TO BECOME AN ASSISTANT TREASURER

In the sale of some of the early emissions of the treasury notes, in April, May, and June, 1861, Mr. Cooke volunteered his services without promise or expectation of pay. His zeal in thus collecting and forwarding large sums of money to the Government won the attention of Chase, who went to President Lincoln, arranging to proffer the banker the office of Assistant Treasurer of the United States at Philadelphia. A Buchanan Democrat still occupied the place, and the Secretary of the Treasury was so unprophetic as to suppose that Jay Cooke's qualities fitted him to preside over the work of this inconspicuous bureau. The banker understood himself much better than this, and was at no time tempted to accept the post, although it was pressed upon him repeatedly for several months.

Drawn by Harry Fenn

JAY COOKE & CO.'S PHILADELPHIA HOUSE IN THIRD STREET. THE GIRARD BANK ON THE LEFT

JAY COOKE MEETS THE CRISIS

THE fiber of which Cooke was composed was soon tried again. The news of the Union rout at Bull Run stirred him as the first shot of the Revolution aroused Israel Putnam while he was at the plow. "Old Put" saddled his horse and rode off to the war; Jay Cooke dropped all other occupations and visited his fellow-bankers and brokers. Without authorization from Chase or any one else, he drew up a paper, dated Philadelphia, July 22, 1861, 11½ A. M., and set out upon a tour of the banking district, securing pledges of nearly two millions of dollars to be advanced to Secretary Chase for a period of sixty days, at six per cent. interest, intimating that the sum might be returned in the recently authorized seven-thirty treasury notes. The suggestion led to the negotiation of the first great war loan. If Philadelphia could do this with a banking capital of $11,000,000, Mr. Cooke argued, might not as much proportionately be expected

From a photograph by Wenderoth & Taylor

JAY COOKE IN THE WAR PERIOD

of New York and Boston, with a capital of $66,000,000 and $30,000,000 respectively. In the arrangement of this loan with the "Associated Banks" of the three Eastern cities, Jay Cooke was closely consulted by Mr. Chase, and there was thus begun a friendship which knew no interruption, despite the Secretary's Spartan conception of his duty, whereby he would have estranged a less warm admirer, and his determination in 1868 to take the nomination for the Presidency at the hands of the Democratic party, an act cordially disapproved by the financier.

From a photograph by Touranchet & Neubauer, taken in 1871

WILLIAM G. MOORHEAD, ONE OF JAY COOKE'S PARTNERS

In August, 1861, Jay Cooke accompanied Secretary Chase to New York, where they met John J. Cisco, the Assistant Treasurer in that city, holding over from the Democratic administration, and also the principal bankers of a neighborhood in which foreign and selfish commercial influences were at that time so predominant as to imperil every wholesome calculation. In a few days the New York banks were induced to assist the Government, and, in conjunction with committees from Boston and Philadelphia, they agreed to advance $50,000,000 to the Secretary for his three-year notes bearing interest at $7\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. annually, in the proportion of $35,000,000 for New York, $10,000,000 for Boston, and $5,000,000 for Philadelphia. If they liked the arrangement, they would contribute $50,000,000 more in October, and make a third loan of the same amount in December.

A VIEW OF THE FIELD OF EXPENDITURE

In connection with this negotiation there was to be done much in which Cooke had a leading part. He introduced Chase to the Philadelphia bankers in the parlors of the Continental Hotel. He went to Washington and attended a banquet at Willard's in celebration of the loan, where he heard a prominent New York bank president say:

"Mr. Chase, you have now received from the Associated Banks the vast sum of $50,000,000. We all earnestly hope that this sum will be sufficient to end the war. Should it not prove enough, we wish to notify you that you cannot depend upon further aid from the Associated Banks. Husband the resources under your control, for this is all that can be expected of us."

One day while Jay Cooke was having a conference with Chase in Washington, a servant came to say that the President was in a carriage at the door with Attorney-General Bates. Chase impatiently arose to ascertain why he should be disturbed while in the midst of a financial discussion. Returning, he announced that all the members of the Cabinet were going out to Tenallytown to see McClellan drill the Pennsylvania Reserves. Chase had asked to be excused from making the journey, explaining that he was engaged with Jay Cooke. "Bring him, too," said the President, and thus the two financiers joined Lincoln and Bates for the ride to the reviewing-ground.

THE FAMOUS "SEVEN-THIRTY" NOTES

The result of Mr. Cooke's conferences with the Secretary of the Treasury was a determination to make a call upon the people, the first of the series of appeals which he successfully managed during the war. It seems to have been Chase's,

and not Cooke's, idea that the notes should bear interest at the rate of $7\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. annually, a very popular feature, since the smallest bond ($50), would yield $3.65 a year, or exactly one cent a day; a $100 bond, $7.30 a year, or two cents a day, etc.

The seven-thirty notes, the name they soon came generally to enjoy, were to be sold by the Treasury Department, through a number of designated agents, to every man, woman, and child willing to lend money to the Government, the proceeds to be used to reimburse the Associated Bankers, who, if they were repaid, might continue their advances. One hundred and forty-eight agents were appointed. Each would receive one-fifth of one per cent. for the first $100,000 returned, and one eighth upon further sales, the Secretary allowing each $150 to advertise the loan.

From a photograph by the Addis gallery, taken in 1865

HENRY COOKE (WHO REPRESENTED JAY COOKE & CO. IN WASHINGTON, AND DEALT DIRECTLY WITH CHASE)

JAY COOKE'S LIBERAL AND HEARTY METHODS

Cooke could not understand such economy. He wanted two or three hundred times as much, and not getting it, reached down into his own pockets. Over his office door he flung to the breeze a flag bearing the words "U. S. Subscription Agency for the National Loan." He hired space in the newspapers, and daily published the names of his subscribers, unless they preferred to shroud themselves and their patriotism in anonymity. Every Monday evening the bank was kept open until nine o'clock to receive the subscriptions of workingmen. The first day his sales aggregated $100,000, the second day more than $125,000. On September 13 one of Jay Cooke's press agents was able to write for the "Inquirer": "In the last six days about 800 persons have subscribed, nearly amounting in numbers to a regiment. Their charge of moneybags is quite as efficient as a charge of bayonets."

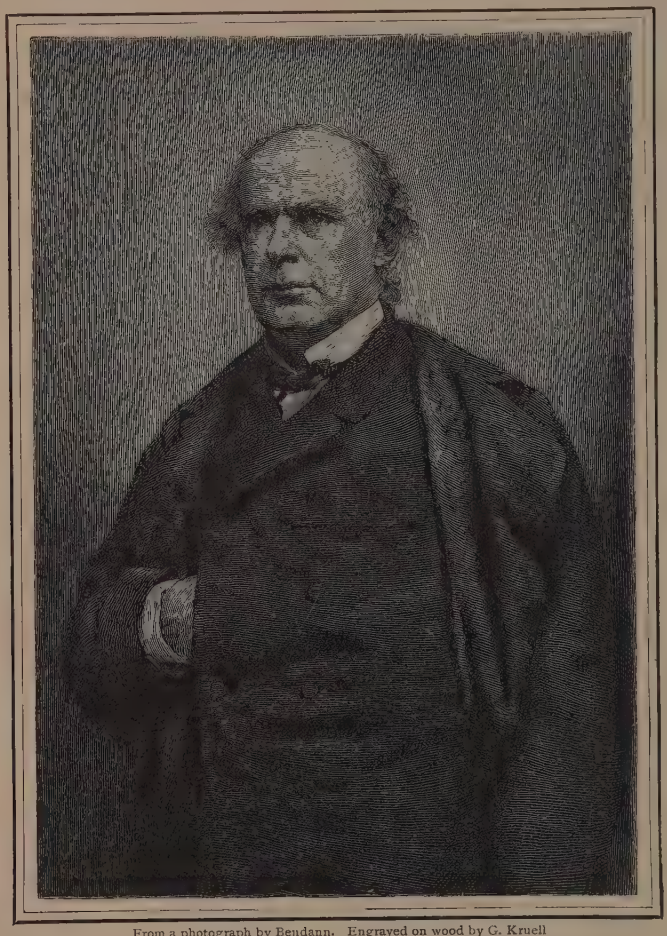
In a short time Jay Cooke sold $5,224,050 of the seven-thirty notes, which was, barring the sales at the subtreasuries, nearly one fourth of all that was sold by agents, some of whom had not even opened books for subscriptions, and none of whom had adopted his energetic methods. He furnished vouchers in excess of $3000 to Secretary Chase for expenditures incurred in promoting the loan, and freely stated afterward that he had used quite $10,000 in making the sale a success in his district.

Upon this showing of popular support, the Associated Banks were disposed to make the Government a second advance of $50,000,000, but they suspended specie payments before the third loan of $50,000,000 could be consummated. The expenditures for war purposes were now approaching $2,000,000 daily, and the country was face to face with the legal-tender question. In the early months of 1862 the nation's debts were paid by the "greenback." Fhom it and the Government's pledge that it should be convertible at the will of the holder into six per cent. gold-bearing bonds of the United States, payable after five and in not less than twenty years, came the opportunity for Jay Cooke as national loan-agent.

It would be untrue to say that he did not seek the appointment. He aimed in every honorable way to induce Chase to offer to the people, through him, the new bonds, the amount of which Congress had fixed at $500,000,000, soon to be known everywhere as the five-twenties.

THE WASHINGTON BRANCH OF JAY COOKE & COMPANY

EARLY in 1861 Mr. Cooke had contemplated the establishment of a Washington house. He proposed it to his friends Edward and Clarence Clark, neither of whom were disposed to join him, and then to Anthony J. Drexel, who made his agreement to coöperate in the undertaking conditional upon definite promises from Secretary Chase that the new firm should receive the business of the Treasury Department. Such a guaranty Henry Cooke was of course unable to obtain, and Jay Cooke entered Washington, in 1862, on his own account. He brought on Harris C. Fahnestock, a young man who was connected with a bank at Harrisburg, and installed him and Henry Cooke as the resident partners of the Washington house. Offices were established in Fifteenth street, opposite the Treasury Building.



From a photograph by Bendann. Engraved on wood by G. Kruell

SALMON P. CHASE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

No banking house in this country ever served so many distinguished customers. From Lincoln to Wilkes Booth, it covered the names of the war period, and afterward it had Grant, Blaine, and virtually all the notable figures of Washington. The growing success of an enter-

prise in which they had refused to join was something which rival financiers could not enjoy, and a jealousy was nourished which was not appeased until the Cooke firm foundered in the wake of the unhappy events connected with the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

THREATENED FAILURE OF THE FIVE-TWENTY LOAN

It was October, 1862, before Chase could be persuaded to make Jay Cooke his agent for the sale of the great five-twenty loan. He had distributed greenbacks, certificates of indebtedness, and other kinds of scrip, which were inflating values and making the premium on gold a commercial hazard, until he had reached and passed all safe limits. The whole speculative element thronged into the Gold Rooms. The "indicators," which resembled the time-boards at a horse-race, were watched like the roulette-tables at Monte Carlo. Chase now finally agreed to take Jay Cooke at his word and to see if the Philadelphia financier could make good his promise to sell the loan to the people. The Department had used every regular agency at its command. So few subscriptions had come in through the subtreasuries that, upon the testimony of his assistant, George Harrington,[1] Secretary Chase was ready to recommend to Congress in his Annual Report for December, 1862, a withdrawal of the loan. The prospect was soon to wear a much happier appearance. Mr. Cooke opened his campaign as the "General Agent" of the Treasury Department with an energy which immediately swept him into the first rank of financiers. For the same service in negotiating war loans the bankers of Europe have frequently received two or three per cent., but Jay Cooke was promised much less, though he was given a larger allowance than had been made him in the seven-thirty days—namely, one half of one per cent. on the first $10,000,000 worth of bonds which he should sell, and one fourth of one per cent. on subsequent amounts.

Before he had decided to establish the subscription agency, Chase had asked for bids in New York through Mr. Cisco, and the best prospect then was 97 or 98 for a limited quantity; further sales would have been made at a larger sacrifice. At 98, the loss to the government would have been $2,000,000 on every $100,000,000 negotiated. Cooke was to sell the loan at par, and he did so with amazing despatch. He had distributed more five-twenties than any one else—about $3,000,000 worth—before he was appointed to the national agency, and with the authority conferred upon him by Mr. Chase he now made an assault upon the stockings and the stores under the rafters which was never before equaled, and has not since been surpassed except in his own campaign to sell the seven-thirty currency notes with which Secretary McCulloch was enabled to disband the army in 1865.

HIS ALLIANCES WITH THE NEWSPAPER PRESS

Jay Cooke went at once to the newspapers. With them he would have risked the issue of almost any contest. No man, not even Napoleon, ever had so implicit a faith in the power of the press. To Chase, also, it was the fourth estate. Like the great French strategist, Jay Cooke did not deceive himself about it. He wasted no sentiment in that quarter. It was no thing of mystery to him from the first day that he invited a poor newspaper man to dinner at the board daily spread in his Third street office to the time, just before the failure, when reading of a contemplated trip abroad of a prominent editor, he instructed his brother Pitt to send the journalist a letter of credit for from 10,000 to 20,000 pounds.[2] The newspaper, he knew very well, was the man who owned it and who wrote for it, and he went with his advertisements as a kind friend and a liberal

[1] Extracts from a pamphlet entitled "Personal Recollections and Official Experiences." By George Harrington, 1892. P. 12.

[2] This was a delicate attention which Jay Cooke was enabled to bestow after the establishment of his London house. It meant simply in this case that the Philadelphia financier considered the editor's credit to be so good that while abroad he might draw liberally through Jay Cooke & Company. The drafts, if he availed himself of the advantages of the letter, would be forwarded for collection to his New York bankers, Mr. Cooke losing only the interest on the money.

patron directly to the proprietor, whether Republican, Democrat, or Copperhead, and for editorials and reading notices to the poor, hired scribes. With the exception of the "World," "The Journal of Commerce," and the "Express" in New York city, and some Vallandigham papers in Ohio, he was soon in tolerably complete control of the newspaper press in the loyal States. In the remotest villages they all sang a common tune, which was inspired from Jay Cooke's office. They published and republished the material with which he supplied them. Thus hope was put into faint writers; Copperhead and "Secesh" editors were made afraid, and in many instances rendered as harmless as doves; the people were trained to optimism instead of to the despairingly cynical views to which they were often prone to surrender themselves if left without inspiriting leadership; and the loan and the Union went forward triumphantly.

HIS ARMY OF SUB-AGENTS

ANOTHER very vital element in Jay Cooke's program was his generous treatment of the sub-agents whom, to the number of about 2500, he rapidly appointed in all parts of the North. In New York his principal agents were Fisk & Hatch, Vermilye & Company, and Livermore, Clews & Company, who supported him with a loyalty which drove to cover certain envious and unpatriotic bankers of that city. From the beginning the latter had pursued the Philadelphian, determined to accomplish the undoing of one who was eclipsing their fame and prestige; but they were now confronted with a combination of overwhelming power. In Boston his principal agents were Spencer, Vila & Company, and in Chicago, Preston, Willard & Kean. He everywhere enlisted in his service the country bankers and brokers, while many corner storekeepers, clergymen, and postmasters exhibited the placards, and distributed the circulars with which he abundantly supplied them, and orally recommended the bonds to their friends.

A number of traveling agents, who were specially active in the West, established new sub-agencies, invigorated the work of old ones, and visited and argued with newspaper editors and private capitalists until the money came into Philadelphia in streams from all directions.

HIS ASSUMPTION OF PERSONAL RISK

JAY COOKE often sold the bonds to be paid for upon their delivery by the Government; he accepted checks, drafts, certificates of indebtedness, and various kinds of money, all of which had to be converted into legal tenders before they could be turned into the Treasury. He was responsible for the acts of his sub-agents, of whose honesty, in the nature of the case, he could often have no assurance. All these risks he assumed for the sake of the cause, complicated as they were by the failure of the Department to furnish the bonds promptly, and his inability at some seasons to obtain greenbacks with which to make his deposits, Secretary Chase, in the meantime, eyeing his movements with the greatest impatience. The subscription agent was constantly urged to pay into the Treasury more rapidly, and reduce his balance, lest he reap advantages from the interest upon the sums remaining in his hands, although the circumstances which prevented this action and caused an apparent difference between his orders and his deposits at the subtreasuries were repeatedly explained.

A BUYER TO SUSTAIN THE MARKET

To make his great task still more difficult, Mr. Cooke was compelled from time to time to enter the market and by main force raise the price of the bonds to par, so that his sales could proceed, and those who had purchased from him for future delivery should not cancel their orders, which in such a case they were prone to do, leaving him a large debtor to the Government. In February, 1863, after a series of Union defeats, in a period of absolute gloom, five-twenties were sold in New York at 94. Jay Cooke, by extensive secret purchases very soon brought them up to 100, and held them at par. There were several occasions during the war when many expected the Southern army to surround and capture Washington. In that event

the Treasury and its issues, for the time being at least, would have been worth little more than the Treasury in Richmond and the bills and bonds which it sent forth.

This was no groundless fear. In the panic following the second battle of Bull Run, the Washington house of Jay Cooke & Company was stripped of its funds, what of value remained being prepared for removal at a moment's notice. When Lee was swinging down the Shenandoah Valley for his invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, to meet his check at Gettysburg, the house was ready to move its properties into a prominent foreign legation which had offered its protection. The Treasury Department had perfected arrangements to ship bonds to Jay Cooke by revenue steamers plying the Potomac if there should be an interruption of the city's communications ; but none can definitely say how unfavorably his responsibilities to the Government on the one hand and to his customers on the other would have been affected by the Confederate occupation of Washington.

HIS OWN PARTNER A DISCOURAGER

Among the prophets of ominous things was Jay Cooke's own partner, William G. Moorhead, who constantly declared that gold would rise to 200, that government bonds were a ruinous investment, and that the rebellion would never be suppressed. He wished the firm to bring to an end its business relations with the Government, and he said that if this were not done he would leave it at once. But such forebodings and threats were nothing to Cooke. He cut a broad swath, bringing up Moorhead, as the nation at large, in the pathway of his own confidence and enthusiasm. An old woman whose garments bespoke her poverty one day entered the office of the subscription agent. She must see Mr. Cooke personally, as so many must, to be assured from his own persuasive lips of the security of the investment. She had her hard-earned savings tied up in a handkerchief and had come to buy a $50 bond. "Do you believe in it, Mr. Cooke?" she asked confidingly. "I believe in it so much," answered the financier, in his kindly and assuring way, touching her shoulder as he spoke, "that if I were you, I would take off that shawl, sell it, and buy government bonds."

There was no faith more infectious than his, and in its train the whole loan of $500,000,000 was subscribed for; indeed, $11,000,000 more than the amount were sold before the machinery with which he worked could be brought to a standstill.

The progress at first was relatively slow, but after the recovery from the depression of February, 1863, and the passage of a law by Congress authorizing the Secretary to close the loan on July 1 (which, by the way, he did not do), it had a grand boom. From the establishment of the agency up to April 10, 1863, Jay Cooke had sold about $25,000,000 worth of the bonds. Late in April he was selling nearly $2,000,000 worth daily, or about enough to pay the running expenses of the war without the Treasury's need of looking to any other source of income. On May 1, the end of a semiannual interest period, the subscriptions aggregated about $5,000,000. The excitement continued into May and June. For many successive days the sales exceeded $2,000,000 daily, and in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1863, the loan had yielded the Government upward of $175,000,000, virtually all of which came in through Jay Cooke, or, if by way of the subtreasuries, which continued their operations, as a direct result of his energetic exertions.

A QUESTION OF REMUNERATION

While the subscription agent, at the time of taking up the work, had protested against Chase's proposal to make the allowance for the negotiation one fourth of one per cent., after the first $10,000,000 had been sold, the discussion was deferred until that point had been reached. It was certainly supposed by Jay and Henry Cooke that the Secretary would see the necessity of according more generous support to the loan, and in verbal exchanges they had understood him to make a promise of three eighths. The banker had therefore gone forward with

From a photograph by Brady. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

KATE CHASE SPRAGUE

his arrangements, offering one eighth to his sub-agents, and using one eighth to pay for the advertisement of the bonds, expressage (for he must deliver the bonds at his own risk and expense), traveling agents, telegraphing, exchange, and like incidental charges. No fair person, then, would contend that less than one eighth more should be allotted to him personally for his own hazard and labor. He insisted that three eighths was the very least for which the work could be properly performed; but when the sales became unexpectedly great in April and May, Mr. Chase denied that he had ever intended to lead the subscription agent to suppose that so large an allowance would be paid. One fourth was all that could be given, and the Secretary afterward reduced this rate to one eighth, plus the actual expense of advertisement and distribution, which was to be covered by properly certified vouchers. The contest between Chase and Cooke over this question continued throughout the summer of 1863 even as to sales already made, threatening, therefore, to take from the banker not only his own commission, but those sums which he had laid out to compensate the newspapers and sub-agents.

PUBLIC CRITICISM

This action upon Secretary Chase's part was undoubtedly induced by two considerations which were as satisfactory to him as they were inexplicable to Mr. Cooke, whose open disposition made him very slow to understand the character of the politician. In December, 1862, Representative Train of Massachusetts had moved for an investigation of the operations of the Treasury, throwing out the suggestion that Chase or some of his assistants in the Department were in corrupt collusion with Jay Cooke & Company; and when the five-twenties were sold so rapidly in the spring of 1863 a number of newspapers savagely attacked the subscription agent. In May, the New York "World" said:

"What may be the motive of Messrs. Jay Cooke & Company in thus ostentatiously parading the name of their house in connection with a 'great national loan' we do not know, nor do we care to inquire what induced the Secretary of the Treasury to give to this house a monopoly of the five-twenty funding business, instead of doing it by accredited Assistant Treasurers in the different cities. . . . But our people seem to delight in being cheated. . . . The cunning contrivances of the Treasury Department leave little doubt that the luxury of being humbugged is only equalled by that of being imprisoned without law, wasted by war and impoverished by taxes."

MR. CHASE AGREES AND COMMENDS

Now that so many bonds were being sold, and seemed, indeed, to be selling themselves like tickets for Jenny Lind's concerts, it was easy to say that Mr. Cooke was being overpaid, and that, if he disliked his rate of compensation, he could retire from the service. With this spirit abroad in the land in the midst of a political campaign in which the Republican control of a number of doubtful States was at stake, strengthened by Chase's consuming desire to loom so large in the sight of the people that the next year they would choose him over Lincoln as President, friendship for Mr. Cooke and his family and the best interests of the loan were lost sight of. Mr. Chase even sold treasury notes at a large expense to the Government rather than make the Philadelphia banker the allowance which would enable him to supply its needs through the five-twenty agency.

At length, in the autumn, Jay and Henry Cooke induced Mr. Chase to fix the commission at three eighths for all the sales in dispute in the past, as well as for future amounts, and they resumed the campaign with an activity which knew no abatement until the loan was closed. At the end of October, as another semi-annual interest period approached, the daily sales again rose to more than $2,000,000, and for the last day of the month the aggregate was above $15,000,000. Mr. Cooke's assistants in Philadelphia were proud to surpass the records made while the "Tycoon" was in charge, for he, not expecting such an inpouring of money, had gone to Lake Erie upon a fishing trip.

Early in January, 1864, the end

was in sight, and arrangements must be made to close the agency. It was no easy task, and so necessary to him did the income seem to be that the Secretary wished to continue the operation indefinitely. Mr. Cooke most emphatically disapproved, and persuaded Chase to abandon such a design. The loan must be closed at $500,000,000, if all the agent's promises to the subscribers were not to be broken and the credit of the bonds was to be sustained in the future months. On January 18, when a little over $11,000,000 yet remained to be taken, it was resolved to receive no more subscriptions after January 21. The news was spread in all directions; but so many were made upon the last day by telegraph and by letters, which for a week continued to arrive from various parts of the Union, that the whole sum subscribed through Jay Cooke's agents and the subtreasurers reached a total of about $511,000,000, the issue being promptly extended by Congress for the extra eleven millions. Under such vigorous management the five-twenties at once went to 104, and, in a few weeks, to 110, as Jay Cooke had predicted they would, and their position was secure.

It was a great achievement, the credit for which Chase was not loath to take to himself for political effect, although the Secretary had in most cordial terms commended the service of his agent in his report of December, 1863, and in his reply to the inevitable Copperhead resolution in the House of Representatives calling for an account of the transactions; while John Sherman in the Senate took in hand Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana, who had attacked the banking firm which had been "made rich by the drippings from the Treasury." "Without Mr. Cooke's services," said Chase in response to the House resolution, "neither the army, nor the navy, nor the general creditors of the Government could have been paid." It was a work which could not have been "as successfully performed, nor, indeed, performed at all, by the Treasury."

JAY COOKE'S PROFITS

Far from being the "odious monopoly" which the Copperheads conjured up to themselves, it had been one of the most open of contests. Whoever was willing to sell bonds for Jay Cooke had the warmest encouragement to do so; and the subtreasuries received subscriptions independent of the agency, from the beginning to the end of the loan campaign. Mr. Cooke did not receive a cent upon the orders passing through their hands, although it is safe to say that the sales were made as a result of the furor which he created. The three eighths was reduced to one quarter upon all sums sold directly by Jay Cooke & Company's Philadelphia and Washington houses, since the Secretary held that the sub-agents did not there enter into the case, although he specifically told Congress that his arrangements were with Jay Cooke and not with his firms. Moreover, the Secretary refused to allow Mr. Cooke a commission on the $11,000,000 subscribed over and above the $500,000,000. The average cost to the Government of the negotiation of the $511,000,000 was about one fourth of one per cent., or something over $1,000,000, while for $125,000,000 of seven-thirties and $50,000,000 of the bonds known as 81's with which Mr. Chase had begun the war, with the aid of the Associated Banks, (reducing them to a six per cent. basis) the cost was 6½ per cent. ($11,500,000), or twenty-five times as much.

Jay Cooke's own profits were very much less even than the allotted one eighth. He wrote the Secretary on April 4, 1864, that deducting what he had expended for promoting the loan over and above what was allowed him for that purpose, and $48,000 worth of bonds lost in transit, his net commission was only $220,054.49, or somewhat less than 1/16 of one per cent. Such is the history of the five-twenty loan, and the treatment accorded Mr. Cooke by the Secretary of the Treasury under whom it was sold.

THE PRIVATE RELATIONS OF CHASE AND COOKE

It may be of interest now to consider Jay Cooke's attitude as contrasted with Secretary Chase's changeable moods. In November, 1861, Chase was in need

of a coupé in which to pass from his office to his home, and having minutely described the kind he desired, asked the banker to procure the vehicle for him in Philadelphia. The carriage was purchased and shipped, and as it went forward, Cooke expressed his wish that it might be considered as a gift coming from himself and Mr. Moorhead. To this suggestion Chase responded:

I have not seen the coupé you were kind enough to send me, and have not yet determined whether I shall put it to public or private use. In the latter case, as I find my expenses overrun my income, I shall be strongly tempted to accept it as you offer it; but I must not. A public officer while in office must accept no presents beyond those which the ordinary intercourse of society prompts and allows from friend to friend.

He at length came to the conclusion that his daughter Kate might receive the gift; but even this arrangement could not be made, and in a few weeks Mr. Chase found the carriage "too light," after once riding in it with his assistant, George Harrington, and it was sent back to Philadelphia.

On February 7, 1862, in a letter congratulating Mr. Cooke upon his part in selling the seven-thirties, Chase said:

Now I want to be a borrower myself. Will you lend me $2000 in the shape of your draft on New York? If so, please send it to me immediately. I want it to pay on account of a store I am rebuilding on Katie's property in Cincinnati.

Upon the invitation of Jay and Henry Cooke, the Secretary became a stockholder in the company which they organized to supply Washington city with street-railway lines, protesting with the vehemence of a Garrison against their policy of excluding negroes from the cars. On October 24, 1862, in sending money to the Philadelphia banker to be invested to the greatest advantage, Chase wrote:

My dear Cooke: I must again remind you of the necessity of putting a little more form into the address of your letters to the Secretary of the Treasury. He is a very particular person and don't like to have private and public matters mixed. Please commence all your letters on public matters to him with "Sir," and write separate letters on matters in which you are trusted as a confidential agent, and other matters in which our action is not confidential, but ordinary. All these letters, whether confidential or not, must go on file. Letters on private matters may be addressed "Dear Governor," or "Dear Friend," or as you will, but let them contain nothing on public business, and vice versa.

Mr. Cooke thereafter endeavored to be a respecter of the divinity which doth hedge a Secretary of the Treasury.

It was in June, 1863, in the midst of the discussion over the five-twenty commissions that Mr. Chase wrote the Philadelphia banker a letter which has often been cited. The original, unopened in forty-three years, has only lately come to light in Mr. Cooke's correspondence files. Chase was about to sell a farm in Ohio and asked Cooke to recommend an investment of the proceeds. The banker favored the stock of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad. There was at least a half-command to purchase three hundred shares on a good market. The negotiation for the Buckeye farm proceeded slowly. Chase could not make his payments punctually, and seeing an opportunity for a handsome turn, Cooke sold the stock at a profit of $4200, which was sent to the Secretary, who returned it at once, concluding his letter as follows:

When Congress at the last session saw fit to clothe me with very large powers over currency and financial movements, I at once determined to avoid every act which could give occasion to suspicion that I would use the powers conferred on me to affect markets unnecessarily, or at all with reference to the private advantage of anybody. To carry out this determination faithfully I must decline to receive any advantage from purchases or sales made with views to profits expected from the rise or fall of market prices. For these reasons I must decline to receive the check. In order to be able to render most efficient service to our country it is essential for me to *be* as well as *seem* right and to *seem* right as well as to *be* right.

Mr. Cooke replied by the first mail:

I was quite astounded this morning at the return of my check on Washington. It never occurred to me that you would put such a construction upon the transaction, for

the money market, the rise and fall of stocks, etc., was not at all in my mind. I fully agree with the noble sentiments expressed in your letter and that your course is right and proper. The money don't belong to me; I shall lay it aside for future consideration.

After a few days Mr. Chase wrote to Jay Cooke asking him to add $1000 to the $4500 he had lately advanced at the Secretary's request on the Washington house of the widow of Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, the editor of the "National Era," which first published "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and which was supporting Chase's Presidential aspirations. The banker was investing money, at the Secretary's request, for his dependent niece in Ohio, and there were soon to be expectations of pecuniary aid for the Chase campaign of 1864.

Such devotion as Cooke's, in the light of the asperities which inevitably marked a friendship with a man of Mr. Chase's qualities of mind, is a little remarkable. To be his friend was to have a rather exacting master. In such a relationship the Puritan in him caused him to distrust himself. He must be on his guard at every moment lest a friend should appear to become a favorite. He once wrote to Jay Cooke:

The people trust me, and I feel their trust as a great obligation constantly. Nothing is nearer to my heart than to do exactly what they would wish me to do could their great honest eye look right at my whole public conduct.

It was a public boast with Chase after the war had ended that he had been "harder on Cooke than Fessenden or McCulloch had ever been."

Although the Secretary was obviously determined to regard the agent only as an energetic broker who was paid to do what he did, to Jay Cooke, on his side, Chase was an heroic figure. At no time, so far as the records show, did the banker utter a word which could be construed to be uncomplimentary to Mr. Lincoln, yet he silently, and Henry Cooke actively, cherished the belief that the Ohio leader would be the greater President.

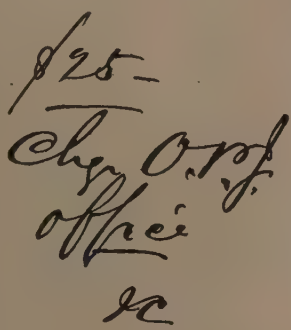
Nothing is so entirely false as the statement in Judge Warden's "Life of Chase" that in the advertisement of the five-twenty loan Mr. Cooke exalted himself and disparaged the Secretary of the Treasury.

THE NEW BANKING SYSTEM

The sale of the five-twenty loan was synchronous with the establishment of the national banking system, and the success of both these policies was Chase's immediate claim to the nomination over Lincoln in 1864. Cooke, through his newspaper writers, untiringly heralded the national banks as Chase's own creation, although he himself was as essential to their success as to that of the five-twenty loan. At first when the Secretary conferred with him on the subject of the new banking system, he did not kindly regard the measure, since he foresaw that it would antagonize the State banks, whose cordial assistance the Treasury sorely needed. He was as well convinced as any could be of the advantage of getting rid, once and for all, of what the Chicago "Tribune" called the "sixteen hundred State shinplaster-shops," which were still pouring out their paper currency, and he fully understood, too, that the new banks would absorb large amounts of government bonds as security for their notes. After several conferences with Chase, he resolved to support the scheme, and when his mind was made up, he embarked upon this, as upon all other contests, with whole-hearted vim. He and his brother Henry at Washington converted John Sherman and other senators and representatives to the measure. The power of the five-twenty advertising agencies was used unremittingly in favor of the national banking bill, and when it was passed, in the spring of 1863, Jay Cooke had two banks ready for organization under it, the First National of Philadelphia, of which his friend Clarence H. Clark soon became the president, and the First National of Washington, which the Philadelphia and Washington houses of Jay Cooke & Company almost absolutely owned, and of which Henry Cooke was the president. Following his instructions, his traveling and resident sub-agents used all their influences to establish the new banks, with immediate success.

NEW YORK'S OBJECTION TO THE NATIONAL BANKS

JAY COOKE early carried the campaign into New York, where the powerful State banking interests antagonized the system with every weapon they could command. It was esteemed necessary that a strong national bank, liberally capitalized, should be established in that city. Three feeble institutions were organized under the law, and the Chase and Cooke interests were at work attempting to start the Fourth National Bank, with a capital of $5,000,000. The subscriptions came in slowly; indeed, the enterprise seemed on the point of failure when Cooke, in December, 1863, while in Washington, told Chase and Hugh McCulloch, who had been brought on from Indiana to become the first Comptroller of the Currency, that he would go to New York on the following Monday and raise the desired sum in three days.



JAY COOKE'S ENDORSEMENT ON A BEGGING LETTER

It signifies that twenty-five dollars should be sent, and charged to the account of "Old Patriarch Jacob," the name of the charitable fund of the office which was credited with one-tenth of the profits

Before leaving Philadelphia, he visited a number of his friends, taking with him, including his own subscription for $100,000, over half a million dollars. He told A. T. Stewart, Daniel Drew, and other New York capitalists whom he invited to join him that he could have got the entire sum in his own city if he had thought this the right way to organize their banks. He telegraphed to his friends in moneyed circles in Boston, Chicago, and other places, who responded loyally, doubled his own subscription on the condition that others would do the same, and before the three days had passed, telegraphed to Chase that the $5,000,000 was in hand. The State bankers still refusing to come over to the national scheme, Mr. Cooke declared, with his characteristic vigor, that he would enter New York with a bank capitalized at $50,000,000, with money secured, if need be, from all parts of the Union and that it would be made a government depository. Under this threat, and in the sight of needed changes in the law and the methods of administering it, the State banks gradually organized under the national system.

PERSONAL ROMANCE AND POLITICAL FANTASY

ALL these triumphs were Mr. Chase's, and the news of them was industriously circulated among the people by Jay Cooke. How much of the Secretary's Presidential ambition after 1860 was his own and how much his daughter Kate's may never be known. She had her father's fixedness of purpose and ambition, and became the bewitching diplomat of the Washington drawing-rooms. With beauty and grace, and a manner which was as charming as it was imperial, her salons were a place for the making or unmaking of political fates. In 1863 she became the wife of William Sprague of Rhode Island, whose fortune was reckoned by millions. His grandfather, whose name he bore, introduced the art of calico printing to America, and he and his brother Amasa inherited and directed a number of mills, with large tracts of land and industrial villages in Rhode Island and Connecticut. He was elected governor of his State before he was thirty, personally led his troops to the field in the early years of the war, and had a horse shot under him at Bull Run. Now, in 1863, at thirty-three, he became a member of the United States Senate, where he was to be a figure for twelve years. He was obviously the "catch" of Washington, and in the rather natural course of events he was affianced to Kate Chase. They were married in November, and the wedding and the reception which followed it were attended by President Lincoln, the members of the Cabinet, senators and congressmen, the foreign ministers, and many generals from the field in war-time regalia. The guests ate grapes which

were forwarded, upon Jay Cooke's instructions, from the vineyards of Ohio, and enjoyed the fragrance of flowers from his conservatory The gifts, all taken together, were said to have surpassed the best previous record in this country.

Of an unassuming and modest mien, this young millionaire was soon to be involved in a life which was far from simple. There was much in store for Senator Sprague, for it was almost at once discovered that he and Jay Cooke were to supply the funds for the ill-starred campaign by which Lincoln was to be retired after one term and Chase installed in his place. The committee in charge of this political enterprise made Henry Cooke its banker. Circulars were to be prepared, and the publication of magazine articles to be procured. "Lives" of the Secretary of the Treasury were to be written, printed, and distributed. A newspaper was to be purchased and run in the Chase interest. But the movement had scarcely raised its head when it was smitten to the ground; and, to make easier the task of adjusting affairs at Jay Cooke's Washington office, Henry Cooke went to Europe, while Harris C. Fahnestock was left to save as much as possible from a rather disastrous financial experience. It is thought that Jay Cooke had some $20,000 to pay for Chase's merry musketeers, while perhaps twice that amount must have been supplied by the Secretary's new son-in-law.

(To be continued)

THE PANAMA CANAL

WHY THE LOCK-SYSTEM WAS CHOSEN

BY THE HONORABLE WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Secretary of War

IF the question of the type of the Panama Canal had been submitted without argument to the people of this country, I have no doubt that an overwhelming majority would have voted in favor of the construction of a canal at sea-level. A majority of the members of both houses of Congress were also in favor of a sea-level canal until the question was presented to them in the reports of the consulting engineers, and until they heard the arguments of the members who had made a close investigation of the subject. The reason for this opinion is obvious. It is easier to walk on the level or sail on the level, than it is to go up-stairs, especially when going up-stairs involves the construction and use of enormous masses of masonry and a nice adjustment and operation of ponderous and somewhat complicated machinery.

But the question presented as to the type of the Panama Canal involved not the general proposition that a sea-level canal was better than a lock canal, which is axiomatic, but the issue whether a particular sea-level canal of a certain width, depth, curvature and current, constructed under the conditions which prevail in Panama, and at the site selected, was better than a lock canal of a certain width and depth, projected at the same place and under the same conditions. It is my desire in this article to set out in untechnical language the differing features of the two types as proposed, and

the reasons why the lock canal was preferred.

The approaches to the land part of the canal on the Atlantic or the Pacific side, are not important in a general and summary discussion like this. From the point where the excavation of a channel in the sea must begin, on the one side, to the point where it must begin, on the other side, the distance is about fifty miles, so that the length of the canal is ordinarily referred to as fifty miles. From the shore-line, on the one side, where the canal begins, to the shore-line where it begins on the other side, is, however, but about forty-one miles. This is the canal through the land.

GOING EAST TO TRAVEL WEST

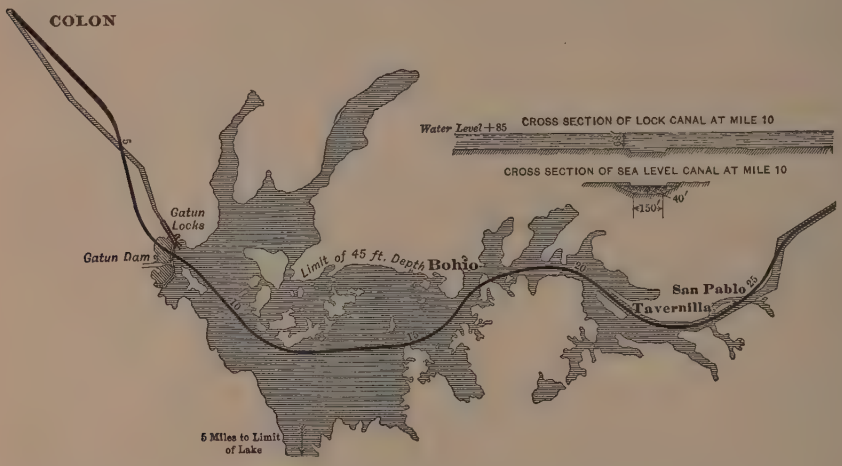
THE Isthmus runs east and west. The northern or Atlantic end of the canal near Colon is west of the Pacific end near Panama. Both types of canal must have a general direction from northwest to southeast. Beginning at the shore of Limon Bay, on the Atlantic side, they follow the valley of the Chagres River for twenty-seven miles, thence across the continental divide eight miles, five miles of which is along the Obispo River, and thence six miles to the shore-line of the Pacific Ocean. The Continental divide, called Culebra Hill, was originally 330 feet above the sea. It has been cut by the French to 160 feet above the sea. From the Atlantic shore-line to Bohio, thirteen miles, the surface is virtually at sea-level, and a canal, now partially filled with silt, was excavated for this distance by the French. On the other side, from the Pacific shore-line to Miraflores, about four miles, the surface is also virtually at sea-level, and here also there was a partial excavation by the French. The part of the canal to be built inland above the sea-level, therefore, is from Bohio to Miraflores, a distance of twenty-four miles. Of this twenty-four miles, the greatest mass to be excavated is from Obispo to Pedro Miguel, through the Culebra cut, a distance of eight miles. The total excavation for a sea-level canal amounts to about 250,000,000 cubic yards, and of this nearly one half is in the eight miles through the Culebra cut.

The sea-level canal, as projected, is to be forty feet deep, 150 feet wide across the bottom in earth, with sloping banks so as to make its width vary from 300 to 400 feet on the surface; and 200 feet in rock, with a width at the surface of 208 feet, so that the sides in rock are virtually vertical. The amount in rock slightly exceeds that in earth, but for practical purposes half of the land canal is 150 feet across the bottom, and half of it is 200 feet. In order to avoid great excavation, both types of canal have considerable curvature. The curvature of the course in the lock canal is not important, for the reason that it occurs mainly in lakes in which the channel generally exceeds 500 feet in width, and for much of the way reaches 1000 feet. The curvature in the sea-level canal is, however, of the utmost importance, because it is so narrow and at times the current must be considerable. From shore-line to shore-line, the curvature of the sea-level canal is about forty-four per cent. of the whole distance and is nearly 14° per mile; and for twenty miles toward the Atlantic shore from the point where the water of the Chagres River is to be taken into the canal the curvature is fifty-six per cent. of the distance, and averages nearly 17° per mile. The curves are made long, and as gentle as possible, but they are to be considered in connection with the possible current in the canal produced by the water which is to be let into the canal from the streams of the valley through which the canal is to be constructed.

THE UNRULY CHAGRES RIVER

THE great problem of the construction of a sea-level canal, or of any canal at Panama, is the disposition of the water of the Chagres River and its tributaries. As we have seen, the canal is to be constructed in the valley of this river for twenty-seven miles, when it leaves the Chagres and follows the valley of its tributary the Obispo. At the point where the Chagres valley and the canal diverge, the river discharges in the dry season as low a volume as 300 cubic feet a second, but it has been known at times of flood to discharge, in round numbers, 80,000

cubic feet a second. This must be taken care of in some way so as not to overwhelm the canal. The rainfall in that part of the Chagres valley in which the canal lies is upward of 130 to 140 inches



a year. Below the point where the canal leaves the valley of the Chagres, there are about seventeen streams, the discharge from which must either be diverted from the canal or allowed to enter it.

The projectors of the sea-level canal propose to dispose of the water of the Chagres and the tributaries below the junction of the Chagres with the canal, by means of four dams and two diversion channels. The first and most important of these works is a dam at Gamboa, a mile from the junction of the Chagres and the canal, which is 170 feet above sea-level, 130 feet above the ordinary normal surface of the river and 2200 feet long. This will form a lake ten or fifteen miles long, which is to take in the floods of the upper Chagres, and which will have a spillway through which in times of flood there will be discharged over steps to break the force of the fall into the canal about 15,000 cubic feet of water a second.

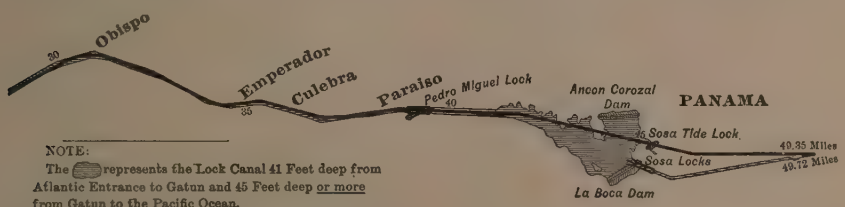
Three other of the important tributaries of the Chagres are taken care of in the sea-level plan by earth dams more than seventy-five feet high, one 2800 feet long, another 1200 feet, and another 800 feet. These dams are to be high enough to back the water over the height of land in which the streams rise, and send it first through another valley and thence into the valley of the lower Chagres, whence it will flow into the sea, an embankment or dike keeping the diverted waters out of the canal. Two other streams are to be kept from the canal by diversion channels, leaving about thirteen smaller streams which must enter the canal at heights varying from thirteen to 165 feet. The plan contemplates that in flood times the water flowing direct into the canal may increase the current to an extreme of 2.64 miles an hour, for forty-eight hours at a time.

PANAMA COMPARED WITH SUEZ

The standard of comparison used by the proposers and supporters of the sea-level project is the Suez Canal. They say "The Suez Canal has been a success; if we furnish you with a better waterway than the Suez Canal, can you ask more?" The Suez Canal is only 108 feet wide across the bottom or forty-two feet less than the sea-level canal here projected. The Panama sea-level canal is forty feet deep while the Suez Canal is only about thirty feet. In the Suez Canal, however, the width is 131 feet at curves and at passing places 147 feet. In the projected Panama sea-level canal, the width is not increased at either curves or passing places, so that the difference in width at passing places, where the width is most important, is only three feet and nineteen

feet at curves. There are many steamers that cannot use the Suez Canal. The Spooner law, which is the Act under which the canal is being built, requires that the canal shall be of sufficient size to accommodate the largest vessels now afloat, and those of a size which may reasonably be anticipated. The largest vessels now building for commercial purposes are two of the Cunard Line. They have a length of 788 feet, a beam of eighty-eight feet, and a draft, when loaded, of thirty-eight feet. It would be obviously impossible for two vessels of this kind to pass each other in a canal with a width of only 150 feet. But the statement of the differences of width and depth between the projected sea-level canal and the Suez Canal does not convey a correct idea of the advantage the Suez Canal has over the proposed sea-level canal. The curvature in the latter for the twenty miles from the junction of the Chagres and the canal to the northward is four and a half times the average curvature of the Suez Canal and it is precisely in this twenty miles that the current at flood times may reach 2.64 miles an hour for more than forty-eight hours at a time. The engineer of the Suez Canal testifies that a current of this kind in the Suez Canal makes large steamers steer badly. If the curvature is quadrupled, and cross currents are introduced from the thirteen streams let directly into the sea-level canal, and the size of the steamers is much increased in length, and depth, and beam, the navigation becomes for such steamers not only dangerous but impracticable.

The question which suggests itself is, —Why, if 150 feet in earth and 200 feet in rock are not sufficient widths, did the majority of the Board of Consulting Engineers not recommend greater widths? The difficulty about widening the canal is that it so greatly increases the cost, because the excavation is much more than the mere amount taken out of the prism of the canal. It involves cutting back into the hills on each side, and makes the expense such that the widening of the canal 100 feet would increase the cost nearly $100,000,000. The sea-level canal as projected would cost—actual outlay—about $272,000,000, and it would take from fifteen to twenty years to construct it. These figures are disputed, but they are according to the weight of the evidence adduced.


Obispo
30
Emperador
Culebra
35
Paraiso
Pedro Miguel Lock
40
Ancon Corozal
Dam
PANAMA
Sosa Tide Lock
40.35 Miles
Sosa Locks
40.72 Miles
La Boca Dam
NOTE:
The ▭ represents the Lock Canal 41 Feet deep from Atlantic Entrance to Gatun and 45 Feet deep or more from Gatun to the Pacific Ocean.
The ——— represents the Sea Level Canal 41 Feet deep from Atlantic Entrance to Gatun and 40 Feet deep from Gatun to Sosa Tide Lock.
The Pacific Entrance is 45 Feet deep referred to Mean Sea Level for Both Canals.

FEATURES OF THE LOCK CANAL

THE lock canal, beginning on the north shore-line, has a width of 500 feet for three miles to Gatun. At Gatun there is to be a duplicate flight of three locks, which I shall describe more at length, which will lift the vessels up to a lake to be formed by a dam constructed at that point. The lake thus formed contains 118 square miles, is thirty miles long, and at places is eight miles wide. The steamer channel in this lake is about twenty-three miles long. For ten miles the lake is several miles wide, with a depth of water, beginning at the dam, of seventy-five feet, and gradually reducing and shelving back to a depth of forty-five feet. For sixteen miles the passage in the lake, which we shall call Gatun, has a nominal width of 1000 feet, though it is in most places very much wider than that. It then is reduced to a width of 800 feet for nearly four miles as it approaches the higher land; it then nar-

rows to 500 feet for nearly four miles; for nearly three miles more it has a width of 300 feet; and then for four miles a width of 200 feet. This carries it through the Culebra cut. Then for two miles it has a width of 300 feet, when a lock with a lift and descent of thirty feet is reached at Pedro Miguel, from which there is lake navigation at fifty-five foot level for five miles to Sosa Hill, in which are two locks, carrying the vessels down to the level of the Pacific Ocean. Sosa Lake is made up by two or three dams immediately on the Pacific shore.

LOCK AND SEA-LEVEL CANALS COMPARED

THE following table shows the channel width of the two types of canal, from shore to shore.

Bottom width of channel	Lock canal with summit level at 85 feet		Sea-level canal	
	Length Miles	Per cent. of distance	Length Miles	Per cent. of distance
1000 feet	19.08	46.54	0.00	0.00
800 "	3.86	9.42	0.00	0.00
500 "	7.74	18.88	0.00	0.00
350 "	0.00	0.00	.55	1.34
300 "	3.04	7.41	0.00	0.00
200 "	4.70	11.46	19.47	47.49
150 "	0.00	0.00	20.39	49.73
Locks and approaches	2.58	6.29	0.59	1.44
	41.00	100.00	41.00	100.00

The great advantage of the lock canal over the sea-level project is the freedom of lake navigation in the lock canal. The difference between the two plans was well shown by Senator Knox, during his able argument on the subject at the last session of the Senate, by the exhibition of a map drawn to a scale in which the sea-level canal was superimposed on the lock canal and the differences in width were shown.

The objections to the lock canal as projected are, first, that the Gatun dam, which makes the Gatun Lake, and the dams which form the Sosa Lake, being constructed of earth, are to be placed on foundations that will render them unstable; second, that the locks to be erected exceed anything known in size and weight of machinery, and that most serious accidents might occur which would certainly stop the traffic of the canal for days and months, and might go to the extent of putting the canal out of commission for years; third, that the locks are an obstruction to navigation, and would much delay the steamers; fourth, that both the locks and dams of the lock canals are peculiarly subject to disturbances and destruction by earthquakes; fifth, that the lock canal is much more easily put out of commission by an enemy in time of war, or by a malicious person, through the use of dynamite or high explosives.

THE MONSTER DAM AT GATUN

I SHALL refer only to the Gatun dam, because the questions there arising are not very different from those raised in respect of the Sosa dam. The dam is 7700 feet long, and is to rest on a clay foundation. For about five thousand feet of this extent, the foundation is clay averaging twenty-five feet in thickness, underlaid by a soft rock like soapstone of great depth. The layer of clay from the surface down to the rock is composed of clay and sand, and is admittedly impermeable to water.

The remainder of the foundation, or 2200 feet in extent, presents a difference caused by two deep depressions in the soft rock, one of which across the top is 1800 feet, and the other 900 feet, with an island or hill between. The depressions narrow as they approach their inverted apex. For 200 feet in these depressions, there is a layer, substantially impermeable, of clay and sand, but below 200 feet there is a water-bearing material of coarse sand and gravel.

Dams are rendered unstable in three ways: first, by the waters overflowing the top and cutting down into the material of the dam. This is admitted to be impossible in this dam, the crest of which rises fifty feet above the water-level; second, by percolating through the dam under the pressure of the water against the dam, until the water forms into a channel with sufficient force to carry the material through the dam, so that it falls off the face of the dam, and the dam finally caves in and gives way; third, by a percolation under the dam in channels

sufficiently great to force the material up at the foot of the dam and then from under the dam in such a way that the material of the dam falls into channels thus made and is then carried away. It is to be noted that a dam may stand even if the material under it is very porous, because the water will escape without carrying away the material of the dam. There are dams of this character in India made of sand on a coarse sandy foundation.

The escape of water in large quantities, however, would be very objectionable here even if it did not affect the stability of the dam, because the water is needed for navigation and it takes a year to fill the lake with the water of the Chagres. The water is needed for use in the locks, too.

With respect to the Gatun dam, it is admitted that the crest and mass of the dam above the level of the water are so great that no overflow is possible. A sluiceway which is ample is provided to release flooded water.

It is further admitted that the method by which the dam is to be constructed, if properly pursued, as it will be, will make the body of the dam entirely impermeable. The water cannot escape under the dam, though under high pressure, because in order to do so it must force itself through an impermeable blanket nearly 200 feet thick in order to reach any water-bearing material, nor will the seepage from the water behind the dam be of any substantial amount.

A dam on a much less favorable foundation has been erected to carry a height of water sixty-five feet at the Wachusett reservoir in Massachusetts, although the reservoir has not yet been more than half filled. Experience shows that a dam can be made perfectly stable by the method here proposed. The dam is in effect a small mountain, artificially made, half a mile thick at the bottom, through which it is impossible for any considerable supply of water to percolate. The dam as it is to be constructed will have a downward pressure or force of gravity sixty-three times the pressure against it. There is no dam in existence in which the resisting power is so great as it is proposed to make this dam against the lake which it will hold. The water will be eighty-five feet deep. This measures the pressure against the dam, and by the principle of hydrostatics the pressure is exactly the same whether the lake be thirty miles long or thirty feet. The amount of percolation underneath the dam is in proportion to the height of the water and the distance through which the water must percolate to the toe of the dam. Experiments show that if the dam were composed of average coarse sand, much more porous than the material which is there, the whole amount of water which would come through the dam, gathered up across its surface, could not exceed ten cubic feet a second. This is a negligible quantity and would have no effect either to reduce the water behind the dam or to produce a movement of the material composing the dam or underneath it. The dam will be as solid as the everlasting hills.

THE PROBLEM OF THE LOCKS

THE second objection is to the locks. It is said that the locks as projected exceed anything known in canal-building, and that they are likely to result in obstruction. It is true that in size the locks exceed any now constructed. Under the plan of the minority they were to be 900 feet long and ninety-five feet wide. The President, upon the advice of the Commission and Mr. Stevens, has concluded to make them 1000 feet long and 100 feet wide. They are to be on the Atlantic side in duplicate flights of three locks, that is, locks in tandem.

A vessel will enter one lock, be carried by the water to twenty-eight and one third feet above the sea-level. The gates will then be opened, and at this level the steamer will immediately move into the next lock. The gates will be closed behind it; it will be elevated again by the water twenty-eight and one third feet; the gates will then be opened, and it will enter the next lock for a similar proceeding. There are to be two sets of these three locks in tandem, all in one unit structure. The structure is to be made of reinforced concrete, and it will be about 3300 feet long and about 360 feet wide. The outer walls will be fifty feet thick at the bottom narrowing to about twelve feet at the top, and the center walls sixty

feet thick. The whole structure will be buried in the earth, and none of the walls will be exposed, except the coping and the interior of the lock chambers.

It is true these locks will be on a scale never before attempted so far as lift of water is concerned, though the width and length are not exceptional. Locks have been known for centuries as a means of lifting vessels from one level to another in canals, and their operation is fully understood. There is no inherent objection to reasonable increase in the lift. The principles which apply are exactly the same, and there does not seem to be the slightest reason why, if machinery will lift a vessel 600 feet long, with a beam of sixty feet, and a draft of twenty feet, up twenty feet safely, as is now done in the locks of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, familiarly called the "Soo," the dimensions of the lock and gates may not be increased so as to add one third to the lift without in any way passing the bounds of practical mechanical devices.

But it is said there is danger of accidents arising from the failure of ships to use due care in entering and leaving the locks; that steamers may not stop when they should, and may throw their immense mass with a momentum of movement against the gates, carry them away and allow the steamers to plunge down into the next lock, or into the sea below, injuring or destroying the steamers and releasing the water from the lake under such pressure as to create havoc and destruction. The release of thirty feet of water from the lake would stop the operation of the canal for a number of months, because it takes about a year to fill the lake.

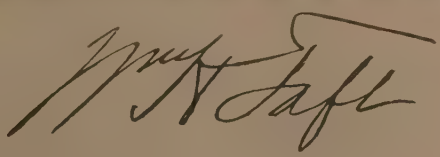
The "Soo" Canal has been in operation for fifty years, and but three accidents have occurred there, and none of them has resulted in the breaking of the gates. It is proposed in the Panama locks to put in two pairs of gates at each end of the upper lock, so that there shall always be closed against the water in the summit-level at least two gates to prevent its escape and the destruction of things below. More than this, provision is made for movable dams, which would stop the flow of water in case the lock gates should be carried out.

On the Manchester Ship Canal there have been some accidents more serious than those in the "Soo" Canal, but it is very plain that the reason why those accidents were so much more destructive is that proper precautions had not been taken to control the movements of the vessels in entering the locks. The American engineers of the Board of Consulting Engineers, Mr. Noble and Mr. Ripley, have had vastly more experience in the handling of locks than any other engineers in the world, and their evidence is that the machinery of the locks can be operated with so much certainty, smoothness and nicety, and that the devices which can and ought to be adopted for reducing the speed of the steamers are so complete and certain in operation, that the accidents described will be virtually impossible.

THE QUESTION OF SPEED

THIRD, the evidence is that the locks as projected, three in a flight, would delay each steamer not more than an hour and a half, and that a slightly longer time would be taken in going down on the other side. This would mean that a steamer in transit would be upwards of three hours in the locks going up from the sea-level to the lake-level and down again. But the higher speed with which large steamers can move in the two lakes and in the broad channels of the lock canal, as compared with the sea-level canal more than makes up for the delay of the locks. This arises from the fact that in a sea-level canal it would be necessary, when steamers are about to pass each other, that one should tie up to the bank and allow the other to go by slowly. The delays incident to these passings would, of course, increase as the traffic increased, and Messrs. Noble and Ripley show that in going through, the largest steamers, if twenty-five steamers pass the canal in a day, would take perhaps two or three hours longer than they would take in passing the lock canal. Steamers of less size, of course, would pass more quickly through the sea-level than through the lock canal, though as traffic increased, they would all be more or less delayed in a sea-level canal. The truth is that the difference in time is not very material. In the long voyages that

From a photograph by Hollinger & Co. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson



steamers which pass through the canal are likely to make, two or three hours delay is insignificant, and it is sufficient, in order to eliminate the question of passage from the comparison of the two plans, to show that there is no great advantage of one type over the other in this respect.

THE DANGER FROM EARTHQUAKES

FOURTH, the danger from earthquakes to the lock canal is said to be a serious objection. The San Francisco disaster, it has been urged, gives great point to this. When the facts in regard to the action of that earthquake are examined, they minimize rather than increase the probability of danger from this source. So far as the dams are concerned, there are, as we have said, five dams in the sea-level canal essential to its operation and freedom from injury by the Chagres River, so that both types are subject to danger in this respect. It is true that the destruction by an earthquake of the Gatun dam would perhaps make greater havoc than the destruction of the Gamboa dam, or of the dams which are to be constructed under the sea-level type to divert the water of the smaller streams; but the destruction of any one of the dams would cause great injury. It is very probable that with respect to the earthen dams, an earthquake would do no harm.

Earthen dams with water at a higher level than that against the Gatun dam, or the Sosa dam, were attacked by earthquakes in the San Francisco cataclysm and were not in any way affected. In one case the dam stood in the line of fault along which the earthquake made its greatest manifestation, and it evidently passed through one end of the dam, but the dam lost no water.

But it is said that an earthquake would be likely to do much damage with the locks. Experience in San Francisco shows that the material best able to resist the earthquake shock is the reinforced concrete, and this is the material of which the locks are to be constructed. The structure already mentioned, it will be noted, is of immense mass and strength, and while, of course, one cannot say that an earthquake would not destroy it, the experience at San Francisco shows that such structures have stood even the direct thrust of the shock of an earthquake. There was one concrete dam known as the "Crystal Springs Dam" in a reservoir on the peninsula of San Francisco, which was moved two ways by the thrusts and pulls of the earthquake, and yet stood and held the water it was intended to hold. Under these circumstances it seems unwise and unnecessary to consider the dangers of seismic disturbances on the Isthmus. There have been earthquake disturbances there, but the condition of many old buildings is such as to show that they could not have been particularly severe.

PROTECTION AGAINST THE DYNAMITER

FINALLY, it is objected that the lock canal is more subject to destruction by a malicious enemy through explosion by dynamite. This is probably true. So, too, a malicious enemy with dynamite could inflict very serious injury upon the dam and tidal lock of the sea-level canal; but all public works are subject to such attacks, and all that can be done to meet them is to strengthen the guard and take the usual precautions to prevent such attacks. It is easy to fortify the approaches to the canal, so that naval war vessels will not be able to reach a point where the locks of the canal can be attacked. The truth is that Congress was satisfied, as the President was, that the lake navigation of the lock canal was so much safer and so much more satisfactory with large steamers than the dangerous navigation of the narrower sea-level canal, that the obstruction of the locks and their machinery, and the possibility of the same getting out of order, did not outweigh the disadvantages of the narrowness, curvature and possible current of the sea-level canal. Experience with the "Soo" canal has shown it to be possible to operate locks with such smoothness as really to make the elevation of ships an easy and certain process.

THE ELEMENTS OF TIME AND EXPENSE

THE time required for the construction of the lock canal is about eight years, or virtually one half the time that the sea-level would consume in its construction.

The expense in round numbers, including the interest on the investment during the additional eight years that the sea-level canal would take for building, and the loss of profit during those eight years from the tolls which would be earned with a lock canal would make the difference in cost between $150,000,000 and $300,000,000. In other words, the time and cost of the sea-level canal are just about double that of the lock canal.

PROTECTION AGAINST POLITICAL DISTURBANCE

FIXING the type of canal, while it is a long step toward the solution of our problem, is the removal of only one of many difficulties. In the first place, we are building the canal in a foreign country. We are building it on the territory of a government which is new and made up of a people who have not heretofore had much experience in maintaining with certainty the administration of law and order. Under the French régime those who were constructing the canal did not have police control of the territory through which it was being built. The proposed Colombian treaty did not give to the United States the opportunity to exercise sovereign power over the canal strip. Had the Colombian treaty been confirmed by the Colombian Senate, great difficulty would have been experienced in exercising a proper governmental control of the strip for purposes of construction. The enormous advantage that we now have through exercising sovereignty over the canal strip in facilitating construction cannot be exaggerated. It enables us to make the canal strip habitable, so that the force of laborers and employees will not be reduced heavily by disease, which was the trouble under previous efforts to build the canal. We have stamped out yellow fever, greatly reduced malaria, which was the bane of the Isthmus, and we have produced a condition of health about equal to that which prevails among large bodies of laborers at any point in the Southern States. These conditions must be maintained, and will require the most constant attention and expense. The new Republic of Panama suffers as the republics of the South American origin have suffered, from instability.

The people are bad winners and bad losers. Those who are in political control find it difficult to restrain themselves from using and abusing their power in order to perpetuate themselves in office, and those who are in the apparent minority are not willing to restrain themselves and await peaceable methods to secure remedies against the abuses of power. It has been necessary, therefore, for the United States Government to assert itself under the treaty, which was made with great foresight, and to advise all political parties in the Republic of Panama that in order to avoid obstruction to the building of the canal, the United States will not permit revolutions in that republic. While this course has been taken and is justified under the treaties and the constitution of Panama in the interest of the United States, I cannot help thinking that it inures greatly to the benefit of all the people of Panama, for it secures the great boon of stability of government.

THE QUESTION OF CHINESE LABOR

ANOTHER difficulty that has to be met is the question of labor. The West Indian blacks as laborers are not satisfactory. They are very expensive, in proportion to the unit of the product of their labor. Effort has been made to secure Spanish laborers who are capable of working in the tropics, and while a sufficient number have been secured to demonstrate their efficiency, it is not probable that the total number obtainable will be sufficient to meet the labor demand. Invitations have been issued for bids for the furnishing of Chinese labor. Neither the Contract Labor Law, nor the Chinese Exclusion Law applies to the Canal Zone. The difficulty about employing Chinese is that under the ordinary contracts there is such a relation between the coolie and the contractor as to come close to the conditions of peonage or slavery forbidden within the jurisdiction of the United States by the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution. The contract upon which bids are being invited, however, contains provisions which would make the relation between the coolie and the contractor entirely legal, and save it from conflict with the Constitution. The government

makes individual contracts with the laborers, and also has the right to supervise the contracts made between the contractor and the laborers. There is to be no forced labor and no method of enforcing the contract against a laborer other than that provided by the Constitution and laws of the United States. It is an experiment to see whether such a contract, liberal and free from the elements of slavery, will work in practice.

Objection is made to the introduction of the Chinese by representatives of labor organizations in this country. My impression is that the representatives of labor organizations will not add to their prestige or their reputation for common sense by opposing the use of Chinese in a region in which it is impossible to induce American laborers to remain at work, and where it is necessary to use foreign labor in any event. The canal must be built, and as it cannot be built by American labor, it must be built with that labor which is most effective. There is not the slightest difference in principle between the employment of the West Indian blacks and the Chinese except that the Chinese are more efficient. The laws excluding the Chinese from the territory of the United States are very severe, and are rigorously executed. There is not the slightest danger that a Chinaman can get from Panama to the United States any more easily than he can get from China to the United States. It is difficult to see, therefore, upon what principle the objection of certain representatives of organized labor to the employment of Chinese can proceed.

INCENTIVE AND SYSTEM OF CONTRACT WORK

THE canal ought to be built by contract, because the government ought to enjoy the benefit which comes from the economy that the prospect of private gain and personal interest in the performance of a contract always secures from private managers, but in so large a contract it seems unwise and impossible to invite bids upon the work in the usual form, on the basis of either a lump sum or unit prices for work done. Contracts have been entered into abroad and some in this country, which provide a certain percentage on the amount expended to the contractor for his profit, and reduce that percentage as the expense of construction is increased beyond a certain point, and increase the percentage as the cost of construction is less than a certain amount. In this way economy of construction is made a motive for the contractor, control of the work is left largely under government officers, and yet the private motives of gain are present to secure for the contractor and the government the freedom from waste and extravagance and the saving that always comes from the carrying-out by private persons of public contracts. It is hoped that such contracts may be offered this fall or winter, but they must be carefully drawn, and a full opportunity must be given to the contractor to make an examination into the work. Indeed some time ought to be given under the government operation of the work to furnish data upon which the contract can be drafted.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LOCAL ORDER AND HARMONY

IN the government of the zone, in addition to enforcing regulation of health conditions, we have had to look after the education of the growing children and the administration of justice. The government as there organized has been very satisfactory. It is quite possible that it is a little too elaborate and costs too much; but this is a necessary fault in the beginning. After the government is established and is a going concern, it becomes possible to reduce the machinery and thus reduce the cost. Practically we have had to live in the same house with the people of Panama, and to eat at the same table. This is not an easy thing to do without some friction, but thus far, while we have had some disputes, on the whole life in the same tenement has been harmonious. It is essential that we should keep it so. We are there merely to construct the canal, and the powers we exercise are exercised merely for the purpose of constructing and maintaining it. We are not there for the purpose of creating and governing another colony, or exploiting new territory, and this we must always keep clearly before the eyes of

the Panamanians, for we shall thus secure to ourselves freedom from the annoyance and injury which so close a neighbor could readily inflict on us.

OBSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

One of the indispensable accompaniments of a work of this kind is interference with its progress by unjust and malicious criticism. It is a public work, and every member of the public has the right to express his opinion in the press on all questions which have to be solved. It is inevitable, therefore, that a number of those who take advantage of this right and privilege should manifest a dishonesty and maliciousness of purpose growing out of a desire to be sensational and to sell alleged news. Men used to carrying on great enterprises under private management are naturally restive under the unjust criticism to which in the carrying on of a public work they are made subject, and this is a real obstruction to its progress, but it is one that must be counted on and cannot be avoided. A man visits the Canal Zone and spends twenty-eight hours in examining everything that is being done in forty miles across the Isthmus. He comes home and writes an article abusing the management and everybody connected with it, speaking as if he had given the subject the closest observation. He is publicly shown to have made the most unfounded statements, to have credited and accepted rumors from malicious and prejudiced sources and to have made these the basis of the whole article. He attacks the good faith and honesty of the men actually engaged in the work, without the slightest basis of fact, and when called upon by a committee of the Senate to give his authority, he declines to do so. He therefore revisits the Isthmus and spends six weeks solely for the purpose of attempting to verify his unfounded, scandalous and malicious statements made after twenty-eight hours' observation. This man is of no importance except as furnishing a type of those who from mere motives of sensationalism, and in order to sell their articles, are willing greatly to disturb the even tenor of the administration, by requiring those engaged in serious business to go back over their course and adduce proof to show that the assertions he has made are not true but are slanders.

I merely speak of this as one of the difficulties in carrying on a government work. It cannot be avoided. It is essential in our community and under our form of government that it should be so, and in the end it cures itself, because the people, after having been shown once or twice the utter lack of foundation for such charges, simply disregard them. Thus far no corruption or graft of any kind has been disclosed in connection with the construction of the canal. The Senate committee investigated every charge that seemed to have any weight, for a full four months, and found all baseless. That graft or corruption may not exist to some extent cannot be affirmed, because in so large a work it would be impossible even under private management to escape waste, extravagance and even corruption, but none has been shown as yet, and all those who are connected with the work sincerely hope that none will be.

SALARIES AND SUPERVISION

The Chairman of the Commission and the Chief Engineer are each paid $30,000 a year. These salaries are fixed by the President in order to secure as good men as could be obtained by any great railway corporation engaged in a similar enterprise. The salaries are not excessive for men of the kind needed. It is true that they are greatly out of proportion to those received by Cabinet officers and other high and responsible officials of the government, but, instead of proving that the salaries paid to the Chief Engineer and the Chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission are excessive, this fact only shows that those paid to the highest officials in the Federal Government are unreasonably low and inadequate.

The work has now advanced to a point where, with the type of the canal fixed, active construction can go on. We have been two years making preparation, and this period has been none too long. The problem of excavation of the canal is largely one of transportation. The railroad has had to be reconstructed, and

spur tracks on different levels have had to be laid, so that the hundred great steam shovels which are to be used in the excavation may be placed at points where they can be most expeditiously and effectively operated day and night, and where the material which they raise can be deposited upon an unbroken and exhaustless line of rapidly moving trains of empty cars. As the haul in many cases may be fifteen or twenty miles, it is readily understood what an enormous problem this is.

The buildings for the employees are now in a state of preparation; the great water supplies throughout the Zone, and for the cities of Panama and Colon, are well on toward completion; the sewerage systems necessary to prevent disease are rapidly being installed. Anyone who visited the Isthmus two years ago and who visits it now will be convinced that during these two years something has been done, that we are about ready to "make the dirt fly," and that after a year or two longer very much closer estimates as to time and cost can be made than are now possible.

The visit of the President to the Isthmus is a matter of the utmost importance. It emphasizes the national and world-wide importance of the enterprise. It gives to him who is charged with executing the task the personal touch and local atmosphere so useful in determining questions arising for his decision. It thrills those directly engaged in the work with the inspiration to energy and fidelity which comes from this concrete evidence that they are working under the eye of a great nation.

EASTERN AND WESTERN IDEALS:

BEING A REJOINDER TO WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN[1]

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

Author of "Letters from a Chinese Official" [2]

IT is with a kind of remorse that I have read Mr. Bryan's reply to my "Letters from a Chinese Official." When I wrote that little book, it did not occur to me as possible that the thin mask I had adopted would impose upon any intelligent reader. Following—*magno intervallo*—in the footsteps of Montesquieu and Goldsmith, I imagined that my disguise must be penetrated at once; and that it would be obvious that I was only an Englishman making use of a familiar literary device to expose what appeared to me to be the weak points of Western civilization. I was mistaken; my American readers, whose generous appreciation of my book was as surprising to me as it was welcome, accepted me for what I gave myself out to be; and now I have called into the arena a redoubtable champion to attack me, with all the force of his eloquence and conviction, on what is, after all, only a side issue. For it is not my presentation of Chinese civilization that gives to my "Letters" such interest as they possess. I was well aware that I was idealizing the institutions of that extraordinary country; and it is with as much surprise as gratification that I have learned, from a number of letters received, that, in the opinion of those well acquainted with the East, I have given, on the whole, a fair and faithful account of the attitude of an intelligent and educated Chinaman.

I do not, therefore, propose to defend my representation of China against Mr. Bryan's. For my purpose I selected all the good, as he, for his, has selected all the evil; and a controversy carried on upon such lines as those can have no

[1] "Letters to a Chinese Official, Being a Western View of Eastern Civilization." By William Jennings Bryan. New York: 1906, Doubleday, Page & Co.

[2] New York: 1903, McClure, Phillips & Co.

fruitful result. Nor would it be really interesting or relevant. Like Mr. Bryan, I am a Westerner; it is Western civilization with which we are both most nearly concerned; and if I differ with him, it is not, I think, upon the question of ultimate ideals, but upon the degree to which we have realized, or are in process of realizing, them.

Mr. Bryan defines civilization as the "harmonious development of the human race, physically, mentally, and morally; not the development of all along one line, or the development of a few along all lines, but the full and well-rounded development of all in body, mind, and heart."

That definition I accept; and to accept it is to accept the ideal of democracy. Hitherto, throughout the history of the world, the principle, tacit, if not avowed, of every civilization has been the sacrifice of the many to the few. In slavery —and how recent is the abolition of slavery in the West!—this principle is explicitly affirmed; and it has been, and is, operative under more insidious forms even where slavery has been repudiated. It is the principle of aristocracy, or, if the word be preferred, of oligarchy; and where it has prevailed, there have been accomplished all the great achievements of mankind in social organization, in letters, in art, and in science. The human race hitherto has progressed, where it has progressed, upon the basis of oligarchy.

Democracy, as conceived by Mr. Bryan,—the democracy of the American ideal,—does not exist, and never has existed. It is a defiance to the past and a challenge to the future. "I will retain," it says, "and I will indefinitely increase, the spiritual heritage of the ages; I will create individuals as proud, as self-reliant, as cultured, as fine, as noble, as any aristocrat in the past; and this I will do while subverting the whole foundation upon which such individuals have hitherto been reared. Henceforth there shall be no privileged class, none exempt from the necessity of earning his daily bread, none set apart to govern and direct while others labor and obey. I will have equity without insignificance, well-being without ignobility, peace without stagnation. This thing, which has never been done in the world, I will do. Is it impossible? *Credo quia impossibile.*"

This, I conceive, is the ideal of democracy, in America and Europe. If it be less than this, it is no ideal. Neither social justice without individual greatness, nor individual greatness without social justice, will or should satisfy men in the future. But—and here is the real point I wished to make in my book—at present not even the states professing to be the most democratic have realized either the one or the other. Democracy has disestablished aristocracy, leaving, in Europe, its disintegrating corpse; but it has not established itself. Nor, as I believe, will it ever do so simply by proceeding, without reflection, upon the course in which it is now set. There will have to be two great revolutions coincidently and, it is to be hoped, peaceably accomplished—a revolution in institutions and a revolution in social morals.

The revolution in institutions is concerned primarily with property. I am loath to use the word socialism, especially to an American audience, for I know well the ambiguities it involves and the prejudices it excites. But it is, I think, indisputable that the root of socialism is also the root of democracy. For socialism, whatever its form, lays down the axiom that property is a public function, not a private right; and that it ought to be so organized that every citizen shall have a fair start in life, and that no citizen shall be permitted to accumulate wealth by exploiting the labor of others. By what steps, and in what forms, this revolution shall be accomplished—whether socialism is to be realized as complete collectivism, or as the nationalization only of natural resources; whether by municipal trading, by the single tax, or, by what other means—all these questions, immensely important, and difficult though they be, are, nevertheless, subordinate. The first thing, and the great thing, is to realize that the democratic ideal can never be achieved until the institution of property has been so reorganized that it has become impossible that there should exist, at one end of the scale, Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie, and, at the other, men living and working under the conditions that have obtained in the Chicago Stock-yards.

But, on the other hand, the reorganization of property will be neither practicable nor fruitful except and in so far as it is accompanied by a moral revolution in the community at large, and especially in those who control capital. At present, business men regard business as a private function; and while, by their operations, they are in effect determining the destinies of individuals and nations, dealing out prosperity or ruin, happiness or despair, health or disease, throughout the civilized and uncivilized world, their only conscious motive appears to be to accumulate in their own hands wealth and power. They, not governments, really rule society; yet they rule it without caring, almost without knowing, what they are doing. To inquire into the ultimate social effects of their operations would seem to them irrelevant and beside the mark. They regard business as a battle, Government as the keeper of the ring, and the prize of victory as simply and barely the acquisition of wealth.

A society so controlled, whatever it may name itself, is oligarchic through and through. There can be no true democracy until men come to regard their work, whatever it be, as a public function; to view it in those far-reaching consequences and interactions which alone give it significance and nobility; and to care more about performing it well than about the material benefits by which it may be rewarded. That attitude of mind implies an individualism not only compatible with, but essential to, socialism. Independence, self-reliance, initiative, these qualities so justly prized by Americans, would be fostered, not suppressed, by a properly organized social democracy. Only their inspiration and goal will be not individual aggrandizement, but the welfare and the greatness of the whole community. There is no antithesis between socialism and individualism. On the contrary, the one conditions the other in the only sense in which either is of value.

But the creation of social justice, important though it be, would be the foundation, not the crown, of a true democracy. Not prosperity and comfort, but progress, is the aim of mankind; and it is the perception of this fact, as I freely concede to Mr. Bryan, that gives to the West its superiority over the East. But all progress is spiritual; and to obtain the best possible social organization would be only to reach the foot of the mountain. We have then to climb—whither? I hardly know whether I am or am not at variance with my critic on this point. In my book I attacked certain aspects of Christianity; in his reply Mr. Bryan defends other aspects. So far, we do not really meet. When I spoke of the "other-worldliness" of Christianity, I had in mind the Christianity of history, the doctrine and the practice of the Catholic Church.

All this Mr. Bryan ignores with a facility that is natural to an American who has never had occasion to realize its importance both in the past and in the present. But probably on that issue he will agree with me that the medieval ideal, which is still that of the Roman Catholic Church, is radically opposed to that of modern democracy. Mr. Bryan falls back upon the Christ of the Gospels—the Christ whose precepts, as he fully admits, have never been accepted in practice by Christian societies, or adopted in their true and literal meaning by Christian churches. With regard to these precepts my suggestion was that they do not adequately recognize certain fundamental facts in human nature and human society. And I can perhaps best illustrate my meaning by referring to the position taken up by Leo Tolstoy. He, to my mind, is the sincerest and most uncompromising representative in the modern world of the true spirit of the Gospels. But how many of the noblest, the most devoted, and the most intelligent spirits of the West really accept his doctrine? Who believes, for example, in non-resistance? What men are coming to believe in, I think, is something very different—non-aggression. And how far we are, after nineteen centuries of Christianity, from accepting even that!

If it be replied that that is because of the hardness of our hearts, I would suggest that there is more in it than that. While there is aggression, there cannot, I believe, reasonably and rightly be non-resistance. And if aggression ceases, the doctrine of non-resistance becomes not an ideal, but a superfluity. And something

of the same kind may be said, perhaps, with truth, of the Christian virtue of charity. It is a virtue desirable, beautiful, and fruitful in proportion as society is badly and cruelly organized. Destroy or indefinitely diminish oppression, poverty, and disease, and you remove so far the occasions for pity, for tenderness, for philanthropy. Instead, you indefinitely increase the scope of those more free and noble relationships that are possible only between equals. In proportion as we improve society we shall think, I believe, less and less of charity, and more and more of public spirit, friendship and love.

And that brings me to a further point. In a passage quoted by Mr. Bryan, I wrote that the precepts of the Gospels "are remarkable not more for their tender and touching appeal to brotherly love than for their aversion from or indifference to all the elements of human excellence." To that passage I adhere. The Gospels preach virtue in the Christian sense; they do not preach it in the pagan sense. They lay stress on love; they lay little stress on the qualities that deserve love. Man is a creature with a passion for knowledge, for power, for accomplishment, for beauty. But none of these things are represented in the teaching of Christ or his followers. There is a whole positive side of life which is emphasized by Plato and Aristotle, and ignored by the Gospels. That part of its heritage democracy cannot afford to relinquish. It must produce men who are pagans as well as Christians; it must insist upon greatness as well as upon justice; it must cultivate love-worthiness as a condition of love.

If, however, it be maintained by Mr. Bryan, or by other of my readers, that the virtues of paganism, as well as those of Christianity, are implicitly included in the Gospels, I have no desire to prolong a barren controversy. The important thing is that we shall come to agree about our ideal, whatever name we give to it. And if Westerners prefer, as very likely they may, to sum up under the name "Christianity" the whole completeness of their best impulses and aims, it would be pedantry, or worse, to fight against a word. What I wrote in my book was not an attack upon Christianity, as so interpreted, but upon a narrower and more distorted doctrine.

I have made it, I hope, sufficiently clear that it is as a Westerner, in sympathy with Western ideals, that I have attacked the Western achievement. It was natural and appropriate that such an attack should evoke such a defense; and I feel myself honored that a man so distinguished as Mr. Bryan should have thought it worth while to reply to me. Essentially, I think, we do not disagree; for while asserting, what I am not concerned to dispute, the superiority of Western to Eastern civilization, he admits, nevertheless, the vices with which I charge our society. Perhaps he is better satisfied than I am with our present achievements. Perhaps he is less convinced of the necessity not merely of amelioration, but of revolution, however slow, however little catastrophic, if the democratic ideal is to be achieved. But so far as I understand him, upon the ideal itself we are agreed. And in the sincerity of his conviction, the breadth of his vision, and the ardor of his faith, I gladly recognize the best of omens for the future of America and the world.

REVELATION

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS

WHAT if a voice from a star should wake us in the night?
Wisdom and awe were ours, and worship and affright.
Yet from the breaking sea, forever a message falls
And we heed it not, nor know that the heart of Nature calls.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE NEW CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS has new meanings as the years go on. There was a period—say, half a century ago and less—when the religious meanings were somewhat enfeebled, in the minds of many, by the dazzling dominance of scientific discovery and thought. To many, whatever Christmas then had of spiritual meaning, was rather in the way of sentiment, of tradition, of natural good fellowship, and of the spirit of practical charity. There was a haunting sense of unreality in the direct message of the pulpit, a feeling that the historic supernatural was much akin to the innocence of the Santa Claus myth itself.

Since then the Christ idea has taken new significance and proportions in those minds which are of the kind called skeptical,—even in minds over which the warrant of the supernatural has little sway, or none at all. In books and sermons one comes upon the preaching of the idea of Christ, and the message of Christianity, in a tone and in a language which appeals with tremendous force not only to the so-called orthodox, but to all serious minds of whatever training and tendency.

The recent volume entitled "Jesus Christ and the Christian Character" by Professor Peabody of Harvard is typical in its illustration and presentation of Christ and his message. The Saviour of Man here preached is one that suggests no anxious historic doubts: it is a Saviour that answers absolutely to the present, the eternal needs of human development both in the individual heart and in the social domain. The writer proves the truth of his own assertion that "the character of Jesus Christ speaks with its own convincing authority to the mind of the present age." The modern "imitation of Christ," he well says, is "to follow Jesus even though one does not fully understand him; to do the will even if one has not learned the doctrine; to perceive through much darkness that the Life is the light of men." Professor Peabody brings out the very significant fact that the working-man, who may care little for the conventional Christian symbols, will still be found to retain his "respect and reverence for Jesus Christ," himself a working-man and an intense sympathizer with those who labor. Says our author: "The labor-movement, it may now be said, hears not the Church of Christ, but gladly listens to the voice which says: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor'; 'I will give unto this last even as unto thee.'" "From a common reverence it may be possible to cross to a common understanding; and the times are waiting for the great teacher, the Pontifex Maximus of his generation, who shall build this bridge from the daily concerns of the working masses to the teachings of Jesus Christ."

And the teachings of Christ, of his career, of his character,—what are they? This same writer declares them to be an audacious idealism. "What seemed the real world, with its Roman power, its Hebrew prejudices, its human neutrality and timidity, shrank into insignificance before the mind of Jesus, as the ideal of his faith, the better world, the brotherhood of man, the Fatherhood of God became to him the great reality for which he might live and die." He climbed into the heights in order that he might return below and serve better his fellowmen. Often he "departs from human companionship to renew his strength in communion with God; but more impressive than this departure is his quick return to the patient fulfilment of his human task. At evening he is on the mountain alone, but 'in the fourth watch' of the same night he is helping his friends in their boat. He departs 'by ship into a desert place apart,' but is 'moved with compassion' for the multi-

tude and comes forth and heals their sick."

In a printed sermon of the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, entitled "Christ's Chrismation," we find the Christ idea again put forth in the modern spirit. "Christ's chrismation," he says, "is the anointing that all great souls have received, who have taken upon their hearts the burden of humanity and who have uttered themselves with a creative sincerity. The chrismation of Isaiah and the chrismation of Christ are types of human consecration to God and humanity. Before you can take God and man seriously, you must take yourself seriously; you must be awed by yourself. You attain your spiritual majority when you are aware that your will is a part of God's creative energy; when you are touched with compassion for human infirmities—for sorrow, failure, poverty, the terrible bondage of evil habits, the hideous degradation and despair of sin—and are impelled to console and rescue. The dawn of this mood is your chrismation."

After giving two modern instances of self-consecration to human brotherhood and service, a remarkable sermon closes with this pregnant appeal: "The term Christ—one anointed with heavenly communion and human compassion—applied originally to an experience; it was not the name of a man, but of an attitude towards life. In the true meaning of the word, quite apart from its dogmatic association, is found a bond of brotherhood; for Christ's chrismation can unite men in the fraternity of a common experience. Let us join this brotherhood! Let us bow our heads to receive this holy anointing!"

We have quoted from the writings of a professor of "Christian Morals" in a great university, and from the sermon of an Episcopal clergyman of New York city. These passages are typical; our theme might easily have been similarly illustrated from many other sources; but enough has been set forth to give meaning to our title, "The New Christmas." And yet the word "new" applied to the gospel of Christ has had, and will have throughout the ages, a constant significance and poignancy, proof, indeed, of the depth, and many-sidedness, and the power of the Life and the Word.

AS TO ENGLISH SPELLING

WHEN one comes to look into it, he is surprised to find that the suggestion as to the spelling of the list of three hundred words, put forth by the Simplified Spelling Board, is far from being revolutionary, or unreasonable, at least to the American mind. Of course if one is irreconcilably opposed to the long-existing tendency to simplify English spelling,—a tendency manifest in England as well as in America, though naturally to a greater extent in America,—if one sees no sentiment of *honor* in honor with only five letters, and can find no pleasure in the suggestion of the *theater,* thus spelled, he will abominate any attempt whatever to ameliorate the most perplexing spelling on earth.

We confess to much sympathy with the state of mind of the objector; we confess, even, to an instinctive aversion to the appearance of a page ostentatiously sprinkled with *thrus* and *thos.* On the other hand, all arguments and rules aside, we never should think of objecting, for instance, to the use by Shakspere, Tennyson, Swinburne, Lowell, and other poets, of *leapt,* or of Milton's, Byron's, and Tennyson's *opprest.* As time has gone on and the arguments and explanations of the philologists have been read, and as we have become more and more accustomed to the unsuperfluous spelling used especially in the American magazines and books, we have, while not losing sympathy with the inveterate objector, still come to feel that he may be, after all, in a state of darkness and obstruction in a matter of some importance.

The President's action in his directions to the public printer introduced a subject of lively conversation in the dog days and after. In one of these conversations, an author who had given his adhesion to the use of twelve "simplified spellings", was asked whether he would use the simplified spelling in his own books. He said he should not do so,—that is, not at once, certainly not the extreme examples. While he acknowledged the correctness of the arguments in favor of the movement, and was glad to help it along in a modest way, he respected too much his own art, he was too sincerely in-

terested in the thoughts he desired to present, to be willing to handicap his literary expression by the use of a medium which would distract his readers from the consideration of his ideas to a contemplation of his spelling,—or any other extraneous circumstance. He would no more think of spelling in a way which most of his readers would think queer than of printing his words in various colored inks. He said, indeed, that while good spelling was highly desirable, the kingdom of good spelling must come "not with observation."

This is reasonable. And yet why should not publishers, authors, and readers be willing, now and then, to give the good cause a little push forward; not so hard that it will react, but hard enough to do some permanent good? We all believe in the growing importance of what may be called the "mission" of the English language in the world; is it not a statesmanlike thing, is it not a humane thing, to make the acquisition of that language less difficult to our immigrants, less difficult to all foreigners? Is it not a merciful and a wise thing to lessen the burden of our chaotic and grotesque spelling to the minds of those born to the language? Is it not well that our children should, if possible, give the time now wasted in learning the arbitrary spelling of words, to the acquisition of the knowledge and culture which those words, "simply" spelled, convey?

As we have remarked, the present list is decidedly unrevolutionary. In the entire three hundred spellings there is just about one that is absolutely new,—namely the spelling of the word *thru.* As to that, every one knows the absurdities of our *oughs,* so pathetically perplexing to foreign learners. If spelling can ever be considered immoral, this accusation should apply to the falsities of our list of endings in *ough,* as exemplified by *tough, cough, hiccough, plough, though, through.* We have long since got rid of *plough;* many people already use *tho',* and the Board has suggested, perhaps mistakenly, certainly prematurely, striking out *through,* by means of *thru.*

Any one who is willing to "help the tendency" by using most or many of the abbreviated, in preference to the extended, forms would be quite justified in passing *thru* by; in using, in fact, only those simpler spellings which commend themselves to his taste, keeping, meantime, an open mind, and a willingness to advance, step by step, with the advance of scholarly example and popular practice.

This is to be considered, that if it is a good and sensible thing that the spelling of English should be simplified, as this simplification has been in the past, so can it be in the present and future helped on by direct effort. It is extremely desirable, however, that there should be as little deviation as possible between usage in Great Britain and usage in America. It is gratifying, therefore, to see that the movement is attracting influential support in Great Britain.

The discussion that has taken place in England and America, even the abuse, ridicule, and flippancy that have been excited,—all this has been happily conducive of attention to a subject generally left to the decision of mere prejudice and partial information. The purely sentimental objection constantly expressed to any change in accustomed practices on account of association, has got to be reckoned with; although, carried out consistently, this sentimental conservatism would bring us back, in America, to the pounds, shillings, and pence of Old England, and, both here and in Great Britain, to the Elizabethan *batte, sette,* and *fysshe.*

If the scientific authorities on the Board have made mistakes, or if they shall make mistakes, either they or the better opinion of English scholarship will ultimately correct the error. There seems to be no occasion for any great excitement on the subject, certainly none for the exhibition of unmannerly temper. Fun is all right,—and what fun there has been and will be, especially for those who enjoy the wit and argument of simplified spellings of Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Carnegie's names! As a matter of fact, wild horses could not retard the well-nigh unconscious simplification of our spelling constantly in progress. Nor can any organized movement carry the work forward beyond the consent of the mass of writers, publishers, and printers,—beyond the consent, in fact, of the great mass of the English-spelling and English-reading public.

OPEN LETTERS

Maude Adams in "Peter Pan"

(SEE FRONTISPIECE)

"I'M Youth, Eternal Youth!" cries Barrie's immortal boy. And this is the spirit of *Peter Pan*—joy and innocence, freshness of morning, the buoyant, creative, up-building energy of life at the springtime. This spirit Mr. Ivanowski has been most fortunate in portraying in his painting.

It was laughingly said at dinner-tables last winter that a new religion had come to New York—the religion of Peter Pantheism. Some such phrase was needed to explain the power of the little play, a delicate thing on the literary side, without form and void, from the dramatic critic's point of view, yet a force which came to be recognized as one of the strong and helpful influences of the year. The reason of its power is not far to seek. In the early days there was much doubt as to how the public would take a play of this sort, and astonishment, shading into regret, was expressed that Miss Adams should lend her name and abilities to the presentation of so fragile a part.

"I want to play it," she said, "because I love it." Besides, New York needed *Peter Pan*.

The play came at one of those discouraged moments when the public mind was occupied to an almost morbid degree with huge and vexing problems, and with things that were going wrong. Legalized evil-doing was rampant in business and politics, the exposure of fraud was the principal business of those who were not committing it. Cynicism was the dominant note in literature and dramatic art, a cheerful, clever, twentieth-century cynicism, but a bitter and depressing influence, for all that. At such a moment came *Peter Pan*, created in the mind of a man of insight and gentleness, embodied by a woman beautiful in life and thought, with the soul of an artist and the heart of a child. He was a little, joyous woodland fellow, seeing nothing of the injustice of the world, knowing nothing of its ugliness and vice, ignoring the problems created by passion and greed and cruelty—just a child's voice calling to the other children to come and play. And they came, children of all ages, and all conditions; poor, neglected children; rich, over-cultivated children; old, tired children, and listened and laughed and were young.

And they came and came again till they knew the play by heart, and the theater was like a big family gathered round the nursery fire at story-time. "Peter Pan" became, and remains, a radiant center of good-will and good fellowship. Its influence is like sunshine on actors and audience, and is felt from top to bottom of the huge organization of the theater.

Behind the scenes the actors, from the greatest to the least, are in league to keep up the childish illusion and play up to the childish enthusiasm that crowns their work with never-failing success.

One evening a tiny boy, clinging to his mother's hand, had made his way to the stage door in the hope of gaining a nearer view of his hero *Peter Pan*. In the wings they encountered a wicked *Pirate*—a humble "super," by the way, with hardly a line to speak. The little fellow drew back in delicious terror. The *Pirate*, instantly playing the game, fixed him with a glare of mock ferocity, brandished his saber, and inquired of the mother in blood-curdling accents, but with a laugh in the tail of his eye, "Shall I kill him?"

"No, thank you," smiled the mother, and the little lad, peering wide-eyed from behind her protecting skirts, felt that he had indeed faced the perils of the Never, Never, Never Land.

What an encounter! What an escape! Above all, what proof, when one is six, that the world of illusion goes on even when the curtain is rung down!

In deference to the feeling of the children, many departures from stage tradition have been made by the management. For example, the small audience could never understand why *Hook* and *Peter*, after fighting each other to the death on the stage, should come out bowing and smiling together in response to a curtain call. So now *Peter* comes out on one side of the curtain, and is joyously applauded; and *Hook* comes out on the other, and is rapturously hissed, and everybody has a beautiful time.

Somehow, nothing ever goes wrong in "Peter Pan." Even accidents are new ways of having fun.

Once a little wolf had lost his sense of direction and charged directly into the footlights. Some one headed him off, whereupon Mr. Wolf, thoroughly confused, rose up and re-

treated on his little hind-legs! The uproar of laughter and applause that shook the house held such a ring of good-fellowship that the small actor, far from being depressed by his mishap, was convinced he had made the hit of his life.

Peter Pan is a real person—much more real than lessons and bread and milk and bedtime. One night at a terrible moment—it is when the *Pirates* are seizing *Wendy* and the lost boys and marching them off to the pirate ship—a tiny child, unable to bear the suspense, leaned forward, wild-eyed and anxious. And "Peter!" cried a little thread of a voice in piteous appeal to the sleeping hero. At a similar crisis another child, of different temperament, started to her feet, tense and trembling, crying: "Hurry, Peter! Hurry! Hurry!"

The love of little children and the many proofs of their comradeship and good-will that have come to her through *Peter Pan*, are among the happiest experiences of Miss Adams's life.

Letters addressed in tipsy capitals to MR. PETER PAN arrive at the Empire Theater, and wonderful letters they are. Often the children send their own dramatic version of the play, or poems and stories, pictures and statuettes, inspired by it. For "Peter Pan," somehow or other, not only amuses the children, but wakes up their imaginations and sets them to work.

A result less poetic, but quite believable, is recorded by a distracted mother who deposes and says that, since the arrival of "Peter Pan," not a bed, couch, or sofa in the house remains whole as to its springs.

An Irish maid of eighteen, commenting on the antics of the dog, said: "Is n't it wonderful, the things they teach the beast!" And, as a further tribute to the realism of the picture: "Ye 'll not be havin' fairies in America, be ye? We have a plenty of 'em in Ireland."

Not a little embarrassing proved a rapturous response to Peter's appeal on behalf of the dying Tinker Bell. It happened one night that the little son of a famous actor was in one of the boxes. The boy's father had never allowed him to enter a theater; but he was then touring on the Pacific coast, and every child goes to "Peter Pan." In fine, the mother took him. At the climax of the third act, when *Peter* in agonized voice cries, "Do you believe?"

"I do! I do!" came in fervent tones from the little lad in the box. A reporter near at hand happened to know the child; the story went flying all over the country, and in this way the father was first made aware that his son had been initiated into the delights and excitements of the play-house.

Playing "Peter Pan" is not acting a rôle. It is embodying a living thought. It is expressing the life-force in the simplest, most beautiful way by teaching us to look at life from the child's point of view. So looked at, it follows quite naturally that it is liked by men and women who love one another, have homes and little children, and sorrows that love can heal, and joys that leave no bitter taste in the mouth. Realities that seemed formidable are found not to be real at all, and all sorts of lovely illusions are dreams that may come true.

Louise Boynton.

"The Conception" by Murillo

MURILLO is styled by his countrymen "the painter of Conceptions," and among his many sacred and purely devotional works this example probably ranks first for spiritual beauty. The unconsciously rapt expression of the glorified Virgin's face, its adoration, purity, innocence, and youthfulness, present one of the triumphs of the master's art. The crescent moon on which she stands as she floats upward symbolizes her chastity and purity as well as her youthful maidenhood. Murillo got the device from Ribera, by whom it was first employed, though it is an idea probably borrowed from the Orientals through the Moors. The joys of heaven are expressed in the happy angels at her feet, while at her head, on each side, are Cherubs and Seraphs; those on her right being Cherubs, and those on her left being Seraphs. The latter stand for love and adoration, the former for wisdom and contemplation.

Angels are always supposed to be masculine, perhaps for the reason beautifully given by Madame de Staël: "Because the union of power with purity constitutes all that we mortals can conceive of perfection." It is full of suggestion, therefore, that in this Conception we have the Virgin surrounded by the masculine element, and bathed in a flood of glory proceeding from the divine essence. The background is a mellow radiance of warmth and light, softening into the cooler tints of the clouds in which the angels sport, holding various attributes of the Virgin. One has a stem of lilies—for purity, and in allusion to Joseph's rod, which budded at the time of her betrothal and sent forth lilies. Another holds a palm leaf, emblem of victory. A third holds the rose—for incorruptibility, and the "Rose of Sharon," one of her many titles. A fourth bears the olive branch of peace, borne by the angel Gabriel when he announced to her that she should bear a son. Her robe is white, for virgin innocence and purity; and her mantle blue, for truth and sorrow: she is the "Mother of sorrows and consolations." The picture is a splendid piece of decoration; the golden background and silver clouds, the rich, dark

blue of the Virgin's mantle and her white robe forming a most telling combination of simple and powerful values. It is painted on canvas, and measures six feet, eight and a half inches high by four feet, eight and a half inches wide, and hangs in the long gallery of the Prado Museum at Madrid.

T. Cole.

"The Honor and the Pleasure of it"

THERE is a sentence in an invitation of the American Committee on the Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome which breathes the spirit in which the enterprise is promoted:—"The Committee desires to give the greatest significance to this undertaking by sharing *the honor and the pleasure of it* with as many lovers of English poetry as possible, particularly with those to whom Keats and Shelley have been a delight and an inspiration." This spirit also pervades the letters of response from the many subscribers. In this time of apparently less receptivity in poetic matters, it is encouraging to note the cordiality with which so many have greeted a project appealing to the pure and simple love of poetry. Not only writers of every class, artists, literary clubs, literary departments in colleges, connoisseurs, and "general readers," but even men of business not identified with literary affairs, have contributed to erect this new altar to Poetry, upon which may be kindled and kept alive the sacred flame. It is indeed a work of honor and of pleasure to save from the neglect or accidents of Time the house so poignantly associated with Keats, to guard his grave against the not imaginary peril of desecration, and to gather together for the enjoyment of all who go to Rome—that "center of a world's desire"—the inspiring creations and the interesting memorials of the two poets. The three committees in Rome, London, and New York, in the spirit of international friendship, and acting as a sort of volunteer trustee for the literary world, have taken an option on the house in Rome which will soon expire. It is not without a reason for their confidence that they look to writers and readers on both sides of the Atlantic to complete the fund for the support of an enterprise of such widespread literary interest, which, moreover, as a prospective object-lesson of international co-operation and good-will, has gained the approval of President Roosevelt, the King of England, and the King of Italy.

R. U. J.

The Century's American Artists Series—XV

FRANCIS DAY

FRANCIS DAY, the painter of "The First Lesson," which is reproduced in this number, was born in Le Roy, New York, in 1863. His first instruction was at the Art Students League, New York City. In 1881 he went to Paris and entered the École des Beaux-Arts, where he studied under Hébert and Luc-Olivier Merson. In 1889 he was elected to membership in the Society of American Artists, and in 1893 received the third Hallgarten prize at the National Academy, of which body he is an Associate. Besides paintings of children, portraits, etc., Mr. Day has made many magazine illustrations. His work, in whatever medium, is characterized by sweetness, delicacy, and poetic charm.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Conversational Reform

WHEN Theo: Roos: unfurled his bann:
As Pres: of an immense Repub:
And sought to manufact: a plan
For saving people troub:,
His mode of spelling (termed phonet:)
Affec: my brain like an emet:

And I evolved a scheme (*bro tem.*)
To simplify my mother-tongue,
That so in fame I might resem:
Upt: Sinc:, who wrote "The Jung:",
And rouse an interest enorm:
In conversational reform.

I grudge the time my fellows waste
Completing words that are so comm:
Wherever peop: of cult: and taste
Habitually predom:
'T would surely tend to simpli: life
Could they but be curtailed a trif:

For is not "Brev: the Soul of Wit"?
(Inscribe this mott: upon your badge)
The sense will never suff: a bit,
If left to the imag:
Since any pers: can see what 's meant
By words so simp: as "husb:" or "gent:"

When at some meal (at dinn: for inst:)
You hand your unc: an empty plate,
Or ask your aunt (that charming spinst:)
To pass you the potat:,
They have too much sagac:, I trust,
To give you sug: or pepp: or must:

If you require a slice of mutt:,
You 'll find the salfsame princ: hold good,
Nor get, instead of bread and butt:,
Some tapioca pudd:,
Nor vainly bid some boon-compan:
Replen: with Burg: his vacant can.

At golf, if your oppon: should ask
Why in a haz: your nib: is sunk,
And you explain your fav'rite Hask:
Lies buried in a bunk:,
He cannot very well misund:
That you (poor fooz:) have made a blund:

If this is prob:—nay, even cert:—
My scheme at once becomes attrac:
And I (pray pard: a litt: impert:)
A public benefac:
Who saves his fellow-man and neighb:
A deal of quite unnecess: lab:

Gent: Reader, if to me you 'll list:
And not be irritab: or peev:,
You 'll find it of tremend: assist:
This habit of abbrev:,
Which grows like some infec: disease,
Like chron: paral: or German meas:

And ev'ry living human bipe:
Will feel his heart grow grate: and warm
As he becomes the loy: discip:
Of my partic: reform,
(Which don 't confuse with that, I beg,
Of Brander Matth: or And: Carneg:)

"'T is not in mort: to comm: success,"
As Shakes: remarked; but if my meth:
Does something to dimin: or less:
The expend: of public breath,
My country, overcome with grat:,
Should in my hon: erect a stat:

My bust by Rod: (what matt: the cost?)
Shall be exhib:, devoid of charge,
With (in the Public Lib: at Bost:)
My full-length port: by Sarge:
That thous: from Pitts: or Wash: may swarm
To worsh: the Found: of this Reform.

. . . .

Meanwhile I seek with some avid:
The fav: of your polite consid:.

Harry Graham.

Drawn by Charles Nuttall

A PROMISING JOB

CLANCEY: Oi 'd loike to git a job on that buildin'. Oi hear they 're goin' to shtrike.

Sold

AN old-fashioned hero—brave, young, poor, and proud—
Was one of the suitors who made up the crowd
That sought the fair hand of Miss Belle Espérance;
But no effort to please could win him a glance.

At length, in despair at his lack of success,
In the telephone-book he found Cupid's address,
And away to the shop of that deity blind
He hied him, expecting assistance to find.

When he came to the shop, the shutters were closed,
And a lazy small boy on the front steps reposed.
Though his eyes were not bound, one would have been stupid
Not to know at first sight it was little Dan Cupid.

"I have called," said our hero, "your kind help to ask,
In completing a true lover's matchmaking task—"
"Too late," remarked Cupid, "I 'm sorry to say;
I have sold out to Lucre—just over the way."

Tudor Jenks.

Christmas Exiles

LAWDY! hit don't seem lak Christmas,
White an' creepy, wid de sky
Scowlin', 'ca'se de roof 's so high;
An' de sun
All outdone!

Hit sure lonesome in de city.
Ma ole woman da, an' me,
Use' to squir'l, bird, an' bee,
In an' out
All about.

Me an' her ain't use' ter hustlin'.
I 'm jus' use' ter goin' slow
Up an' down de cotton row
Ter some chune
Dat I croon.

An' *she* riz up, raisin' babies:
Rockin' "Missy" on her heart,
Wheelin' "young Mars'" baby cyart
Easy, till
Dey lies still.

Bofe us misses mos', on Christmas,
White chiles' faces, smilin' back
Into our'n, ole an' black,—
Same 's we
Use' ter see.

Lawdy! hit don't seem lak Christmas,
Up hyar in de dawk an' cole!
Reckon we done got too ole,
Me an' her,
'Mos' ter stir.

We been use' ter "down-Souf" Christmas,
Sunny, bright, an' gay, an' hot.
An' hit don't seem—we so sot—
Christmas Day
Dis—er—way.

Rosalie M. Jonas.

Drawn by Harry A. Linnell

SUPERFLUOUS

"How old is your little sister?"
"Please, sir, it 's a boy."
"Well, how old is your brother, then?"
"It ain't my brother—it 's Sally Jones's."
"Sally Jones's, eh. And how old is he?"
"Please, sir, I don't know."

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